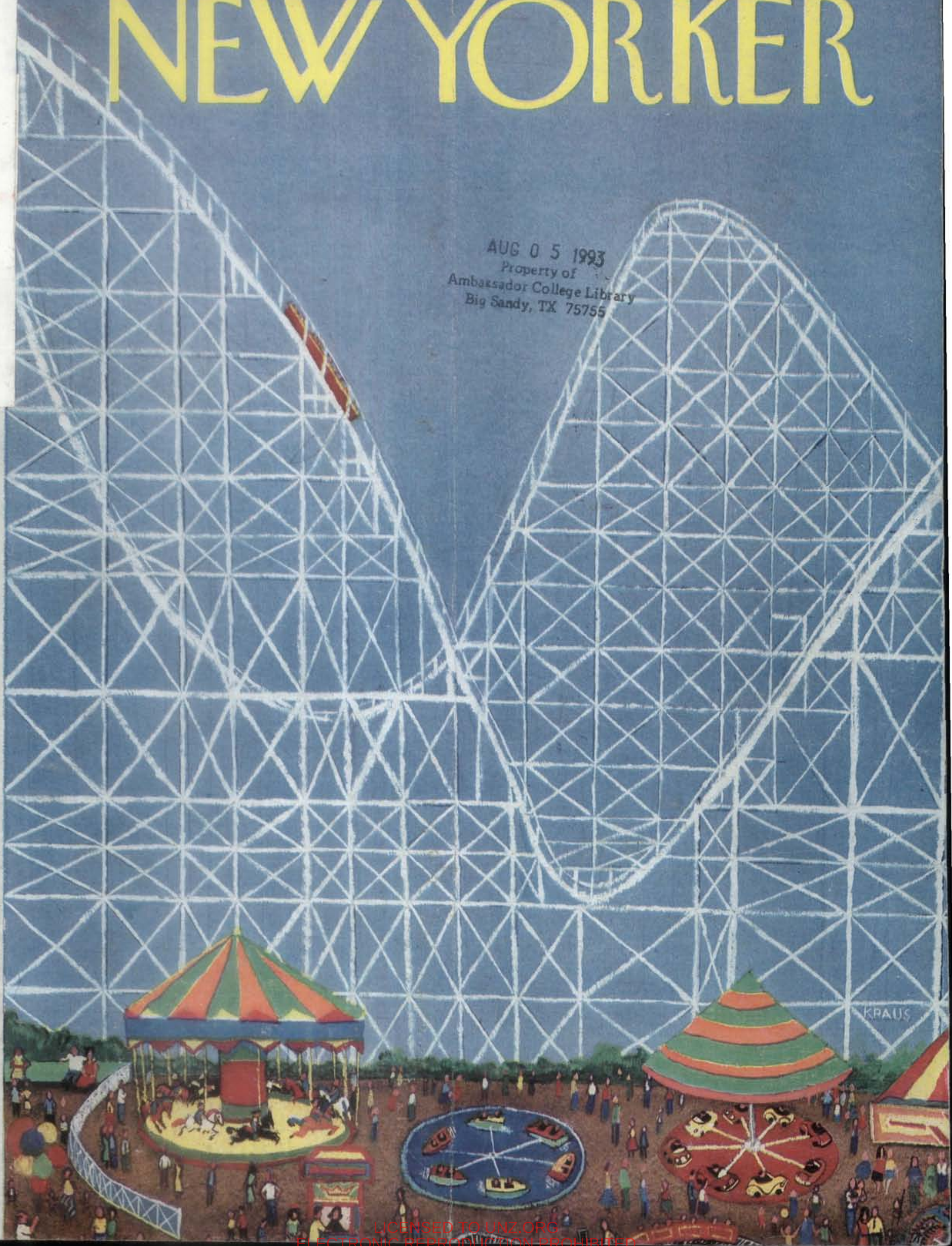
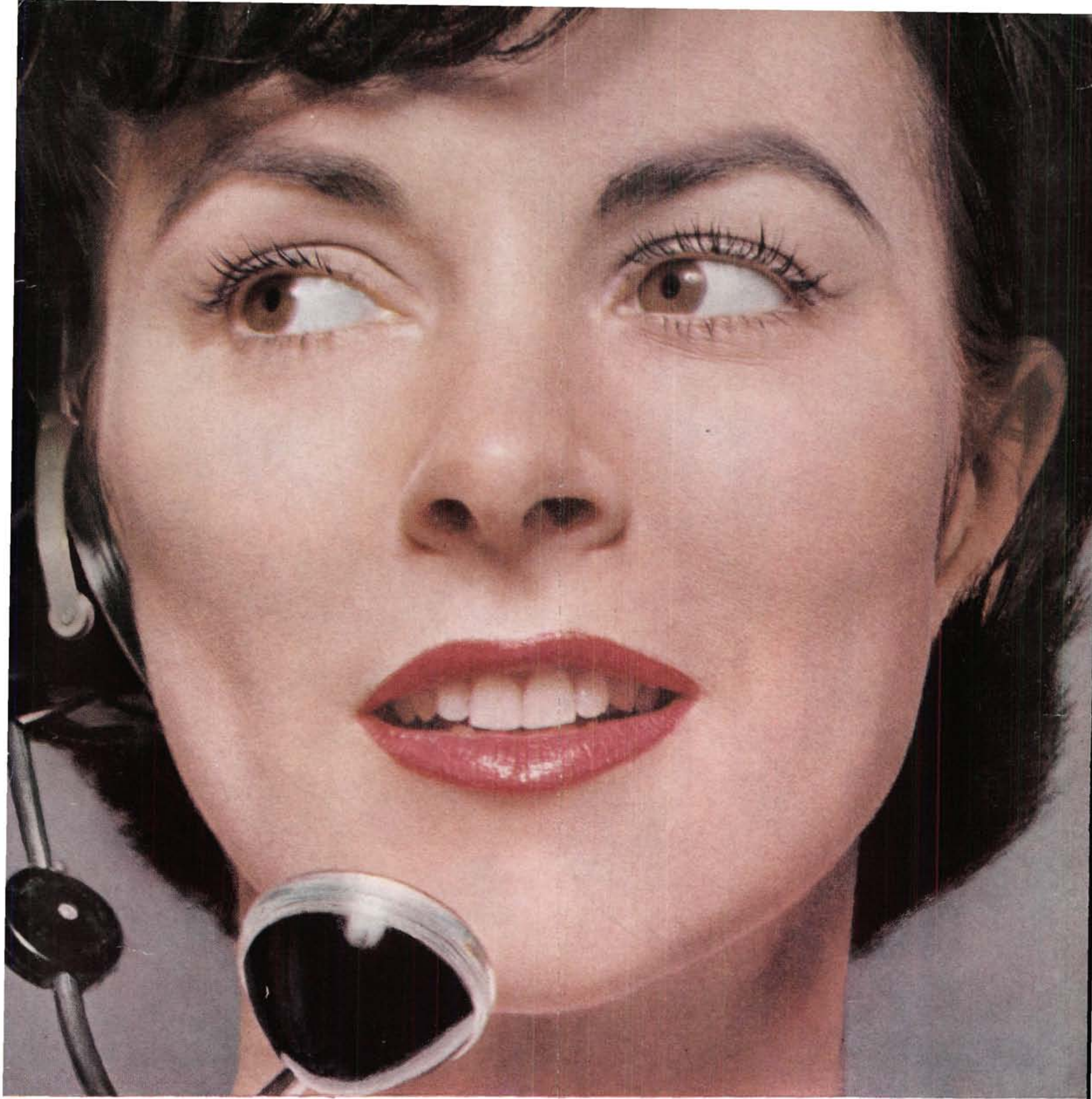
Sept. 7, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents



AUG 0 5 1993
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



By the time you've read this line... she can confirm your reservation on TWA

When one of our reservation girls says, "Just a second," she means it. She'll put a card in what looks like a little adding machine, and push a few buttons. In less than one second, a green light glows. That means you've got a seat on the flight you want. Absolutely no doubt about it.

It's all done with computers, so smart they make 6,000 calculations as fast as you can say TWA. They keep tabs on every seat on every flight to every one of our 85 destinations here and abroad.

But there's one thing computers don't do. They don't smile and thank you for calling Trans World Airlines. We do.

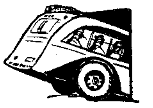
Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on **TWA**

NEAL BAAR

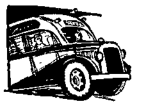
The Sunny Disposition *exclusive at $125*

of this bubbled pale-yellow wool evokes the freshness of early morning, the sparkle of September. What makes it fashion news is a shirt-sleeved nonchalance, an all-over easiness, and a casual tie-up of waistline. Rich wool bouclé, by Townley in corn-silk yellow, as well as red or black—leather-belted and completely lined. Sizes 6 to 14.
Country & Casual Shop, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Enter Laughing—A funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner. It concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 8.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A six-week return engagement of the Arthur Kopit play, with Hermione Gingold at the head of a cast directed by Jerome Robbins. The producers are Roger L. Stevens and T. Edward Hambleton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:55. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Long Runs—**beyond the fringe:** Various aspects of modern life surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built on and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; Paul O'Keefe, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy—vintage early thirties—about lovers, Red and White, of old Mother Russia. But Vivien Leigh gives a fine performance as a grand duchess to the palace born. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a play based on the works of Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **stop the world—i want to get off:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Monday, Sept. 9, to the Ambassador, 49th St., W., CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	136
BOOKS	151
THE CURRENT CINEMA	147
LETTER FROM LONDON	93
MUSICAL EVENTS	149
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	82
THE RACE TRACK	76

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are generally appealing and sporadically talented. With Veronica Lake, Kay Cole, Edmund Gaynes, and Marcia Strassman. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Michael Lombard. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

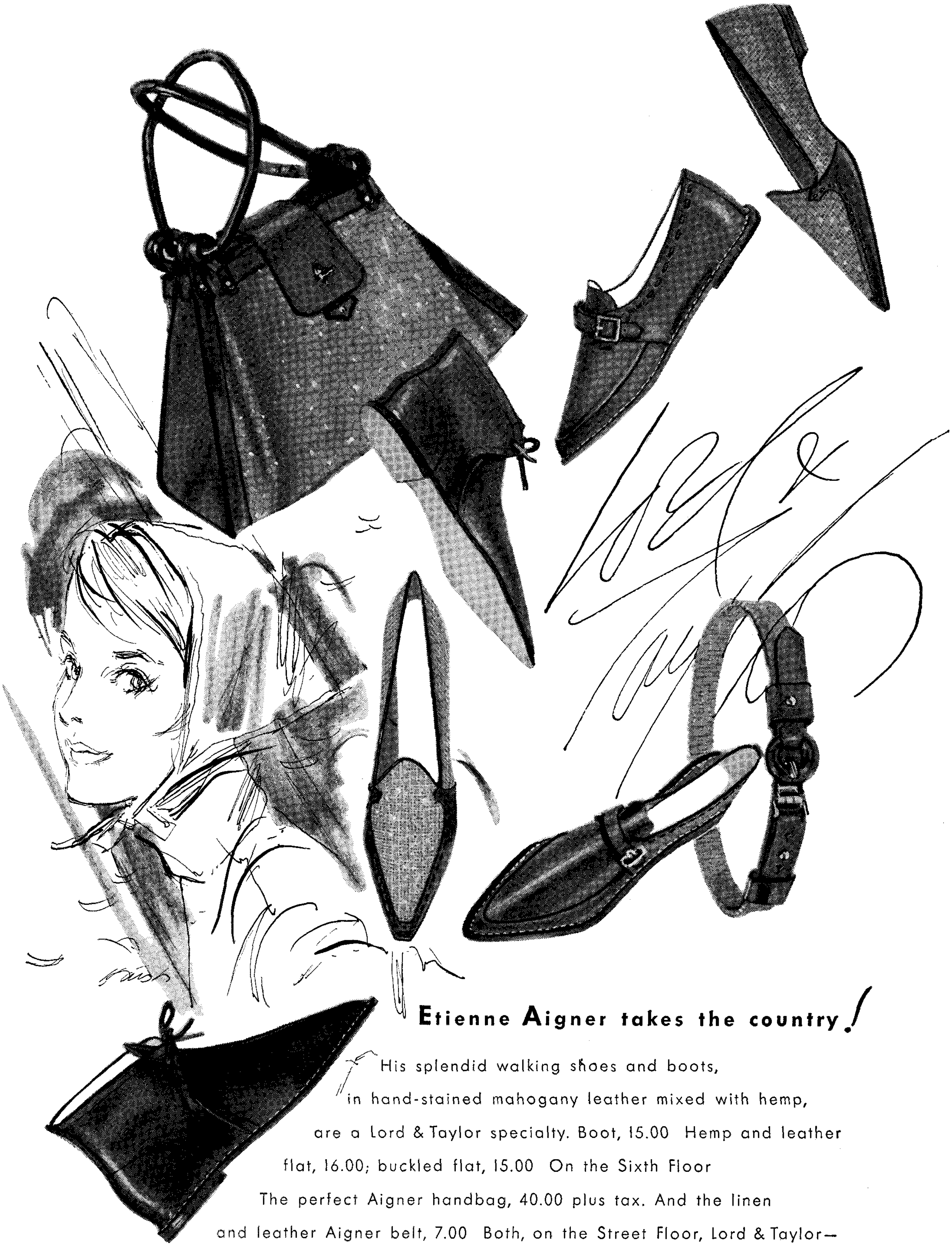
The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W.1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 29, September 7, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn.

© 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.



Etienne Aigner takes the country!

His splendid walking shoes and boots,
in hand-stained mahogany leather mixed with hemp,
are a Lord & Taylor specialty. Boot, 15.00 Hemp and leather
flat, 16.00; buckled flat, 15.00 On the Sixth Floor
The perfect Aigner handbag, 40.00 plus tax. And the linen
and leather Aigner belt, 7.00 Both, on the Street Floor, Lord & Taylor—
New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford,
Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City and Washington-Chevy Chase

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 5: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 6: "Con Amore," "Episodes," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 7: "Con Amore," "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 7: "Four Temperaments," "La Sonnambula," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Square Dance," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Arcade," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 10: "Concerto Barocco," "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 11: "Episodes," "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 12: "Serenade," "Arcade," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 13: "Four Temperaments," "Arcade," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 14: "Swan Lake," "Raymonda Variations," "Interplay," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 14: "Scotch Symphony," "Con Amore," "Four Temperaments," and "Gounod Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 29.)

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last in a series of free programs. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 5-6, at 8:30: The American Ballet Theatre, the Robert Joffrey Ballet, Oleg Briansky and Patricia Wilde, and Edward Villella and Patricia McBride. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, at 8:30: Carmen de Lavallade (with Buzz Miller), Shanta Rao and her company, and Geoffrey Holder and his company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St.)

Flower Hujer Dance Theatre—A program of modern ballet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Cathy Machado. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Phyllis Diller, a celebrated Calamity Jane, narrates her final tale of cataclysmic woe on Saturday, Sept. 7. On Monday, Sept. 9, the current manifestation of the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, now as much a showboat as a band, will arrive, with—among its warblers—Helen Forrest, a well-remembered voice, and Frank Sinatra, Jr., beginning life (as did his father) under a Dorsal fin. Charlie Fisk's musicians will stay on, to play for dancing. The Dorseys are a dinner and supper diversion. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The changing of the Guard—from the Old to the New—goes on. This work is done to the three-four and four-four counting of the music by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's small band does sedate dance music. Mondays, another band takes over.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens Wednesday, Sept. 11, as a forum for the big band of Xavier Cugat and the soprano of Abbe Lane, who does a rousing latter-day version of the Serpent of the Nile. Emil Coleman's bulky orchestra and Mark Monte's gadflies will attend to the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): New life in the old Grill begins on Monday, Sept. 9, when Dorothy Shay, who became an expert on mountain words and music by osmosis, begins chanting her findings at dinner and supper. Milt Shaw's band starts the evening's operations at seven. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town will operate from eight to two every night but Sunday.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—On Wednesday, Sept. 11, the Columns, which can guarantee beautiful blue moonlight night after night, resumes the serene tenor of its way. The plangent little band run by Arturo Arturos will supply the tunes for footwork on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six (tea dancing is back on Fifth Avenue at last) to eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight, before popping off to Downstairs at the Upstairs. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and the fast company he kept—Pinkerton, Cio-Cio-San, Rodolfo, Mimi—recalling in idyllic arias their petty misdemeanors. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king who would rather play castle than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He stays home Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the executive suite of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the refectory tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, has just resumed its prandial charade, which is egged on by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so calm that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening, to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to table-hop. No music Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, the most recent of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. Karl Inwald's piano flows through the social whirl even more placidly than the Blue Danube. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice, all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two varieties are plainly interchangeable. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Around the world with eighty dames,

Peck & Peck

Photographed at Dr. Santo's unique "Sign of the Dove" restaurant in New York

Two for the season: the jacket-and-dress costume
for the Peck & Peck Girl

Fall's back-to-the-city look in a light worsted wool, loop-textured with mohair. Under the beautifully designed jacket, an eased sheath with low scoop-neck, cap sleeves and welt seam detailing. Cranberry red or bottle green. 8 to 18, *55.00*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Our exclusive Shirtmaker® makes news

Check the changes . . . all fashion directed for Fall '63 . . . the new shirt-cuffed sleeves, the shift line with easy elasticized waist, the neat and narrow look. Fully lined. Wool in blue or luggage with black and white checks. Sizes 10 to 20. (N-2) **45.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Also at: Eastchester East Orange Garden City Manhasset Paramus Stamford Watchung White Plains

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

some of them Amazonian and some of them little dolls, and every one of them in the best of spirits and the least of costuming. Into this pole-to-pole paradise venture Dominique, a pickpocket who can frisk any volunteer guest faster than a police strong-arm squad, and the team of Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt, celebrated for their mellifluous and mutual-admiration love sonnets. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The troupers—Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Gordon Connell, Rex Robbins, Carol Morley, and Susan Browning—are all first-rate. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the hours are nine and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Woody Allen, one of our younger flibbertigibbets, does the words, fifteen to a dozen; Emily Yancy, a fledgling soprano, does the notes; Max Morath, an offhand historian of the ragtime part of our past, recalls—with voice, piano, and glee—our pristine follies. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Barbara Harris, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, MacIntyre Dixon, and Bob Dishy are in the throes of previewing their next extravaganza, which (if it's at all like its predecessors) will be a revue that's merry to the point of being manic. Eight-thirty and eleven during the week, additionally after midnight on Saturdays, and only at eight-thirty on Sundays; Mondays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Many a true word is being said—and not always in jest, either—by the five-strong cast of a revue that's sometimes informal to the point of formlessness but is always intent upon its theme—live-and-let-live has got to be the American way of life. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Jonas Moura, the kingpin of the Brazilian melee that takes place onstage at dinner and supper (but only at ten on Sundays) in the back room, does a dance that's the visual embodiment of "Flight of the Bumble Bee" and lives to tell the tale. His feat is very nearly matched by the work of the customers, rugged individualists all. Sundays, there's also a tea dance, which runs (and rampantly, too) until ever so late. Emilio Reyes' band is the perfect stimulant for the whole thing. On Monday, Sept. 9, the Brazilians will yield place to Los Chavales de España, a band given to meaningful glances, sighs, and *chansons d'amour*, which will also do dance music. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the after-dark life of Iberia. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Money," a small musical comedy, tongue in cheek and thumb to nose, is having fun with the boy-meets-girl plot and other Americana. The very meetable girl is Barbara Quaney; the boys are David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of the wry whimsey are Tom Whedon and David Axlerod; the composer is Sam Pottle; the director is the mordant Ronny Graham. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, Mabel Mercer's advice to everyone (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): "The World of Kurt Weill in Song," a revival of the deserving musicologist's important American phase, as well as of his Bertolt Brecht phase, is done disarmingly (a solitary piano is the entire background) and to perfection by Will Holt and Martha Schlamme. This worthy project occurs Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Five lineal descendants of Guy Fawkes—John Bird, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, and Carole Simpson—will resume, on Tuesday, Sept. 10, their several plots to blow up not only Parliament but all other British institutions. Their revue will be further punctuated by the wholly American jazz of the revered Teddy Wilson and his trio. Performances every night but Sunday at nine and eleven-thirty.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Among those present is Bill Evans, whose piano calls for the collaboration of the listener's imagination. A special dispensation is the addition, through Sunday, Sept. 8, of a foursome containing the venerated Pee Wee Russell. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dick Gregory, an inquiring reporter of great acumen, is filling in for the temporarily disabled Miriam Makeba by drawing, with great good humor, some resounding conclusions; the Chad Mitchell trio is up to its favorite trick of making up folk songs out of the day's headlines; Stan Getz is winding his romantic horn as he presides over a quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the stage of this huge arena are arrayed Nina Simone, a bossy little singer and pianist, along with her bandsmen; Bill Cosby, just about the most recent of the tilting-at-windmills humorists; and the threesome of Jorge Morel, a brand-new guitarist. The whole gang lays off Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore, which is at present narrated, full voice, by the Tarriers. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Catalysis and cataclysm are the basic ingredients. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Gene Krupa's quartet lets loose. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson and his own special set of Valkyries are the principal throbbers and moaners. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer and Jim Hall are the leading men in a foursome dedicated to truly honest endeavor in behalf of the new music. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): In this academy for the study of modern influences on music is Thelonious Monk, whose chords keep his piano continually off balance. He runs a quartet. Mondays are for visiting artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-callay that goes with it. The next event of any note is the arrival, on Monday, Sept. 9, of Dorothy Donegan, who adds plenty of hammers to the standard equipment of a piano. She'll be augmented by her trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The town's most recent trio belongs to Howard Reynolds, and it's contemporaneous, without a single over-the-shoulder glance at *les temps perdus*. Monday is its night of rest. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, now transplanted, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY**, 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Tuesday, Sept. 10, is the beginning night for Anita Sheer, who belongs on the very small approved list of American musicians who comprehend the state of mind pertaining to flamenco guitar and song. Nine-thirty is cur-

YOUTH-DEW
PERFUMED
HAIR SPRAY

THE FRAGRANCE THAT WENT TO HER HEAD

With a lavishness never before experienced in hair preparations, Estée Lauder blends her hauntingly beautiful Youth-Dew fragrance into a new trio of Cosmetics for the Hair...Shampoo for soft, manageable, clean hair...Hair Set Lotion for easy and quick setting...and a beautiful Spray to hold and perfume your hair at the same time.

Estée Lauder

BONWIT TELLER

BONWIT'S FAVORITE IN FLANNEL

Our favorite interpretation of the sportive look, a lightweight wool flannel dress, perfect for town and travel, beautifully, simply tailored by the House of Jamison. In medium gray or wine red. Flattering for every size from 10 to 20. 65.00

No mail or phone orders.

SPORTS FLOOR

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tain time, and she'll not be found on Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

American Society of Contemporary Artists—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Helen Gerardia, Lily Ente, John von Wicht, and other members of a group formerly known as the Brooklyn Society of Artists; through Thursday, Sept. 12. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Leonard DeLonga, Robert Laurent, Tom Hardy, and Humbert Albrizio; through Friday, Sept. 6. . . . MIDTOWN 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as William Palmer, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Jason Schoener; through Saturday, Sept. 7. . . . SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Sept. 30. . . . WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with pieces by, among others, Ida Kohlmeyer, Audrey Skaling, and Andre Racz; through Sept. 21.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the FRUMKIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by Leon Golub, Jules Pascin, Lovis Corinth, and others; through Sept. 28. . . . GALLERY 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Sept. 18. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet, Tadé, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through Sept. 21. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 7.) . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 7.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the BIANCHINI, 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Friday, Sept. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . FINDLAY, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils by Brianchon, Mühl, Bernard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists; through Sept. 21.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sept. 22.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sunday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Prints by Willi Baumeister, Fritz Winter, Gerhard Marcks, and other artists working in Germany since 1950; through Oct. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Oct. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings); through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job;" through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sunday, Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sunday, Sept. 8. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 9-10, from 1 to 5.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, Sept. 5, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 6, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, at 2. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. San Francisco, Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 2; and Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, Sept. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 8.)

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 12-15.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 7, and Saturday, Sept. 14.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB, Darien. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L. I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 28. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 7; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 11; and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 7, and the United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2, and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 10 A.M. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday, Sept. 14, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 15, at 2.

Tennis—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Sept. 17, when the eighteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3,

PRICES INCLUDE 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

THE FAMOUS "COUPE DE MARIAGE" IN STERLING SILVER, IN TWO SIZES.
DIAMETER 4½", $39.75. DIAMETER 6", $72.50. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

OUR TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVES VISIT MAJOR CITIES FREQUENTLY. TIMES AND PLACES UPON REQUEST.

BROOKS BROTHERS
ENGLISH HATS AND SHOES
made exclusively for us to our designs

The quality, workmanship and styling of English hats and shoes make them outstanding. We import the famous Lock & Co. and Herbert Johnson hats, as well as our Brooks English hats, in our own distinctive shapes and colorings. Our English shoes for dress, street or casual and country wear, noted for their comfort, are also exclusive with us. We invite you to discover for yourself these fine imports.

Brooks Brothers English Hats, $16.50 *to* $25

Brooks English Shoes, $25 *to* $42

Peal & Co. of London Shoes, $62 *and* $65

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a ten-day series of international films—At **PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424). Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 9:15: "The Exterminating Angel" (Mexico).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 6:30: "In the Midst of Life" (France).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 9:15: "Knife in the Water" (Poland).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 6:30: "Love *in the Suburbs*" (Hungary).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 9:15: "Harakiri" (Japan).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 6:30: "An Autumn Afternoon" (Japan).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 9:15: "The Terrace" (Argentina).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 3: "Elektra at Epidaurus" (Greece).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 6:30: "Hallelujah the Hills" (United States).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 9:15: "All the Way Home" (United States).... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (CI 5-8900). Showings at 3 and 5:30. Tuesday, Sept. 10: "The Bailiff" (Japan, 1954).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 11: "The Exiles" (United States, 1958-61) and "Assembly Line" (United States, 1962).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12: "I Live in Fear" *(Japan, 1955).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 13:* "The Olive Trees of Justice" (France, 1961), no English titles; and "The Winner" (United States, 1962-63).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14: "Point of Order" (United States, 1954-63).

Cat Show—National Tournament of Feline Champions. For the benefit of the Friends of Animals and the Humane Society of New York. (Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 W. 57th St. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14-15, from 10 to 10.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Sept. 15 and Sept. 17-18.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Sept. 20-22, Sept. 24-25, and Sept. 27-29.... **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Oct. 2, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the American League champion.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sept. 29.) ... ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 5.)

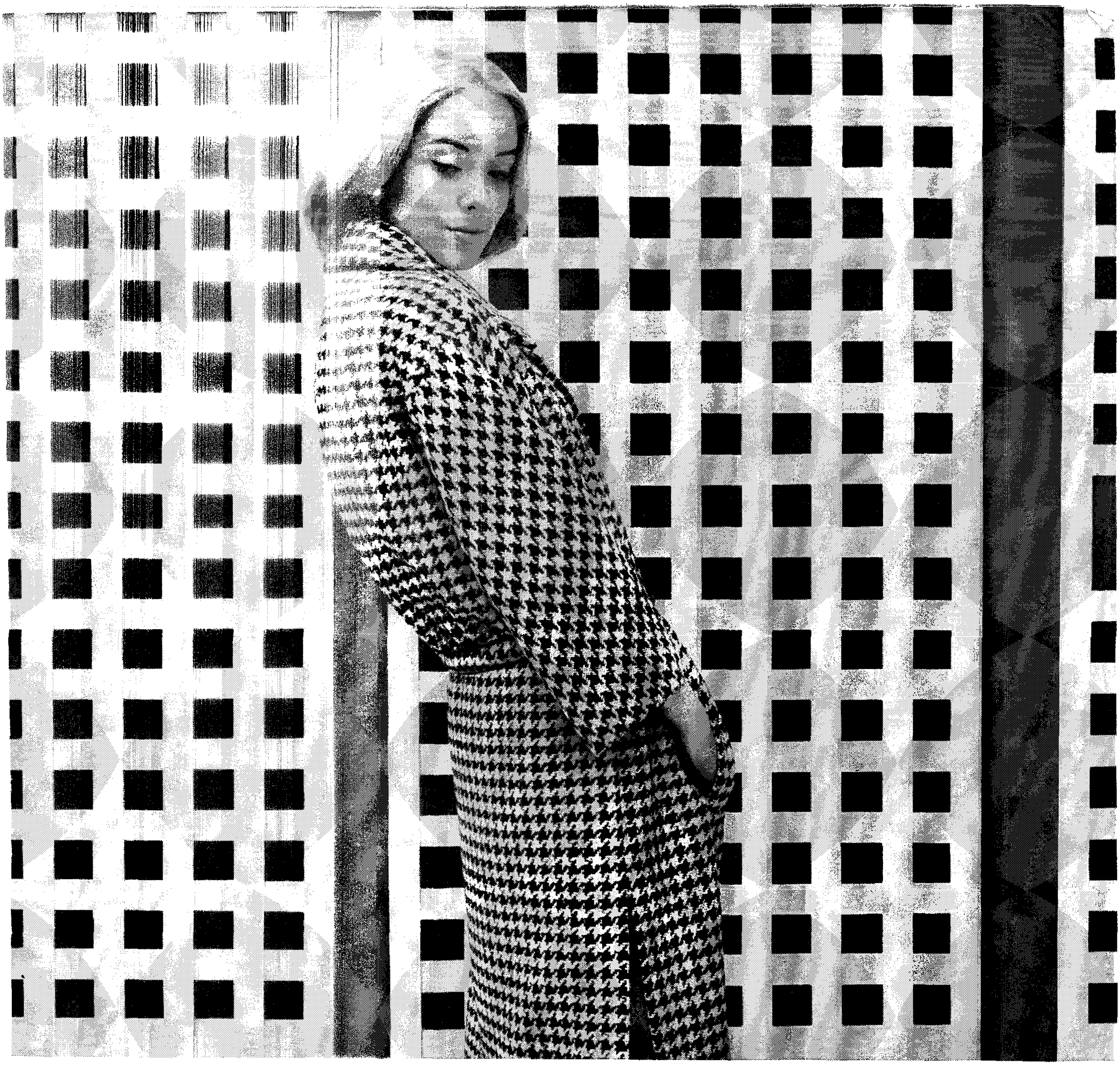
College Football—Some early games of the season—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 21:** Army vs. Boston University, at West Point.... **SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:** Army vs. Cincinnati, at West Point; Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 5:** Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 12:** Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton; Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover; Harvard vs. *Cornell, at Cambridge; Princeton vs. Penn*sylvania, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven.

Professional Football—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Sept. 22.... ¶ Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Sept. 28.... ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 5.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Oct. 13.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N. J. Sept. 25-27.)... ¶ U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Sea Island Golf Club, Sea Island, Ga. Oct. 7-12.)... ¶ Ryder Cup Matches. (East Lake Country Club, Atlanta, Ga. Oct. 11-13.)... ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Match Play Championship. (Middle Bay Country Club, Oceanside, L. I. Oct. 14-17.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden starting Oct. 16.

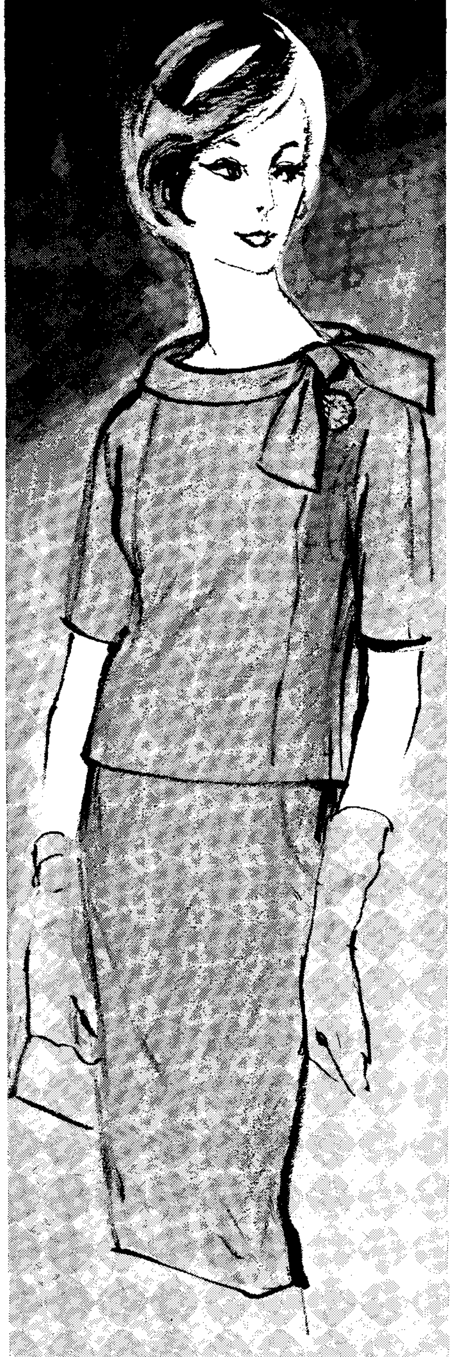
Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 2 and 5.)...



Cecil Beaton pictures M. J.'s Wife Man of many talents Cecil Beaton took an entire day to study and photograph M.J.'s intriguing wife. Said, "She most expresses her individuality in the very individual B. H. Wragge designs she wears." Above: Her side-vent black and white hound's-tooth coat is unlike any other. *She loves it for California weather and for perpetual trips* abroad. 145.00. Below left: Self-portrait of Beaton enjoying her company. Her dress is one piece, looks like two because it's a beautiful blend of jersey and flannel. In putty and grey or charcoal and ginger. 90.00. Below right: She takes her ease in tweed. Dress is black and white with a scarf to wear a million ways. 110.00. M.J.'s wife expresses her individuality in very individual designs from the fall B. H. Wragge collection. You can, too! See them at Bonwit Teller, all stores. 6 to 16 sizes. **B. H. Wragge**

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • CARMEL
FRESNO • SACRAMENTO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • LA JOLLA
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA BARBARA • SANTA ANA



busy schedule ahead . . . be relaxed and ready in a two-piece overblouse dress designed by Susan Thomas of soft, lightweight, wicker-weave wool . . . in cranberry red, palm green or marine blue . . . 8 to 16 sizes 30.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 12.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 14-15.)

Racing—**belmont-at-aqueduct:** Sept. 30-Oct. 26. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N. J.: Oct. 5-Nov. 9.

Sports-Car Racing—At **lime rock park,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Sept. 27-28. . . . **watkins glen,** N. Y.: Oct. 6. . . . **thompson raceway,** Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 12-13.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sept. 24-Dec. 7.

Music—**new york city opera company,** City Center (CI 6-8989): The season will open on Oct. 3, with Stravinsky's "The Nightingale" and Honegger's "Joan of Arc at the Stake," and will run through Nov. 10. . . . **metropolitan opera** (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 14, with Verdi's "Aïda," and will run through May 10. . . . **philharmonic hall,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Sept. 24 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 26 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 1 and 15. . . . ¶ Van Cliburn, piano, Oct. 4. . . . **carnegie hall** (CI 7-7460): Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Orchestra of America, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 14 and 18. . . . **madison square garden** (CO 5-6811): The Regimental Band, the Massed Pipers, and the Highland Dancers of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment, Sept. 20-22.

Dance Programs—Koutev Bulgarian National Ensemble, at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Oct. 6 and 9. . . . ¶ Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet, at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 10-12.

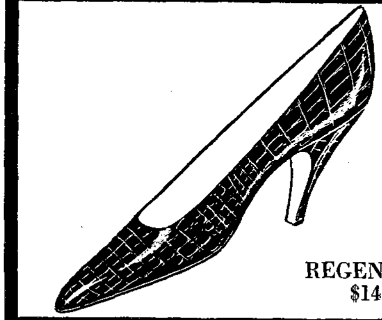
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A London comedy, "The Irregular Verb to Love," by Hugh and Margaret Williams, starring Claudette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard. . . . ¶ Jean Anouilh's "The Rehearsal," imported from London, with Keith Michell, Coral Browne, and Alan Badel. . . . ¶ The Moscow Circus, appearing here for the first time; Madison Square Garden, Sept. 24-Oct. 8. . . . ¶ "Luther," an English play (based on the life of Martin Luther) by John Osborne, in which Albert Finney will have the title role. . . . ¶ Franchot Tone, Lois Smith, and Richard Jordan in "Bicycle Ride to Nevada," a play by Robert Thom. . . . ¶ An adaptation, by Charles Aidman, of Edgar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology," with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Mr. Aidman himself. . . . ¶ The Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre, in its first appearance here (in English). . . . ¶ "The Student Gypsy; or, The Prince of Liederkranz," a musical by Rick Besoyan, featuring Eileen Brennan. . . . ¶ Arnold Wesker's "Chips with Everything," imported from London. . . . ¶ "Slander!," a courtroom drama by Henry Denker, derived from Louis Nizer's book "My Life in Court," with Van Heflin in the leading role. . . . ¶ "Here's Love," Meredith Willson's musical version of the film "Miracle on 34th Street," with a cast that includes Janis Paige, Craig Stevens, and Laurence Naismith. . . . ¶ A comedy by David Turner called "Semi-Detached," put on by the Coventry (England) Players. . . . ¶ Two comedies by Peter Shaffer that originated in London—"The Private Ear" and "The Public Eye." The principals are Geraldine McEwan, Barry Foster, Brian Bedford, and Moray Watson. . . . ¶ James Daly in "The Advocate," a play about the Sacco-Vanzetti case by Robert Noah.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Monday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 5 elections, Oct. 10-12. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 14-19.

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



REGENT
$145.

Each shoe handmade from French-tanned alligator of superb quality. Additional skins available for your accessories. Brochure on request.

LE BAG CLASSIQUE
Perfect match to shoe above.

Size 8¼" x 10½"

Handbag of simple elegance by Lucille de Paris matches Belgian Shoes in your choice of three fine leathers

The finest lizard, alligator and llama calf—the same leather used in the shoes assures an exact texture and color match. Exquisite hand detailing. The leather-lined interior has zipper and snap side pockets, suspended zipper compartment and lift-out leather coin purse. Brass clasp; protective feet.

In ALLIGATOR—Each side made from one perfect small grain skin. Brown, Black, Burgundy $275*

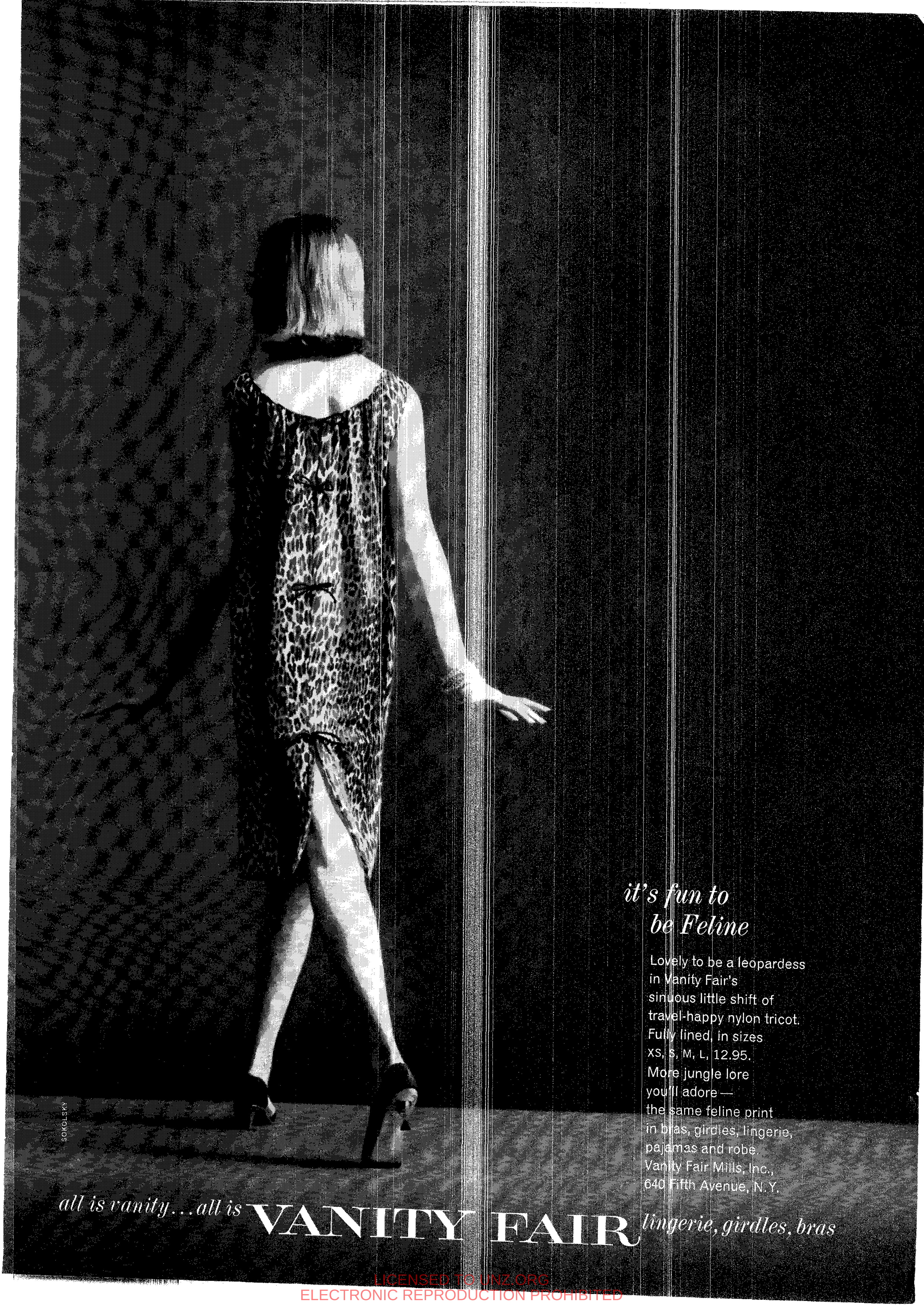
In finest French baby LIZARD—Red, Beige, Brown, Tan, Black, Navy $154*

In LLAMA CALF—Red, Cedar, Navy, Black $110*

**Federal Tax Included*

MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President
BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.

IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco



SOKOLSKY

it's fun to be Feline

Lovely to be a leopardess in Vanity Fair's sinuous little shift of travel-happy nylon tricot. Fully lined, in sizes XS, S, M, L, 12.95. More jungle lore you'll adore — the same feline print in bras, girdles, lingerie, pajamas and robe. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

all is vanity . . . all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—A depraved Chinese, resident of an island off Jamaica, plans to take over the whole world, but James Bond isn't having any of it. An auspicious beginning to what will probably be a long series of thrillers, based on the Ian Fleming originals. Sean Connery makes a perfect Bond, and there are lots of pretty, collapsible girls all around him. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 10.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Heavens Above!—The next-to-latest Peter Sellers, in which he plays a parson too Christian for his own, or anyone else's, good. With delightful supporting performances by Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael, and directed and produced by the jolly Boulting brothers. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Hud—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 10.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8, and Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook's fine, attacking version of William Golding's overblown allegory. The boys are all "beautifully smashing" and uncannily true to type—upper-class public-school hooligans, the backbone of an Empire. The atmosphere of school brutality is accurately caught and nicely photographed. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The L-Shaped Room—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy, and circling around their unhappy affair are Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters, Emlyn Williams, and a number of other skilled performers. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A dazzling merry-go-round about soft hearts and hard feelings in East London. The first movie by the famous stage director Joan Littlewood, and it's a stunning success. James Booth and Barbara Windsor head the cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

This Sporting Life—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is splendid as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pretentious direction. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Trial—The horror of Kafka's novel springs from the matter-of-factness with which everyone, including the hero, accepts an outrageous fate. Orson Welles couldn't be matter-of-fact if he tried, and his brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to Kafka; to make things worse, the hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 11, evening performances only.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 11.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 11, evening performances only.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 10, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 11.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

Gervaise (1957)—A French film, based on Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Maria Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 6-9.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 10, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 7.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 9-10.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 11.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 11.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 10.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 10.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 6-9.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 8-10.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 8-10.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 6-8.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 9-10.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 6-8.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock." Through Sept. 7, showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evening at 8: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker. Sept. 8-9, showings at 3 and 5:30: "I Confess" (1953), with Montgomery Clift and Anne Baxter. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 10: New York Film Festival; see listing under "Other Events," page 10. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Sept. 10: "The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.
From Sept. 11: "Of Love and Desire," Merle Oberon, Steve Cochran.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Thursday and Friday, Sept. 5-6, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 9-10, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 10: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Sept. 11: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Walleyed Nippon" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Sept. 10: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
From Sept. 11: **THE TRIAL**; and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 10: **DR. NO**; and **ONE, TWO, THREE,** revival.
From Sept. 11: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 10 (tentative): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES,** revival; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover," revival, Danielle Darrieux.
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Sept. 8: "The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.
From Sept. 9: "Reach for Glory," Harry Andrews, Kay Walsh.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
Through Sept. 11 (tentative): "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 10: "Wall of Noise," Suzanne Pleshette; and "The Terror," Boris Karloff.
From Sept. 11: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "On Any Street" (formerly called "La Notte Brava"), revival, Rosanna Schiaffino.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French).

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 10 (tentative): "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "The Hook," Kirk Douglas.
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 10: "Wall of Noise," Suzanne Pleshette; and "The Terror," Boris Karloff.
From Sept. 11: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "On Any Street" (formerly called "La Notte Brava"), revival, Rosanna Schiaffino.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 10: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong; and "Siege of the Saxons," Janette Scott.
From Sept. 11: "Gidget Goes to Rome," James Darren; and "13 Frightened Girls," Murray Hamilton.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 5: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Sept. 6-9: **JULES AND JIM** and **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (both in French and both revivals).
From Sept. 10: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 10: **HUD**; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn.
From Sept. 11: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra; and "A Girl Named Tamiko," Laurence Harvey, France Nuyen.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Sept. 5: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow.
Sept. 6-8: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Sept. 9-10: **THE MAGICIAN** and **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Sept. 11: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 10: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong; and "Siege of the Saxons," Janette Scott.
From Sept. 11: "Gidget Goes to Rome," James Darren; and "13 Frightened Girls," Murray Hamilton.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 7: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT,** revival; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
Sept. 8-10: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.
From Sept. 11: **THE MIRACLE WORKER,** revival; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 10: "Wall of Noise," Suzanne Pleshette; and "The Terror," Boris Karloff.
From Sept. 11: "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "On Any Street" (formerly called "La Notte Brava"), revival, Rosanna Schiaffino.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"La Poupée" (in French).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Flamboyant Sex" (in French), Anita Lindoff.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 10: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong; and "Siege of the Saxons," Janette Scott.
From Sept. 11: "Gidget Goes to Rome," James Darren; and "13 Frightened Girls," Murray Hamilton.

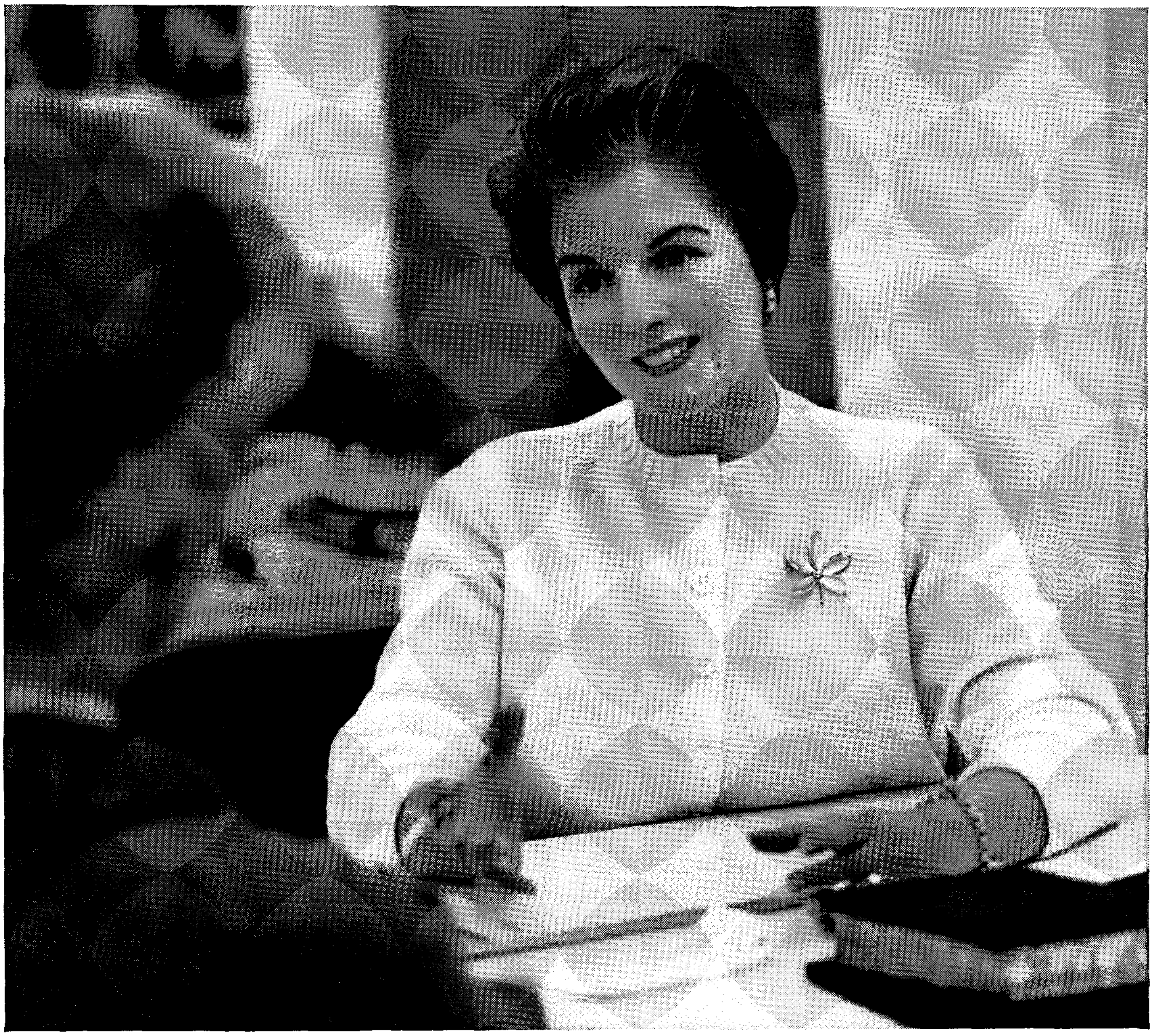
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 5: "Isle of the Dead," revival, Ellen Drew; and "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus," revival, Pierre Brasseur.
Sept. 6-7: "The Most Dangerous Game," revival, Joel McCrea; and "The Brides of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing.
Sept. 8: "King Kong," revival, Fay Wray; and "Son of Kong," revival, Robert Armstrong.
Sept. 9: "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff; and "Dracula," revival, Bela Lugosi.
Sept. 10: "Black Sunday," revival, Barbara Steele; and "The Hound of the Baskervilles," revival, Peter Cushing.
Sept. 11: "The Stranglers of Bombay," revival, Guy Rolfe; and "How to Make a Monster," revival, Robert Harris.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 10: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY,** revival; and "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.
From Sept. 11: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra; and "Paris Pickup," Robert Hossein.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 5: **GERVAISE** (in French), revival; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
Sept. 6: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy; and "The Sorceress" (in French), revival, Marina Vlady.
Sept. 7: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian), revival.
Sept. 8: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Sept. 9: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
Sept. 10: "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.
Sept. 11: A program of seven short films on art—"A Visit with Picasso," "Grandma Moses," and others.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 6: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.
From Sept. 7: "Wall of Noise," Suzanne Pleshette; and "The Terror," Boris Karloff.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 10: "Ballad of a Hussar" and "Grown-Up Children" (both in Russian).
From Sept. 11: To be announced.



Helpful, competent service and "The Voice With a Smile," whatever your needs may be. Photo shows Mrs. Barbara C. Fandel, a Bell Service Representative, talking to a customer.

"It isn't enough that people should merely accept what we do. Our job is to give them service they positively enjoy. And this is no little challenge. It is a great one."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, Chairman of the Board, American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

The challenge is with us every day, in everything we do.

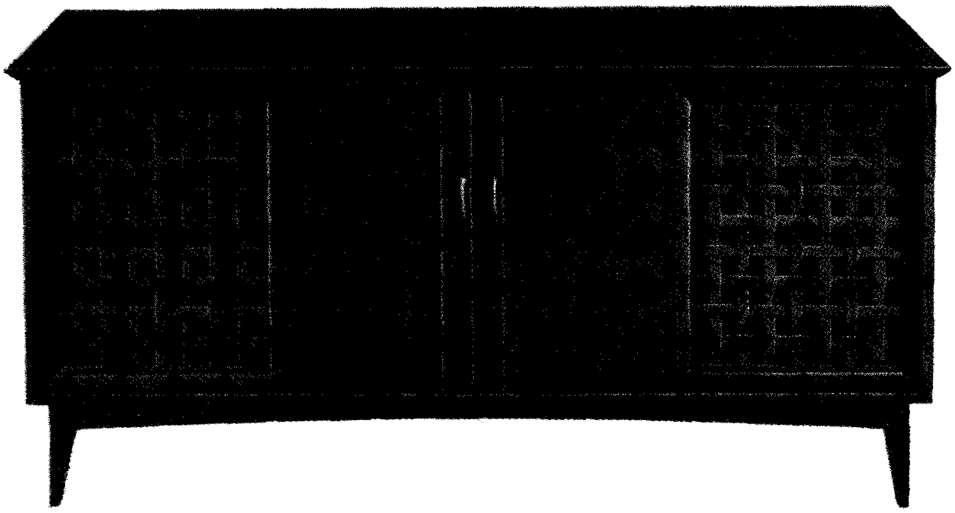
As new speed and efficiency are added, there is an increased obligation for courtesy and the utmost consideration for the needs and wishes of every one we serve.

We try very hard to make that policy come true.

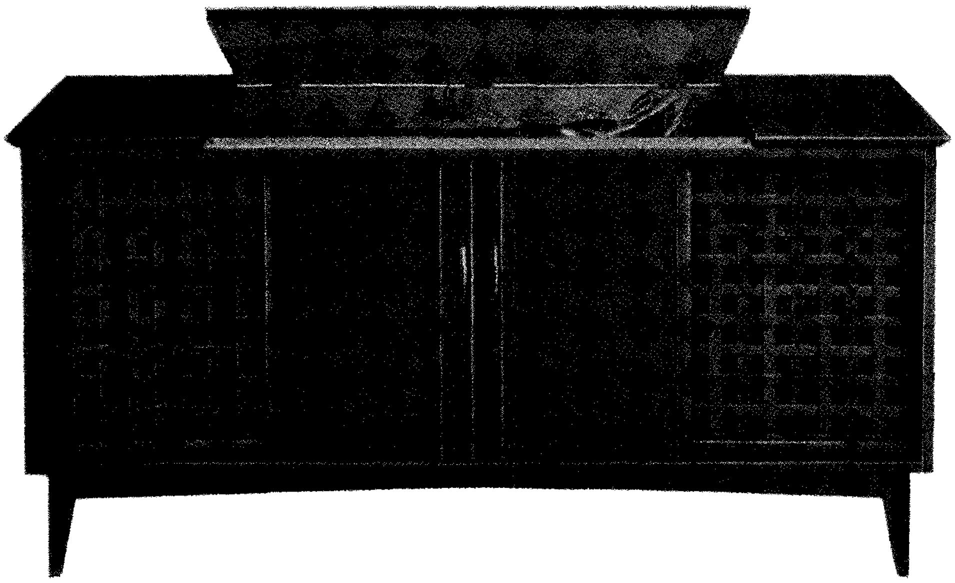
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SERVING YOU

Lowboy console.



Highbrow stereo.



LONG AND LOW in silhouette, the Diplomat by Fisher is a connoisseur's choice for fine stereophonic high fidelity performance.

It contains six precisely-matched speakers (three for each stereo channel), a heavy-duty stereo power amplifier, a stereo master control unit, a sensitive AM-FM-Multiplex stereo tuner and a 4-speed automatic turntable with stereo cartridge and diamond stylus.

Any Fisher console stands apart from ordinary makes because Fisher is also the world's leading manufacturer of separate, professional-caliber high fidelity components. Fisher tuners, amplifiers and speakers have been the first choice of audio engineers and technically-informed sound enthusiasts since the dawn of the high fidelity era. Your favorite FM station most probably monitors and relays its own broadcasts utilizing Fisher equipment. A Fisher console is simply a beautifully-crafted, acoustically-integrated piece of furniture with famous Fisher component designs built into it.

That is why the Diplomat is one of the world's most advanced stereophonic high fidelity instruments even though it is one of the less costly Fisher consoles. You may choose from 10 basic models in 43 different cabinet styles and finishes priced from $359.50 to $2,695. For your free 28-page Fisher Console Catalogue in color and name of nearest franchised dealer, please mail the coupon below. Prices slightly higher in the West.

FISHER RADIO CORP.
21-58 44th Drive
Long Island City 1, N. Y.

THE FISHER Complete Stereophonic High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs · 1964

Please send free illustrated color catalogue describing the complete 1964 line of Fisher stereophonic high fidelity Radio-Phonographs.

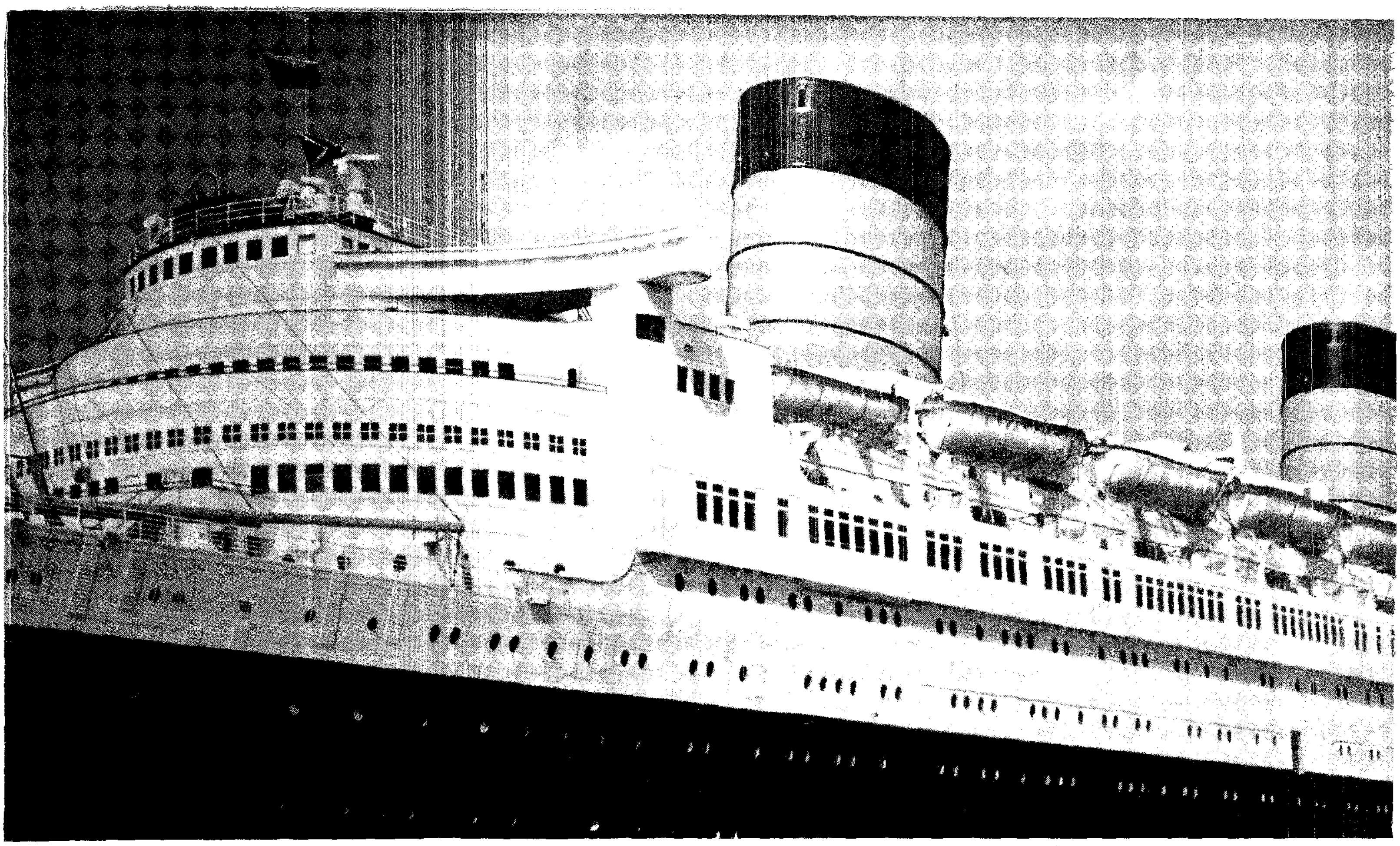
Name________________________

Address________________________

City__________Zone_____State________

24915

The Fisher



This is R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth. She has a crew of 1200, including 10 captains.

Idea for top executives: enjoy your trip to Europe this summer—on a giant Cunard Queen

A sensible way of combining business with pleasure: go to your meetings by sea. Or why not start your European holiday this way? Your doctor would approve five days of sun, sea and salt air on a great Cunarder.

Some people have to *rush* to Europe. Luckier travelers can regard their trip as something to be *enjoyed*. On a Cunarder, you can rest, think in peace, swim, strike up rewarding friendships.

People who once travel on a Cunard Queen tend to *want to do it again*. Mr. Herbert Hess, of Long Island, New York, has crossed the Atlantic *108 times*. He writes:

"Cunard not only gives the unexcelled service and cuisine we would expect on these superb liners, but above all, the expert seamanship is an outstanding achievement, and the record speaks for itself."

The same letter also mentions the "comfort and well-being" derived from a Cunard voyage. Now read what else you may expect on those great sister-ships, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*.

First, these are British ships. Part of the *comfort* provided comes from the deferential but friendly service of twelve hundred British seamen and servants.

On the promenade deck of a giant Queen you can stretch your legs for *400 yards*—then turn about and do it again.

International cuisine

The British have also been *international* for longer than most other people. So on the Cunard menus you will find: Supreme of game hen Rembrandt, Maine lobster, fresh beluga caviar, enormous white asparagus from Holland, Danish ham—and ten different kinds of *hot* bread.

"One secret of good service," says Cunard's Head Chef, "is enough *space*." The Queens' kitchens are exceptionally large. They are staffed by 163 cooks, butchers and bakers working around the clock. The bake shop makes *4,000* rolls a day.

You *relax*: swim, take a Turkish bath, employ a masseur and physiotherapist.

There is a gracious library to browse in. Up to 40 new books are added monthly.

Staff of 9 secretaries

If you have work to do, you have all the time and all the help you need. There is a staff of nine secretaries at your disposal. And you are within a second's reach of anyone, anywhere, by telephone.

Cunard people make this claim: "There are ten captains on the bridge of a Queen." *Ten* officers assigned to bridge duty hold master's certificates. Each one is fully qualified to command a vessel at sea.

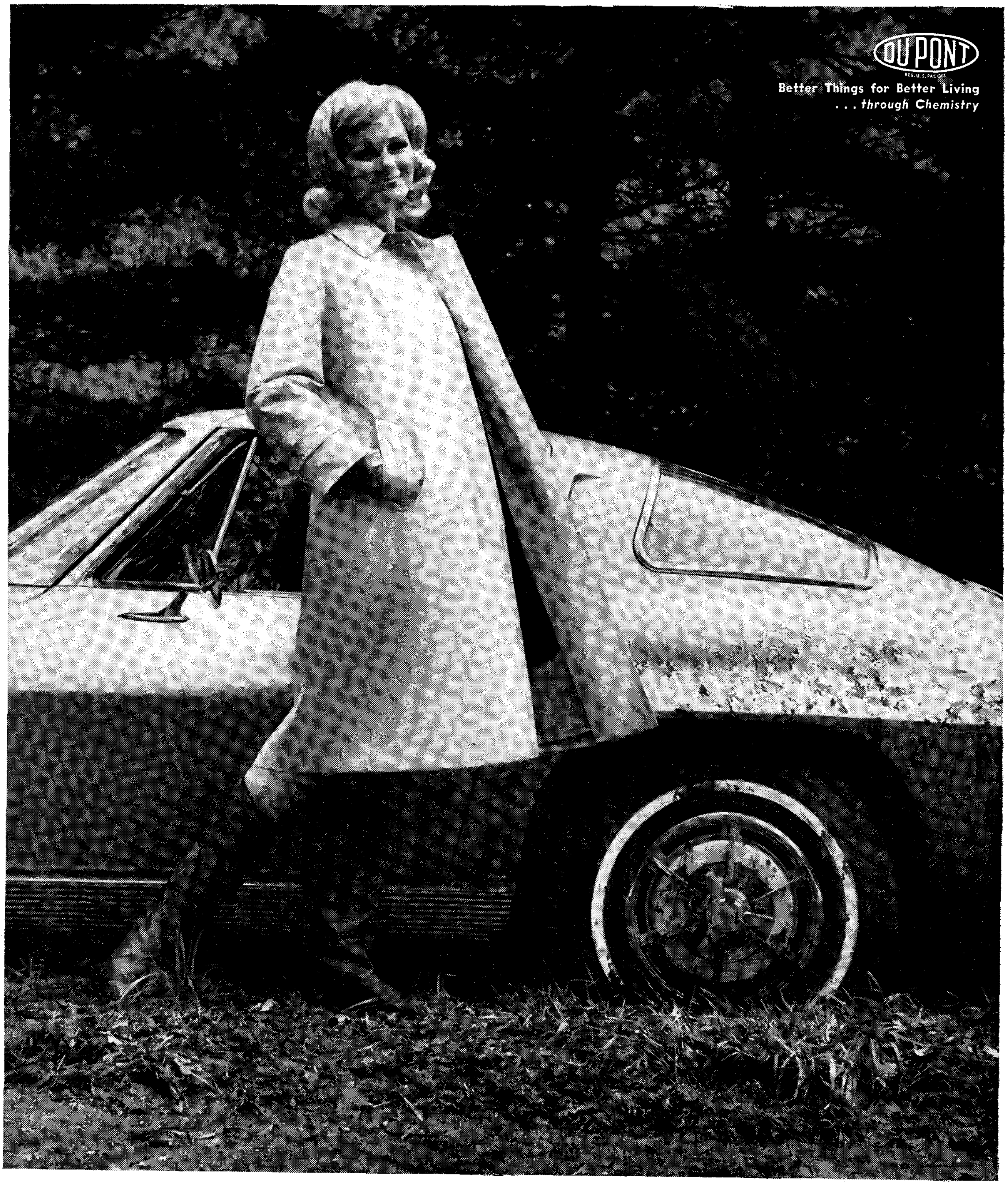
The man who arrives in the conference room fresh from a Cunard voyage stands out from the others. He is refreshed, more alert and efficient. On top of the world. And on top of the job.

12% Thrift Season saving

Beginning August 8, Cunard's Thrift Season rates are in effect. You can save *up to 12%* off Summer Season fares.

For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office: Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.

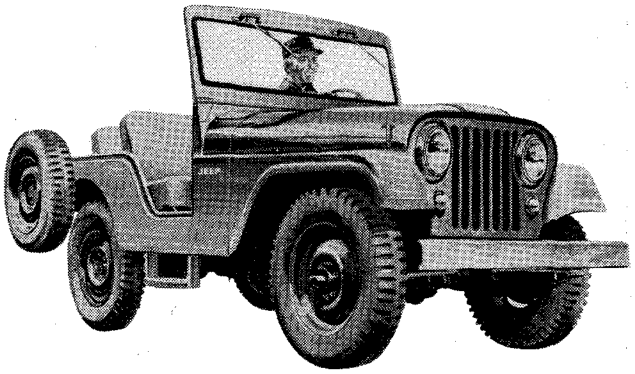
WEATHERBEE® All Season Coat. Comfortable split shoulder features raglan front, set-in back, zip-in pile warmer. Combed cotton poplin in natural, black olive, black. Sizes: Misses and Juniors. About $40. At Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Ivey's of Charlotte; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Best's Apparel, Seattle; Flah & Co., Inc., Syracuse; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C., and other fine stores.



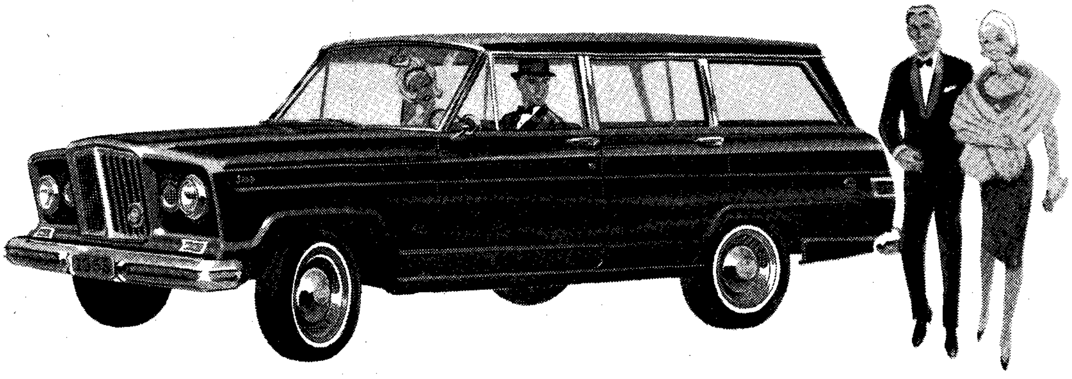
If you're ever in a spot like this . . .

be thankful you're in a Weatherbee. One worry you won't have is water and mud spoiling the appearance of your coat. Du Pont ZEPEL® fabric fluoridizer is protecting. It coats all the fabric fibers to keep rain and most bad stains out. All you do is blot with a tissue, unless the stain is extra stubborn or dries in. Then, washing or spot cleaning generally finishes the job—without leaving any ring. Without disturbing the ZEPEL either. It usually lasts the life of the coat.

DU PONT
ZEPEL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FABRIC FLUORIDIZER



this is the rough tough powerhouse
on wheels that you can drive
up hills down gullies through
mud snow and sand



this is the rough tough powerhouse
on wheels that you can drive
up hills down gullies through
mud snow and sand (and to the country club dance)

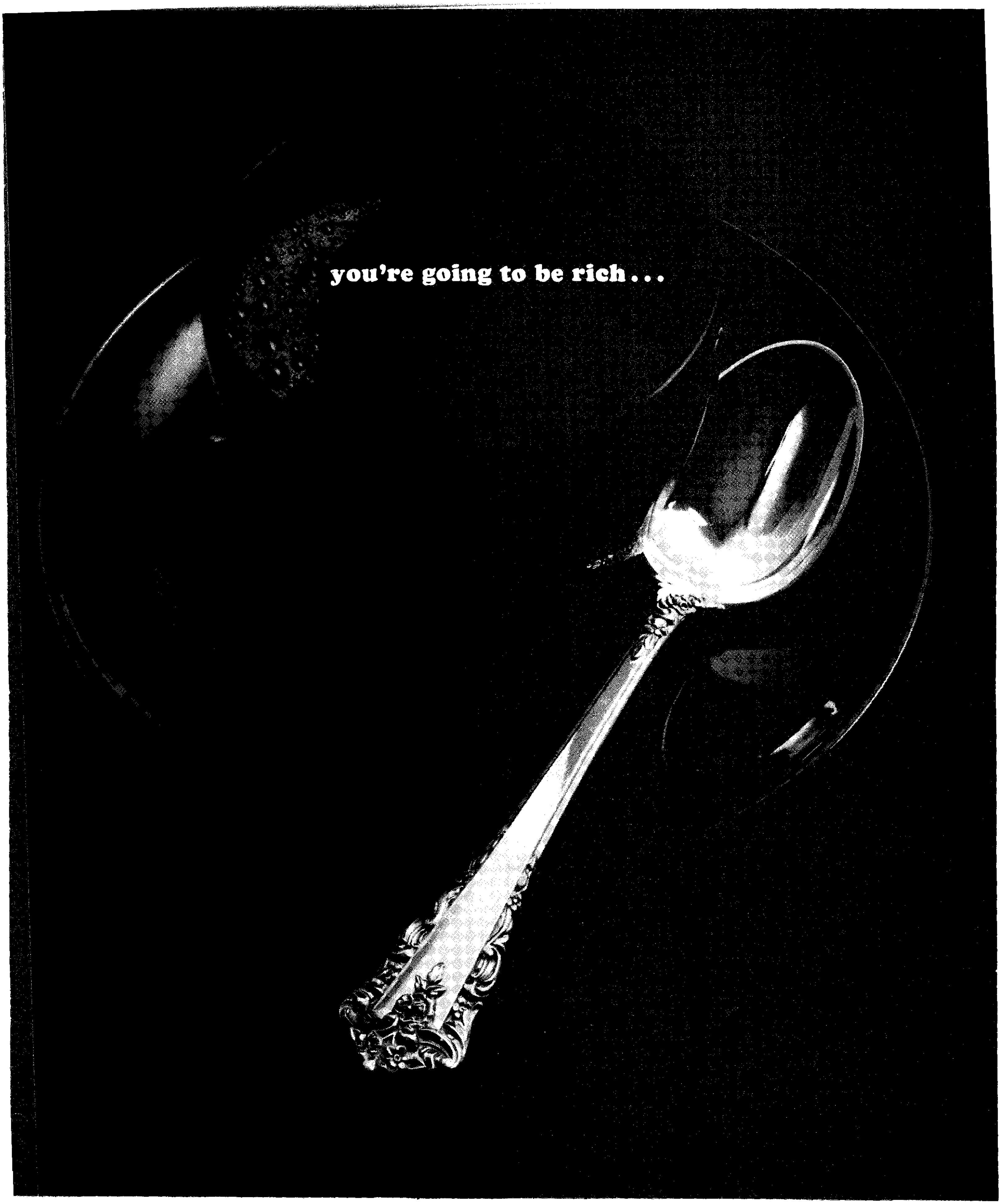
discover 4-wheel *"DRIVEPOWER"**

ALL NEW 'JEEP' WAGONEER

*"Drivepower" is Wagoneer station wagon's new, improved and exclusive 4-wheel drive system.

KAISER **Jeep** *CORPORATION* Toledo 1, Ohio

See 'Jeep' vehicles in action in "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH." Starts September 17, ABC—TV Network.



The bubbles in the coffee mean you're going to be rich. Your choice of Lunt Sterling means you already are . . . rich in your own sure sense of taste . . . rich in assurance that leads you to see at a glance the correctness of Lunt's new RONDELAY pattern. And even if the bubbles should burst, you can have your service of RONDELAY —this very day. Club Plan purchasing makes it possible—so there's really no reason to wait. Enjoy now, and forever, your lovely new RONDELAY BY LUNT.

LUNT
STERLING

For information write: Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-19, Greenfield, Mass.

IMPORTED ELEGANCE FROM ITALY
Lady Borsalino

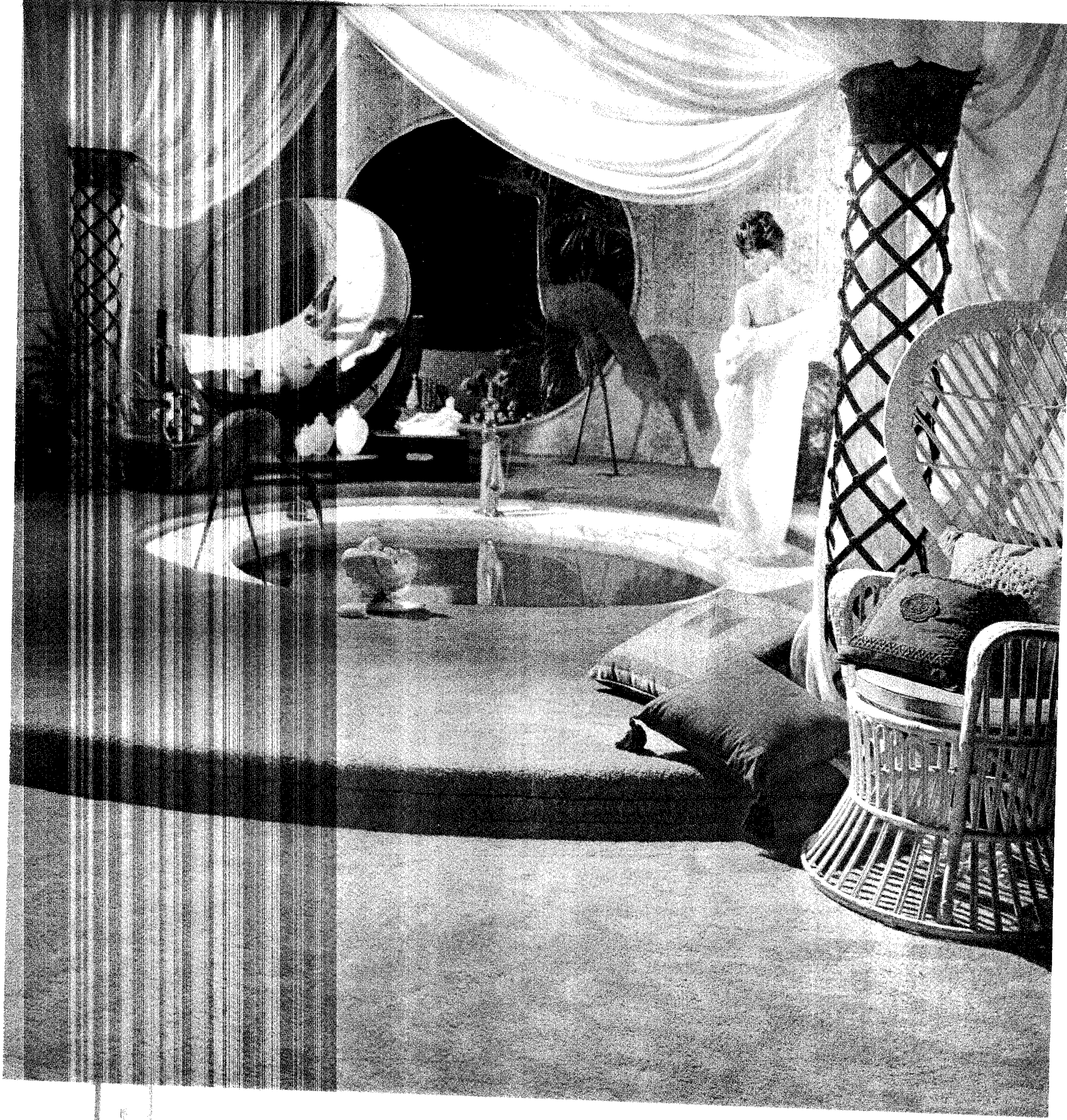
STELLAR ROLE: Lady Borsalino takes her bow in a glorious fanfare of luxurious fashion and opulent palette-tones. Proud to share the spotlight with his Borsalino . . . critically acclaimed by the most discerning, for its consistently magnificent performance.

Bravissimo for the skilled hands "behind the scene," their choice of the finest quality silken-smooth furs, the hand-sewn detailing and step-by-step inspection, to give m'lady the finest hat she'll ever wear.

about Twenty-five dollars

at B. R. BAKER, Cleveland • CLYDE'S, Hot Springs • DAYTON'S Minneapolis & St. Paul • DUNHAM'S of Maine
FILENE'S, Boston • JOSEPH HORNE CO., Pittsburgh • THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY, Detroit • HUTZLER'S, Baltimore
KISTLER-COLLISTER, Albuquerque • LAZARUS, Columbus • THE LONDON SHOP, Los Angeles • LYTTON'S, Chicago
MC AVOY, Atlantic City • ROOS/ATKINS, San Francisco • WELTER'S, Omaha • WALLACHS, New York

and other fine stores, or write BILL & CALDWELL Inc. Importers, 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.



hideaway...

Somewhere deep in the inner self of most of us a secret voice whispers for a special place to stretch out our spirits, and savor a round of quiet reflections. What could be more right than a Monarch carpet to line a retreat with restful elegance. You will find Monarch fit for a queen, but priced to please a modest purse.

MONARCH'S Nylon, Acrilan and Herculon . . . the strongest, longest-wearing carpet fibers known . . . fashioned in a luxurious variety of textures . . . with highest crush recovery that takes traffic in stride . . . shed-resistant . . . non-absorbent . . . clean easily with kitchen detergent . . . quick sponge-away of spots and spills . . . resist soil and stain . . . endless choice of radiant, fade-resistant colors . . . *guaranteed for 10 years of lovely carefree service* . . . cost from $7.95 per square yard.

Monarch Carpet Mills, Chamblee, Georgia

News-makers from Lady Hathaway:

Masterpiece prints, India Madras plaids, and Wool Challis from the foot of the Alps

"A lady's shirt should look crisp, feel soft and set tongues *wagging*," says Lady Hathaway.

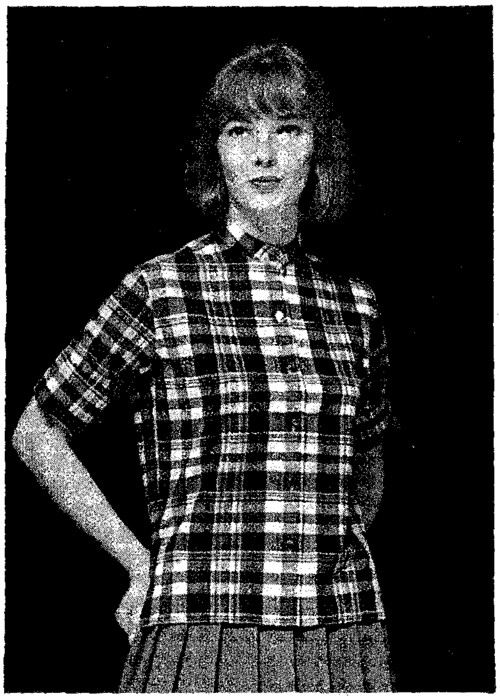
To make sure this exacting dictum is carried out, Lady Hathaway searches the four corners of the earth for strictly feminine fabrics, sumptuous designs and sprightly prints.

Here you see seven lively news-makers for Fall. The fabrics come from Great Britain, India, Switzerland and our own native shores.

The prints are gloriously international, too. Look at them. At center right, you see meticulous reproductions of paintings from the medieval section of the Louvre. And at lower left is the luxurious Lady Hathaway Wool Challis. Hand-printed of course. It's straight from Switzerland—made in a century-old mill.

Take your pick of all the shirts you see on this page. Then drop a card to Lady Hathaway, Waterville, Maine for the names of stores nearest you.

Americana Print. Man-tailored—with feminine differences. Wear it in or out. $9



India Madras, the fabric that ages so gracefully. Note the oriental, high collar. $11

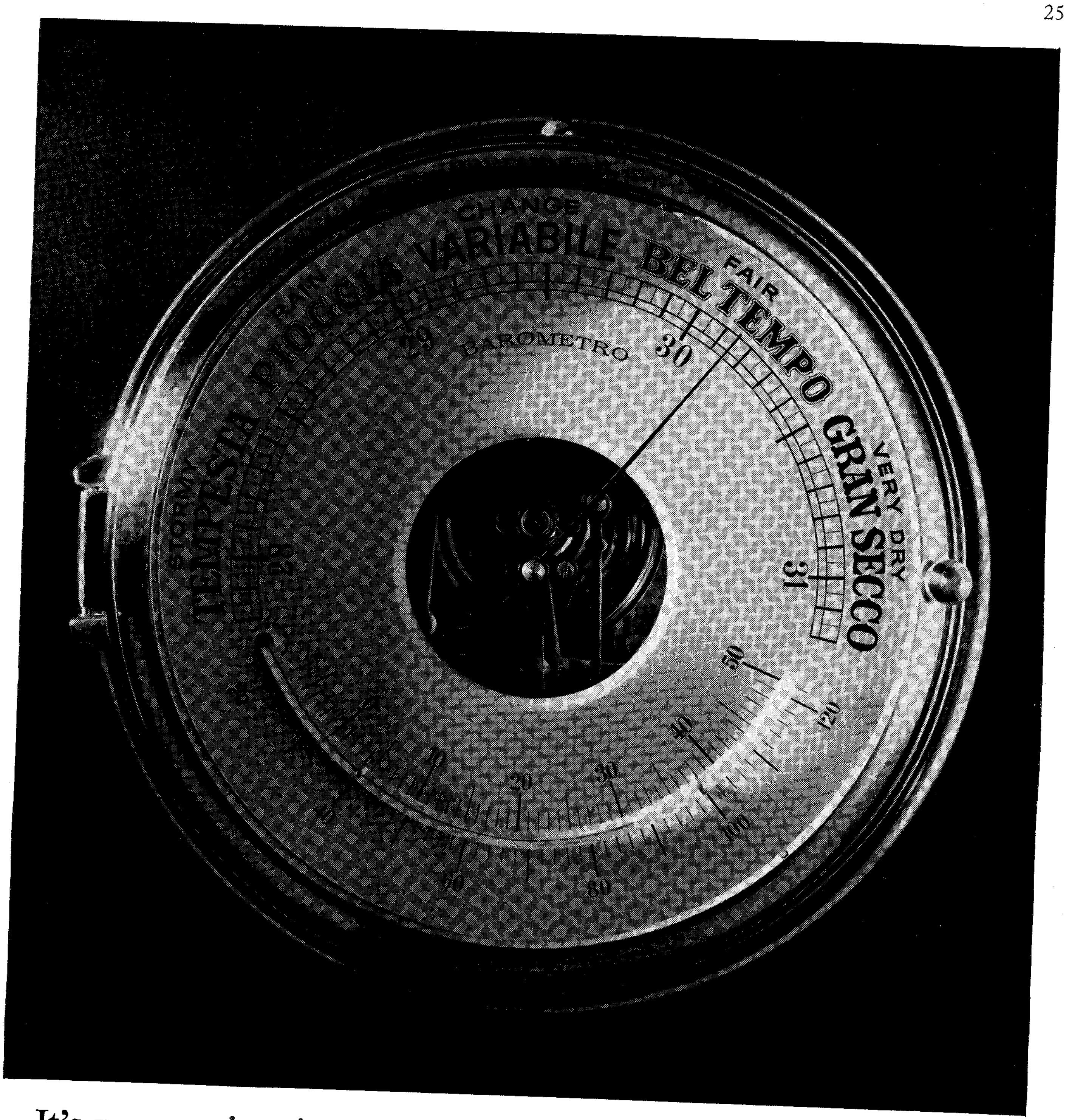
Wool Challis. The fiery colors come from special Swiss dyes developed over centuries. $30

Kennebec Flannel. Patch pockets at waist. Placket has *five* buttons. Rayon and cotton. $13

Liberty Print and fabric from London. The pattern matches precisely across front. $14

Green Silk. Louvre paintings inspired by the cour d'amour of the middle ages. $25

Early Navy. Reproduction of these old U.S. frigates is exact. Drapery cotton. $13



It's warmer in winter, less humid in summer on Italian Line, and the sea is calmer all year round.

Other sea routes to Europe may be shorter, but Italian Line's southern route is more pleasant.

Take temperature. It's warmer because our ships stay within the fair weather system known as the Bermuda High. Even in deepest winter, it's balmy on the *sunny southern route.*

In summer, the absence of moisture within the Bermuda High assures dry air—the kind of crisp, translucent days for which Bermuda is famous.

And all year round our sea is calmer. The high pressure system along our route protects you against the rains and winds that cause heavy storms.

What does this mean to you? A more enjoyable trip. You can count on being on your feet, because a calm sea makes for a calm stomach. And you can spend all day outside. Soak up the sun. Swim in our outdoor pools. Play shuffleboard or deck tennis. Drive golf balls or shoot skeet. On Italian Line, outdoor living knows no season because good weather is a matter of course.

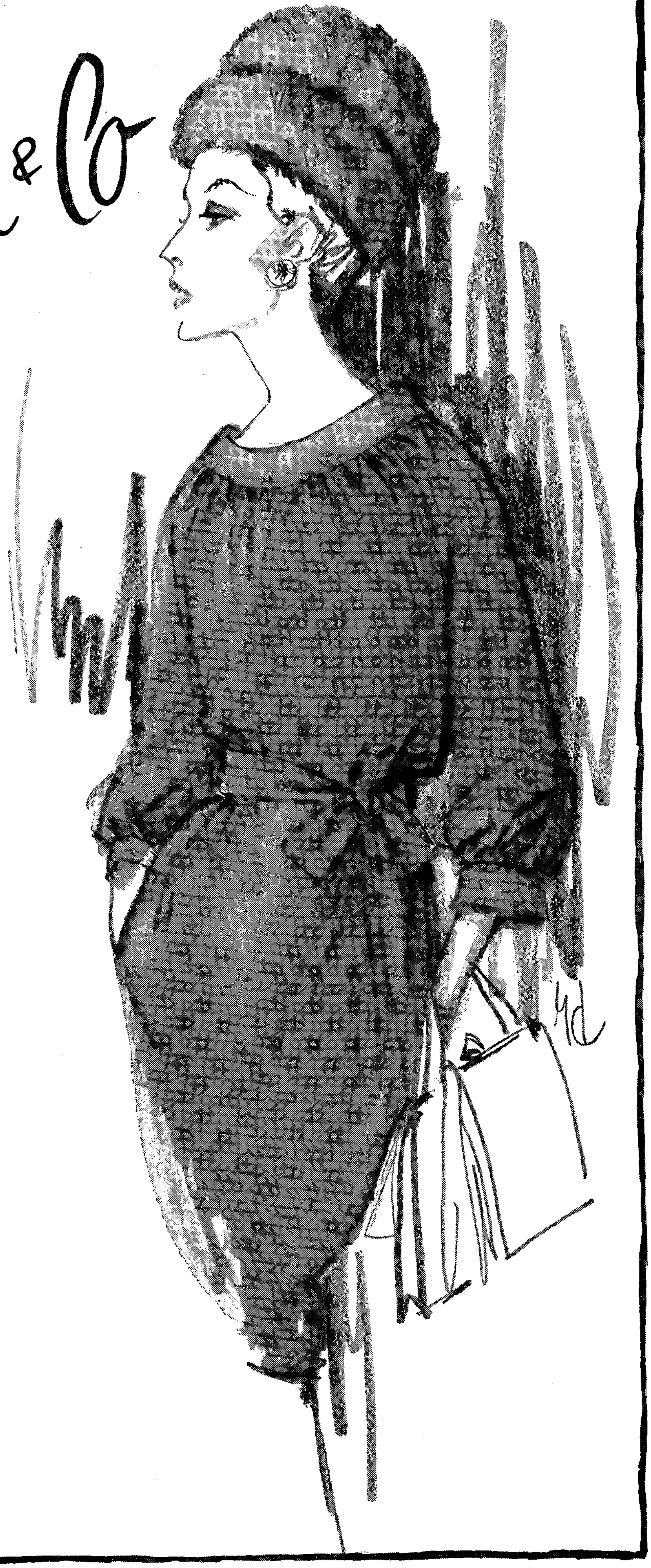
To learn more about what Italian Line has to offer, ask your travel agent for an illustrated color brochure or write Italian Line directly.

Italian Line

Dept. NY-1, One Whitehall St., N. Y. 4,
or 696 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19 ■ Tel. 797-7000

LEONARDO DA VINCI ■ CRISTOFORO COLOMBO ■ SATURNIA ■ VULCANIA ■ Coming in 1964, two new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO.

B Altman & Co



Star of Studio Three

. . . delightful little wool jersey, destined to brighten Fall and Winter days! Wine, deep green, flame red or black . . . 6 to 14. Third floor Studio Three, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **40.00**

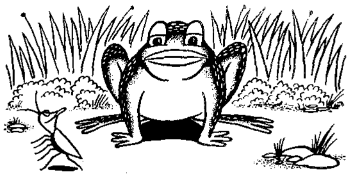
The hat, black, coffee, royal blue, emerald or beige. Main floor hat bar and at suburban stores. **15.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other morning, on a radio news program, we heard, or we think we heard, a report that the Air Force was to acquire a mechanical contrivance duplicating a frog's eye. We stayed around the radio all morning trying to get the full details, but one of the most portentous stories of our decade was not repeated. According to the radio dispatch, peculiarities of the frog's nervous system render him incapable of seeing anything that is moving away from and out of reach of his protrusile, food-gathering tongue. The frog is thus the epitome of the practical, being totally insensible to anything that cannot be turned to immediate advantage. The machine for the Air Force is intended to incorporate this same practical disability into rockets. This depressed us, because the rocket, soaring into space, and even visiting the distant planets, was beginning to symbolize a new period of adventure and unfettered imagination, and now it is to become a mere junketing Babbitt. Automation and technology had one saving grace—that they were almost the only segment of our present culture that did not have its feet firmly on the ground and its nose driving pale sparks from the grindstone. Frog's-Eye Automation would destroy this last hope.

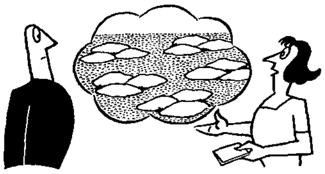


For years, the course of technology had seemed as erratic and untrammelled as the flight of a butterfly, but suddenly we realized that this was an illusion and a lepidopterological error. Technology has actually been following the course of a moth around a candle flame, and we now think we understand what the chief, self-destructive goal is: the retracing, in precise reverse order, of the stages of human evolution until we have reached Original Chaos. The computers, data-processors, and programmed automata of the late fifties represent the Mesozoic, or reptilian, stage, being capable of what amounts to highly organized instinctive behavior; a completely programmed computer does not really think, in the flighty mammalian sense, but follows the rigid demands of a very complicated set of instincts, like an alligator building a nest or a hatchling sea turtle finding its way to the ocean. The Air Force is about to enter the early Carboniferous, or amphibian, stage. And our discovery of what technology is getting at allows us to predict the next step of its evolutionary retrogression: the Devonian, or fish, stage. We confidently expect that by 1970 the armed services will be demanding an electronic device that sits in a tub of water, opening and closing its data-feed door and splashing about with transistorized lobe fins.

Garden?

WE journeyed one afternoon last week to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden to look at its recently dedicated replica of a five-hundred-year-old Japanese garden called Ryoanji, and to pose questions about Zen temple gardens—Ryoanji is one—in general. In proper Zen fashion, we returned to the office at the end of the day not with an answer but with another question—one that we have not yet answered to our satisfaction, and that we are willing to throw open to discussion: What is a garden?

The conundrum was first propounded for us by Miss Elizabeth Scholtz, a dark-haired South African woman, who is an assistant curator of instruction at the Garden, and who served as our guide for the afternoon. Just inside the Garden's south entrance on Washington Avenue, we had passed a small and prim sign that read, "THIS IS NOT A PARK. It Is a Garden of Living Plants Which Is Here for Your Enjoyment," and no sooner had we digested this information than we were met by Miss Scholtz, who immediately told us that Ryoanji is a garden of fifteen large stones and thousands of tiny stones, and contains *no* living plants, except for a bit of purely incidental moss. We must have looked taken aback, for she hurriedly handed us a small pamphlet about Ryoanji by Dr. George S. Avery, the director of the Botanic Garden, in which Dr. A. stated carefully that "it is part of the cultural obligation of the Botanic Garden to present many types of gardens"—thereby implicitly aligning himself with those who hold that Ryoanji is a garden, plants or no plants. Unfortunately, our eyes strayed to the next paragraph, which was less definite:



> From the viewpoint of Western culture, is this a real garden? Is this art? These are questions that will stir discussion for a long time to come and there is no simple answer.

We asked Miss Scholtz whether she could furnish any answer at all to her director's poser, and she replied that she would rather postpone the metaphysics until she had shown us Ryoanji, which she proceeded to do.

The Botanic Garden has walled off Ryoanji and imposed a twenty-five-cent admission charge. ("We do it only to limit admission to people who are really curious. Even so, we've been mobbed weekends," Miss Scholtz explained.) Entering Ryoanji's gate, we were greeted by Miss Tamiko Takeuchi, a tiny, kimono-clad art student, who has been serving as Ryoanji's hostess this summer. Miss Takeuchi bade us exchange our shoes for a pair of paper slippers, and requested us, in the smallest of voices, to be as quiet as possible. Abashed, we shuffled carefully up a short flight of wooden steps onto a broad wooden porch, and caught our first glimpse of the garden below us. Ryoanji, we saw, is a tennis-court-size space filled with raked white crushed granite on which fifteen large dark-gray stones are arranged in five irregular groups. (What little moss there is nestles around the base of the large stones.)

"Dr. and Mrs. Avery visited the original Ryoanji, in Kyoto, in May, 1960, and got the idea of bringing the garden to New York—or, rather, of re-creating it in New York," Miss Scholtz, who was also beslippered, informed us, sotto voce. "Luckily, we were able to get our fifteen large stones pretty quickly. Mr. Takuma P. Tono, a Tokyo landscape architect, came to us on a fellowship in the fall of 1961, and while he was with us, a friend of his—*another* Tokyo landscape architect, named Kiichi Sano—suddenly materialized in this country to tell us that he could get, near Kyoto, just the stones we were looking for. Mr. Tono then said that *he* would guide the garden's construction. And there we were."

What about the crushed granite, we asked.

That was another story, Miss Scholtz murmured, and handed us a copy of an article by Mr. Landon H. Winchester, a member of the Botanic Garden's staff, which addressed itself to just that question.

After several experiments [we read], it was found that poultry grit from the North Carolina Granite Corporation, Mt. Airy, N.C., came closest to giving the effect obtained by the Japanese in their Ryoanji Garden in Kyoto.

Of the many size combinations we tested, one of the best proved to be:

2 parts "Grower" size
1 part "Turkey" size
1 part "Turkey Finisher."

Miss Scholtz had just whispered that Ryoanji included almost thirty-six tons of Grower, Turkey, and Turkey Finisher when she spotted Dr. Avery standing at the far end of the viewing platform and gazing raptly at his stones. "Dr. Avery often slips down here to get away from some of the office bother," she said. "Let's go over and talk to him."

We joined Dr. Avery, and were at the same time rejoined by Miss Takeuchi. "You're lucky to be here on a gray afternoon," remarked Dr. A., whose eyes twinkle. "Mr. Tono says that the garden symbolizes the sea, the crushed granite being raked in such a way that one sees the ripples of water in it, and that on a cloudy day all the stones seem to be floating on the surface of the garden, while in fine weather they always look sunken."

What did Dr. A. think of his replica, we asked.

He looked at Miss Takeuchi, who said modestly that she found it a great inspiration for painting. This made Dr. A. beam, and he then answered our question by pointing out a passage in his introductory pamphlet, which quoted a friend of his, the architect Alden Dow, as saying that Ryoanji is "deceptively simple in design, but this is what gives it its power," and that "I have never seen anything to match it in perfection of scale."

"But—" we began.

Dr. A. anticipated us. "You want to know if Ryoanji is a garden?"

"Yes," we said.

There was a brief pause.

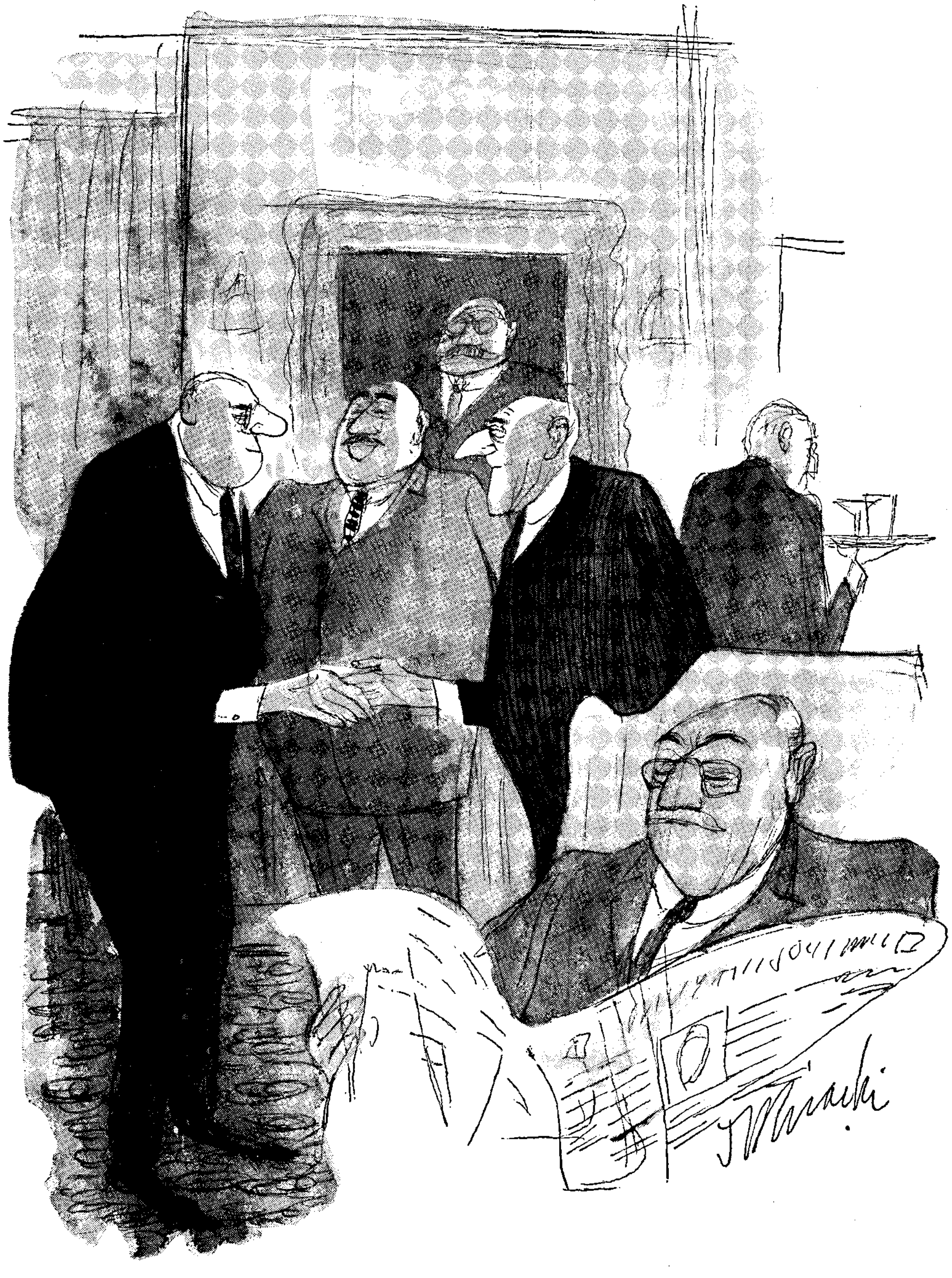
"Well, there's no doubt in *my* mind that Ryoanji is a garden," said Miss Scholtz. "But I must admit that there are traditionalist visitors who refer to it as 'that pile of rocks.' "

Miss Takeuchi said she agreed with Miss Scholtz.

And Dr. Avery?

"I don't know that I'm always entirely sure," he said gently. "Sacheverell Sitwell calls Ryoanji 'a theme or rhythm that is like the subject of a fugue.' David H. Engel, an American landscape architect who is interested in Japanese gardens, sees it as embodying the traditional Japanese symbolism of the rectangle, the triangle, and the circle."

"I've always rather liked that idea myself," Miss Scholtz put in. "But



"Charlie, I'd like you to meet Phil Nesbitt. He's a Goldwater man, as who isn't?"

when I mentioned it to Mr. Tono, he laughed and said, 'Oh, that's just Engel.' "

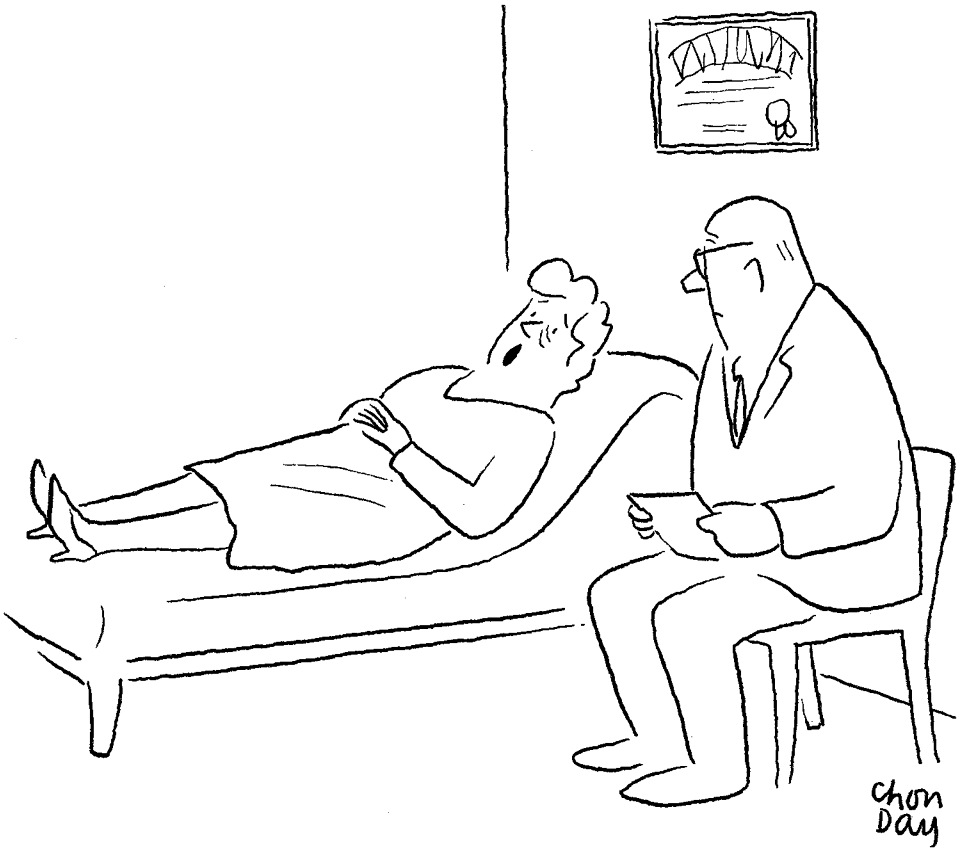
Dr. Avery smiled, and then asked us, in a Socratic way, what we thought.

We said hesitantly that Ryoanji put us in mind of the gardens in a cloister, and that they were certainly gardens, whether or not Ryoanji was.

Dr. A. looked pleased. "We must remember that originally a garden was simply a space enclosed for some religious purpose," he said. "But my own feeling is that Ryoanji is so exquisite in its scale and proportions that one immediately recognizes it as a place of great beauty. And—for me, at any rate—*that* is enough to make it a garden."

◆

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE (INTERNATIONAL CUISINE DIVISION): The America Café, in Mexico City, serves "Famous Indelicious Home Made Viennese Pastries."



"Every little breeze seems to whisper 'Louise.'"

Educational Alcove

"OF making many books there is no end," Ecclesiastes says, but if Mr. Sol Cornberg, of Sol Cornberg Associates, Consultants and Designers in the Communication Arts, has his way, the end may be in sight. Mr. Cornberg's major professional enthusiasm is something called a student carrel; that is, a recessed desk bounded on three sides by soundproof panels and equipped with a television screen, a selective dialling system, two loudspeakers, a microphone, and earphones for people with impaired hearing. The idea behind this, communicated to us by its developer when we called on him the other day at his office, in Columbus Circle, is that "today's student learns more easily from a television screen than he does from a book"—or, for that matter, from a living, breathing teacher, since most classes are too large for maximum efficiency and all are at the mercy of their students. "The student who just wants attention disrupts the flow of information and wastes valuable time," Mr. Cornberg said. "The carrel permits its occupant to move at his own pace. He can dial back into the lecture when it is over. He can dial into last year's lectures. He can dial into next year's. Through the dial system, he has random access to an enormous mass of information stored on tape in a use attitude in a central communications center."

Mr. Cornberg, who, before starting his own firm, in 1957, was director of studio-and-plant planning at N.B.C., showed us a portable carrel, which, he said, "can go on short legs for short students and grow up for longer students," and went on, "I maintain that the book is an archaic method of storing information. It's impossible for the student to handle enough books physically; the space they require is often prohibitive, and the one that the student needs, on a random-access basis, is often unavailable. I love books, but let's not get sentimental about them. If you can relate more easily to information from a different kind of source, why go to a book? We'll have a different kind of book. We'll put it in a machine and see a moving picture and hear a live voice. The student in the carrel is in the new binding of an old book. It says to him, 'Professor So-and-So's lecture on Chemistry 1 is on 3333.' He dials 3333, and there it is."

Mr. Cornberg's carrel is already in use. "More than forty-five hundred carrels have been installed in or ordered by schools and colleges in the last fifteen months," he said. "Some of the first went to the University of Michigan. We don't make them—we act as consultants. We help an educator define a program of use, and then we supply systems and facility designs, execute contract drawings, supervise installation, and orient the users. The Ford Foundation has backed bellwether installations on three campuses, including a new college, Grand Valley State College, in Michigan, where eight hundred and sixteen carrels will eventually be provided. These won't rule out teachers, but they will give the faculty more time to work with individuals or to play golf, as the case may be."

He showed us a passage in a brochure, reading:

> Cornberg has designed an audio-visual system which will link each carrel to the rest of the college [Grand Valley State]. When the system is fully operative, here's how one student, taking, for example, a Russian-language course, might fully utilize it:
>
> The student has been assigned by his tutor to prepare a report on Russian idioms. First, he may want to review some points made by the instructor at a previous large-group lecture. He dials a number on a dial similar to that of an office telephone. On the small television screen in his carrel will appear a videotape of the last lecture. When the student has refreshed his memory, he will start working on the project assigned in his tutorial session.
>
> He dials another number and on the screen appears a travel film with a narration in idiomatic Russian. After he has absorbed the film, he might dial a third number; through the loudspeaker he will hear a language practice tape. As the announcer speaks the word, the student repeats it into the microphone. . . .
>
> Then, for further preparation, the student walks to the library adjacent to his carrel and withdraws a book of contemporary Russian-language short stories.
>
> When he has finished drawing upon

these different sources—the audio-visual material stored in a central electronic library and the books stored in the building library—he writes his report, goes to his seminar, and is prepared to discuss creatively the material he has absorbed. . . .

“The audio-visual carrel is a new classroom,” the friend of faculty golf said, “in which disciplinary problems are minimized and the relationship with the teacher is enhanced.”

•

OVERHEARD at the entrance to the Museum of Modern Art: “Can you blame him for hating his mother? What a boring woman to have to go through that Oedipus thing with!”

The March

WE flew to Washington the day before the march and, early the next morning, walked from Pennsylvania Avenue past the side entrance of the White House and toward the lawn of the Washington Monument, where the marchers were gathering. It was eight o'clock—three and a half hours before the march was scheduled to move from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial—and around the Ellipse, the huge plot of grass between the White House grounds and the lawn of the Washington Monument, there were only about half a dozen buses. Most of them had red-white-and-blue signs saying “Erie, Pa., Branch, N.A.A.C.P.,” or “Inter-Church Delegation, Sponsored by National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Commission on Religion and Race,” or “District 26, United Steelworkers of America, Greater Youngstown A.F.L.-C.I.O. Council, Youngstown, Ohio.” On a baseball field on the Ellipse, three men were setting up a refreshment stand, and on the sidewalk nearby a man wearing an N.A.A.C.P. cap was arranging pennants that said “March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom. Let the World Know We Want Freedom.” Most of the buses were nearly full, and many of the occupants were dozing. Sitting on a bench in front of one of the buses, some teen-agers were singing, “Everybody wants freedom—free-ee-dom.”

On the lawn of the Washington Monument, a group of military police, most of them Negroes, and a group of Washington police, most of them white, were getting final instructions. Women dressed in white, with purple armbands that said “Usher” and blue sashes that said “Pledge Cards,” were handing out cards to everybody who passed. “I've already contributed to this,” a man near us told one of the women. But the card asked for no money; it asked instead that the signer commit himself to the civil-rights struggle, pledging his heart, mind, and body, “unequivocally and without regard to personal sacrifice, to the achievement of social peace through social justice.”

Outside march headquarters—a huge tent with green sides and a green-and-white striped roof—workers were setting up a rim of tables. One table held a display of pennants, offering a large one for a dollar and a small one for fifty cents. Inside the tent, a man wearing a CORE overseas cap, a blue suit, an armband with the letter “M” on it, and a badge saying “Assistant Chief Marshal,” was testing a walkie-talkie, and another man was issuing instructions to a group of program salesmen. “Now, everybody report back by nine-fifteen, or whenever they give out,” he said. Two or three Negroes were sorting signs that said “The Southern Christian Leadership Conference of Lynchburg, Virginia.” In a roped-off area near one end of the tent, the official signs for the march were stacked face down in large piles, most of them covered by black tarpaulins. Next to the signs, in an enclave formed by a green fence, half a dozen women sat behind a long table. Two signs on the fence said “Emergency Housing.” Nearby, three or four television crews had set up their cameras on high platforms.

By this time, there were several thousand people on the lawn, many of them gathered around the Monument. An ice-cream truck had managed to drive to within a hundred feet of the Monument and was starting to do an early-morning business. Many of those gathered near the Monument were sitting on the grass, and some were sleeping. Three boys dressed in khaki pants and shirts with button-down collars were using their knapsacks for pillows and had covered their faces with black derbies. There were, we thought, surprisingly few knapsacks and sandals in the crowd. Most of the people were neatly dressed, and as they waited for the pre-march program to start, they acted like ordinary tourists in Washington, or like city people spending a warm Sunday in the park. A man took a picture of a couple standing in front of a sign that said “New Jersey Region, American Jewish Congress;” a policeman was taking a picture of two smiling Negro couples; a woman who was selling programs balanced her programs and her purse in one hand and, with the other, took pictures of the sleepers with derbies over their faces.

By nine o'clock, a group of marchers had congregated outside a green fence surrounding a stage that had been set up several hundred yards from the Monument; they were standing six or eight deep against the fence. More people were arriving constantly—some in couples and small groups, others marching in large contingents. A group of young Negroes walked behind a blue-and-gold banner that said “Newman Memorial Methodist Church School, Brooklyn, N.Y., Organized 1900.” Another group of Negroes—older, and wearing yellow campaign hats that bore the letters “B.S.E.I.U.”—followed four boys who were carrying a long banner that said “Local 144” and two flag-bearers, one carrying the American flag and one carrying a flag that said “Building Services Employees International Union.”

In front of the headquarters tent, a group of young people in overalls and T shirts that said “CORE” were marching around in a circle, clapping and singing.

“I'm going to walk the streets of Jackson,” one girl sang.

“One of these days,” the others answered.

“I'm going to be the chief of police,” another sang.

“One of these days,” the crowd answered.

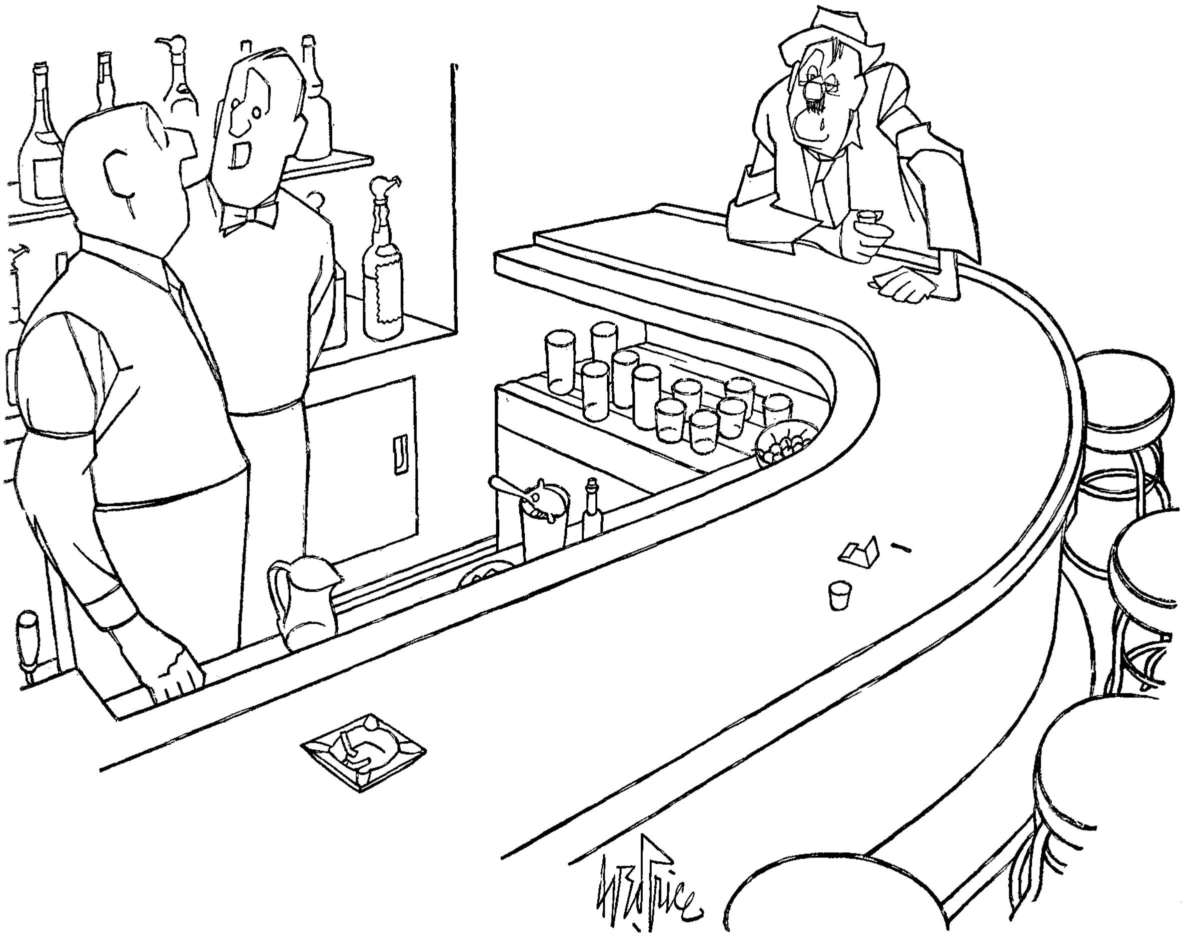
Near the singing group, a double line of Negro teen-agers came marching across the lawn. All of them were dressed in black jackets. They had no banners or pennants, and they filed by in silence.

“Where y'all from?” a Negro girl in the CORE group asked one of them.

“From Wilmington, North Carolina,” one of the boys replied, and the black-jacketed group walked on silently.

We started toward the stage and happened to come across Bayard Rustin, the deputy director of the march, heading that way with Norman Thomas. Following them up to the stage, we found two other members of the march committee—Courtland Cox, of the Student Non-Violent Coördinating Committee, and Norman Hill, of the Congress of Racial Equality—looking out at the people between the stage and the Monument and talking about the crowd.

At exactly nine-thirty, Ossie Davis, serving as master of ceremonies, tried to begin the pre-march program, but it had to be postponed, because Rustin and



"Just when you think he's completely cockeyed, he comes up with another one of those damn aphorisms."

• •

Thomas were the only two dignitaries on the stage and many more were expected.

"Oh, freedom," said a voice over a loudspeaker a little later. The program had started, and Joan Baez began to sing in a wonderfully clear voice. "Oh, freedom," she sang. "Oh, freedom over me. Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave . . ."

Then came folk songs by Miss Baez; Peter, Paul, and Mary; Odetta; and Bob Dylan. Davis made the introductions, occasionally turning the microphone over to a marshal for an announcement, such as "Mr. Roosevelt Johnson. If you hear me, your child, Larry Johnson, is in the headquarters tent." By ten-thirty, the expanse of grass that had been visible between the crowd around the stage and the crowd around the Monument had almost disappeared, and more people were still marching onto the lawn, carrying signs and banners. Most of the signs identified groups—such as the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity and the Detroit Catholics for Equality and Freedom—but some had slogans on them, and one, carried by a white woman who marched up and down the sidewalk in back of the stage, said "What We All Need Is Jesus and to Read the Bible." Another folk singer, Josh White, arrived on the stage while Odetta was singing. White didn't wait for an introduction. He merely unpacked his guitar, handed the cigarette he had been smoking to a bystander, and walked up to the microphone to join Odetta in singing "I'm on the Way to Canaan Land." In a few moments, Miss Baez was also singing, and then all the folk singers gathered at the microphone to finish the song.

At about eleven, Davis announced that the crowd was now estimated at ninety thousand. From the stage, there was no longer any grass visible between the stage and the Monument. Next, Davis introduced a representative of the Elks, who presented the organizers of the march with an Elks contribution of ten thousand dollars; a girl who was the first Negro to be hired as an airline stewardess; Lena Horne; Daisy Bates, who shepherded the nine teen-agers who integrated Central High School in Little Rock; Miguel Abreu Castillo, the head of the San Juan Bar Association, who gave a short speech in Spanish; Bobby Darin; and Rosa Parks, the woman who started the Montgomery bus boycott by refusing to move to the back of the bus.

The official march signs had been passed out, and they began to bob up and down in the crowd: "No U.S. Dough to Help Jim Crow Grow," "Civil Rights Plus Full Employment Equals Freedom."

At about eleven-forty-five, Davis told the crowd that the march to the Lincoln Memorial was going to begin, and suggested that people standing near the Monument use Independence Avenue and people standing near the stage go down Constitution Avenue. We were closer to Constitution Avenue, and as we got onto the street there was a crush of people that for a moment brought back stories of the dangers inherent in a crowd of such a size. But almost immediately the crush eased, and we walked comfortably down shady Constitution Avenue. We noticed that practically nobody was watching the march from the sidelines, and that in the march itself there was a remarkable lack of noise. Occasionally, a song would start somewhere in the crowd, but to a large extent the marchers were silent. A few hundred yards from the Monument, the march was stopped by a man who was holding a sign that said "Lexington Civil Rights Committee" and wearing an armband that said "Mass. Freedom Rider." He asked the people in the front row to link arms, and, beginning to sing "We Shall Overcome," they moved on down the street.

"Slow down, slow down!" the man from Massachusetts shouted as he walked backward in front of the crowd. "Too fast! You're going too fast! Half steps!"

A few hundred feet farther on, a policeman and an M.P. stood in the middle of the street and split the crowd down the middle. We followed the group to the left, and in a few minutes found ourself standing in a crowd, now even quieter, to the left of the reflecting pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial.

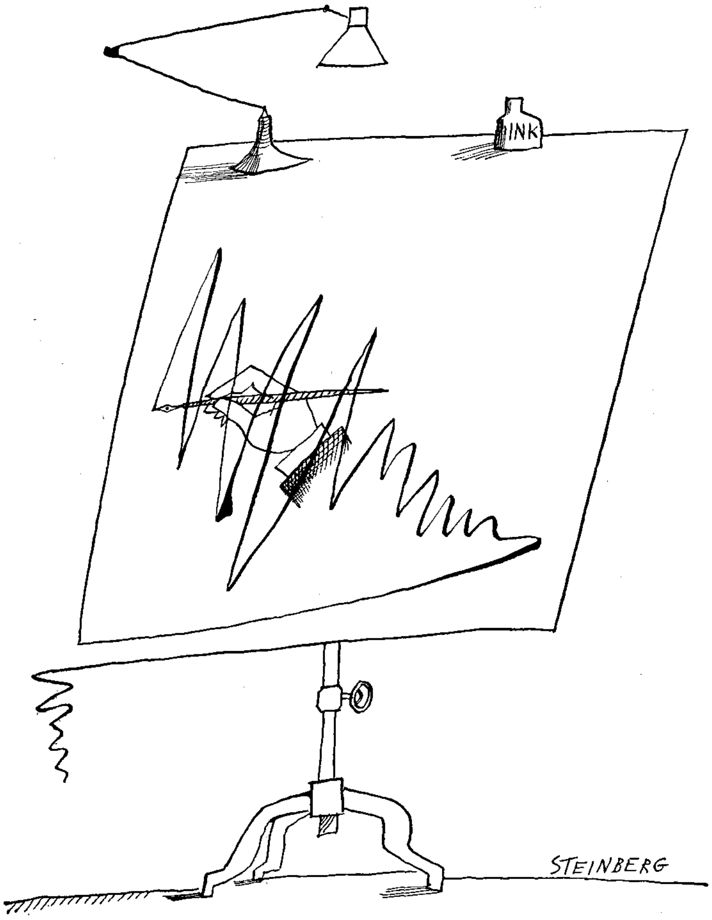
THE STOREROOM

I WAS ankle-deep in sooty water, thinking about the seven deadly sins—just running them over. This was in my basement storeroom a couple of weeks ago. Outside, the day was cool and light, more like fall than summer. The leaves in the park across from the building I live in were rustling; I could just hear and see them through the grating high in the wall. I could hear the voices of passersby and see their feet. There was a scatter of last year's twigs and straws in the grating inlet, where a this year's kitten was shadowboxing. I laid a sodden wicker basket and a recorder that I have never learned to play on an old and moist card table next to some limp books—"At the Back of the North Wind," "Gems of the American Heritage: Poems," "Stalky and Co." The night before, a pipe had burst. It was fixed now, and the black water was receding, but there had been a lot of it at high tide. Cartons had collapsed. Others were certainly going to. I wished I could be a passerby. I asked (perhaps aloud, perhaps only in my mind) if I had ever—ever at all—seen fit to throw anything away. Asked whom?

I should pause to say that my concern with sin was desultory; the weather had got to me, I expect. Nothing more. Hundreds of racy lives were being lived, and gay peccadilloes committed, on the sunny side of the grating. There I was, on the dim side. I had merely wanted to brighten my day—to think of some piquant sins of my own, if only I could find them—and I was working my way through the basic collection on the off chance. I quickly put by pride, wrath, and envy as unpiquant, and paused hopefully at lust but felt too damp. Gluttony wouldn't do. I am, if anything, a picky eater. My pockets are full of the holes that money has burned in them, so avarice was out. Sloth was all that was left—a feeble showing. A paperbound supplementary college text nudged my shoes like a little boat docking. "Gems of the Western Heritage: Philosophy." I put it on the table with the others. Why *had* I never thrown anything away? Avarice? No. Pride? No, no—just sloth again. "Keeps on turning up," I remarked. And there the small puzzle was once more. Remarked to whom?

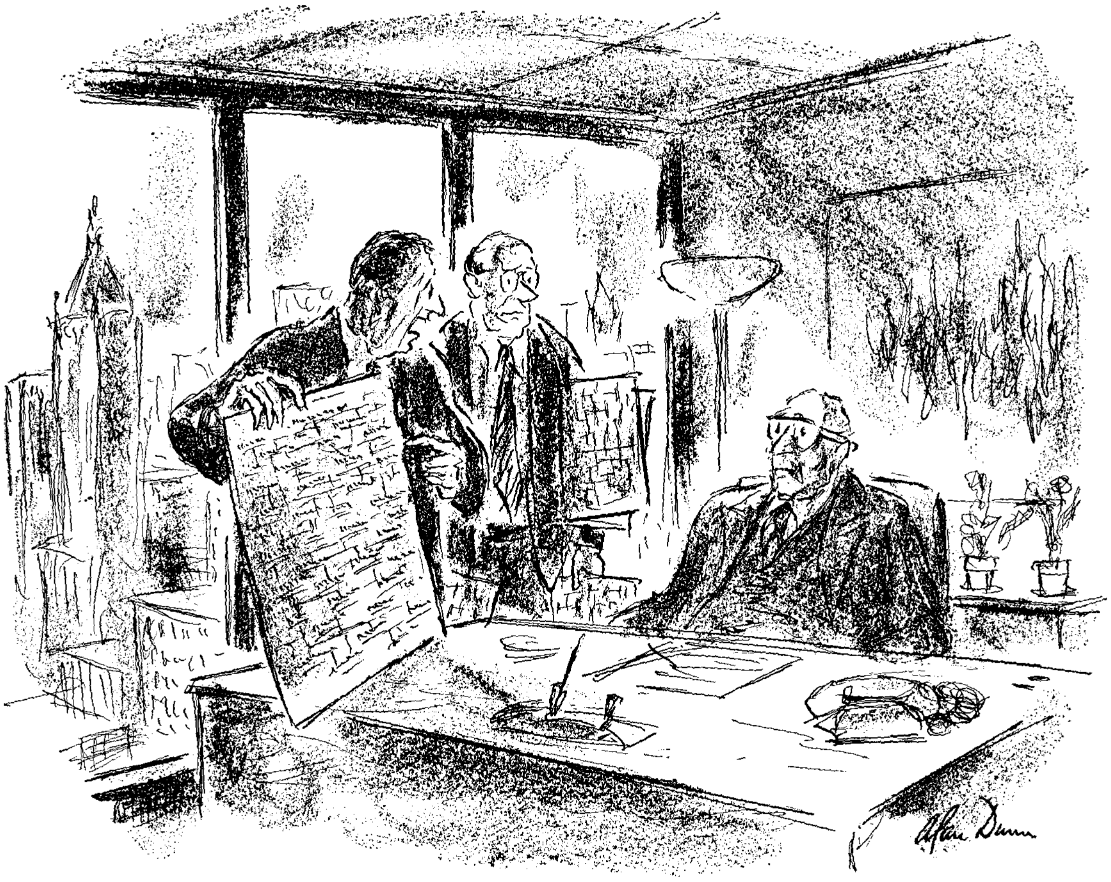
Why, to myself, of course, I told myself, amused that I should ask. Who else? I had always taken it for granted that I was double—better self and worser, maybe, sunny side and dim side, *yin* and *yang*, something like that. And most of the time one of us admonishes the other, while the other stares out the window or talks back. Now and then I do speak kindly, to be sure. When skies grow dark, I boost myself along. I like to be friends. Well, but you can carry that kind of thing only so far, I thought, there in the storeroom. You can find yourself jabbering in circles. You can go crazy. Rubbish, I told myself next. You just aren't thinking things through. You're slothful, you know. . . . I go on like that. *We* go on. I decided that, for once, I would think something through.

I looked at the jumble around me. There lay a dozen old notebooks and scrapbooks half filled with old intentions. I had been going to collect foreign commemorative stamps. I had been going to take up pencil sketching, follow a budget, learn Greek. Now there they all were, paving a dry corner of the basement. On the card table was a box with bundles of blurred photographs and postcards in it, a fielder's glove, a pair of dog tags, a magnifying glass. "There may be *more* than two of you," I said. It did seem possible. The remark itself implied a minimum of three. And on every side, afloat and ashore, was what looked like a job lot of others. I thought that the least I could do was see who all was there.



I wasn't sure that they wouldn't all have vanished—disintegrated, soggy with time—but then I noticed a piece of old rug sheltering an old armchair. The rug had been in the apartment I lived in when I first came to New York, and what it brought back—with a minor prickling of the scalp and a lightheaded sense that no time at all had passed—was not that place but, rather, myself as I was then, and the fact that I was hardly ever in it. I felt that I had to be everywhere in Manhattan all at once, day and night, and I was lightheaded then, too, as a rule, I saw so much. Well, I came hurrying to join myself in the storeroom, and for a while (I seemed to be staying a little apart from that self, glad he was there, but watching him)—for a while, we made some visits back. We went out on Brooklyn Bridge at dawn and saw it swing down perilously to one side when a subway train went across it. (I had never been on a suspension bridge before. I thought it was the end of the bridge and me.) On a lower East Side street, we saw a drunk try to bite a horse that had refused to drink with him; the horse pushed the drunk aside but nuzzled him first. Next, we rode on the open top of a bus at night, after a storm, and the drops that fell from the leaves around the street lights on Riverside Drive glittered and were cool. We rode on the Second Avenue "L," and willy-nilly saw into windows; we rode on all the ferries and looked at the tides.

That particular self retreated—mistily—after a while, and I got back to work, reflecting that I had been out of touch with him and resolving to stir him up oftener. He kept his eyes open. I thought that, in fact, I could be out seeing the city with him right then, and I decided to let the storeroom drain in peace. But before I left, I glanced around it again. There was the fielder's glove—and at once I encountered an old and wishful self. He was always largely a figment, as old selves are likely to be, but he was vivid to me; he was at his best when I was falling asleep or eating or sitting in classes. A pitcher, though, with a fast incurve—*not* a fielder. On an upended trunk was a set of cabinetmaker's tools. True, they had made no cabinets so far—the fault of a feckless self. But the self that had gone out and bought them was solid. A doer. Good with his hands. I hadn't seen much of him either, lately, and I was happy to welcome him back. Behind the trunk were some suitcases. They called up a travelled self. Short-winded, perhaps, while under way, daunted by timetables, but travelled. On a ledge near the grating was a gooseneck lamp. A young self, eager and scholarly. I smiled at him, touched, though he, too, was something of a figment. On the floor, beside the notebooks, was a package of Christmas-tree ornaments. A merry self. Oh, selves were all around, indeed, and I was delighted to greet them. But then, who was I who was delighted? Who was I whom they all were coming, now, to see?



"After tracing through this maze of holding companies, we find that Conglomerate is owned by none other than Conglomerate itself!"

• •

IT seemed plain enough that one's past selves didn't vanish. They went on minding their business elsewhere, but they showed up posthaste if sent for. The old pitcher would still like very much to make a peg to first; the traveller still had names to drop. (I tried a few of my favorites on myself as I went upstairs—Castel Sant'Angelo, Gare Saint-Lazare. I enjoyed them.) But in the days that followed, while the storeroom dried by itself, I kept on worrying. Clearly there *were* more than two of me—more than three. Well, once you have told yourself that you are multiple, you are asking for trouble. Questions have been swooping around me lately like demented bats. Who *is* it that I call "you," if there is a clutch of me? Who am I who *calls* me "you"?

What you do when you are in that kind of trouble—what I do—is get some friend into it, too. What are friends for? Two heads are better than one—though of course, as I soon realized, two people are more multiple. I had taken my problem to a man whose name is Herbert and who loves to be of use. I did know that he was variegated—I counted on it. He has been, as you might say, all things to himself—philosopher, flautist, gourmet, orchidist, and much besides. So I thought that Herbert might be multiple much the way I was—might be asking himself the same array of questions—but I was wrong. He was asking another.

He had figured out that if everyone else had the kind of thoughts that he had, he was living in chaos and anarchy and was unsafe. "Here I am, about in the middle, ethically speaking," Herbert said. He believes, when he finds it useful, that he is the average man. "Not good, not bad. Routine. My strength is as the strength of five, let's say. Well, I have these thoughts, I have these impulses. I check them, I assure you. But, boy! Nobody of my acquaintance remotely suspects it. After all, they remain my acquaintances. So what I have got to wondering is—what about them? It hadn't occurred to me before, really. I was hardened to myself, I suppose. But when you come to think of it, why, there they go. They walk along the street the way I do. I say good morning to them, they say good morning to me. We talk about the weather. Butter wouldn't melt in our mouths. What about *them*?"

I knew at once what he meant. But now everyone—Herbert and his acquaintances, I and mine—was getting to look more multiple minute by minute. I thought of all the impulses, checked and unchecked, everywhere—selves, or the offshoots of selves, every last one of them. I thought of pride, wrath, envy, and the rest of that lot. Selves. I was alarmed. But I did still want to put my question to Herbert, and I asked if he ever felt that there were more than just one or two of him. He said of course he did. "I told you," he said. "I'm a jungle in the midst of jungles." He seemed rather proud of it.

I said that wasn't exactly what I meant, and I asked if he ever talked back and forth with his selves—said "you" to them.

He said of course again.

"But who talks?" I asked. "Who's running the show? Who is speaking to whom?"

"*They* talk," said Herbert. "They talk to each other. I might as well not be there."

HERBERT lives a little east of Third Avenue in the Forties. I live a little west of it a mile or so downtown. I thought I would walk home. This was on a hazy Saturday, late in the afternoon. I started along the avenue thinking how numerous I had become since the day when it all had started. Even there in the storeroom, I had come up with a slothful self, an admonishing self, a friendly and a disdainful self, and several selves past. Others, past and present, had cropped up since. Now, thanks to Herbert, I was a whole jungle of selves, or the next thing to it. A tall, graceful, preoccupied brunette with a bouffant hairdo was coming toward me. She had on dark glasses, white gloves, and a lavender suit. As we passed, a pale-lavender bubble curved daintily out of her mouth and went back in. Surely *she* wasn't a jungle, I thought; she was far too well groomed and too pretty. Too reflective. Multiple, though; I could see that.

BUMS, ON WAKING

Bums, on waking,
Do not always find themselves
In gutters with water running over their legs
And the pillow of the curbstone
Turning hard as sleep drains from it.
Mostly, they do not know

But hope for where they shall come to.
The opening of the eye is precious,

And the shape of the body also,
Lying as it has fallen,
Disdainfully crumpling earthward
Out of alcohol.
Drunken under their eyelids
Like children sleeping toward Christmas,

They wait for the light to shine
Wherever it may decide.

Often it brings them staring
Through glass in the rich part of town,
Where the forms of humanized wax
Are arrested in midstride
With their heads turned, and dressed
By force. This is ordinary, and has come

To be disappointing.
They expect and hope for

Something totally other:
That while they staggered last night
For hours, they got clear,
Somehow, of the city; that they
Have burst through a hedge and are lying
In a trampled rose garden,

Pillowed on a bulldog's side,
A watchdog's, whose breathing

Is like the earth's, unforced—
Or that they may, once a year
(Any dawn now), awaken
In church, not on the coffin boards
Of a back pew, or on furnace-room rags,
But on the steps of the altar

Where candles are opening their eyes
With all-seeing light

And the green stained glass of the windows
Falls on them like sanctified leaves.
Who else has quite the same
Commitment to not being sure
What he shall behold, come from sleep—
A child, a policeman, an effigy?

Who else has died and thus risen?
Never knowing how they have got there,

They might just as well have walked
On water, through walls, out of graves,
Through potter's fields and through barns,
Through slums where their stony pillows
Refused to harden, because of
Their hope for this morning's first light,

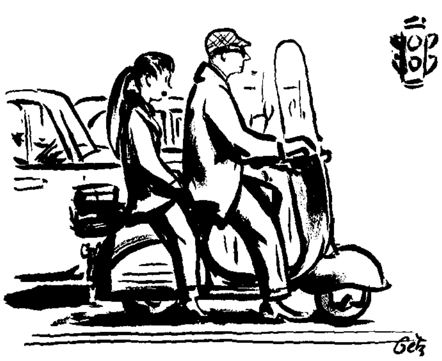
With water moving over their legs
More like living cover than it is.

—JAMES DICKEY

• •

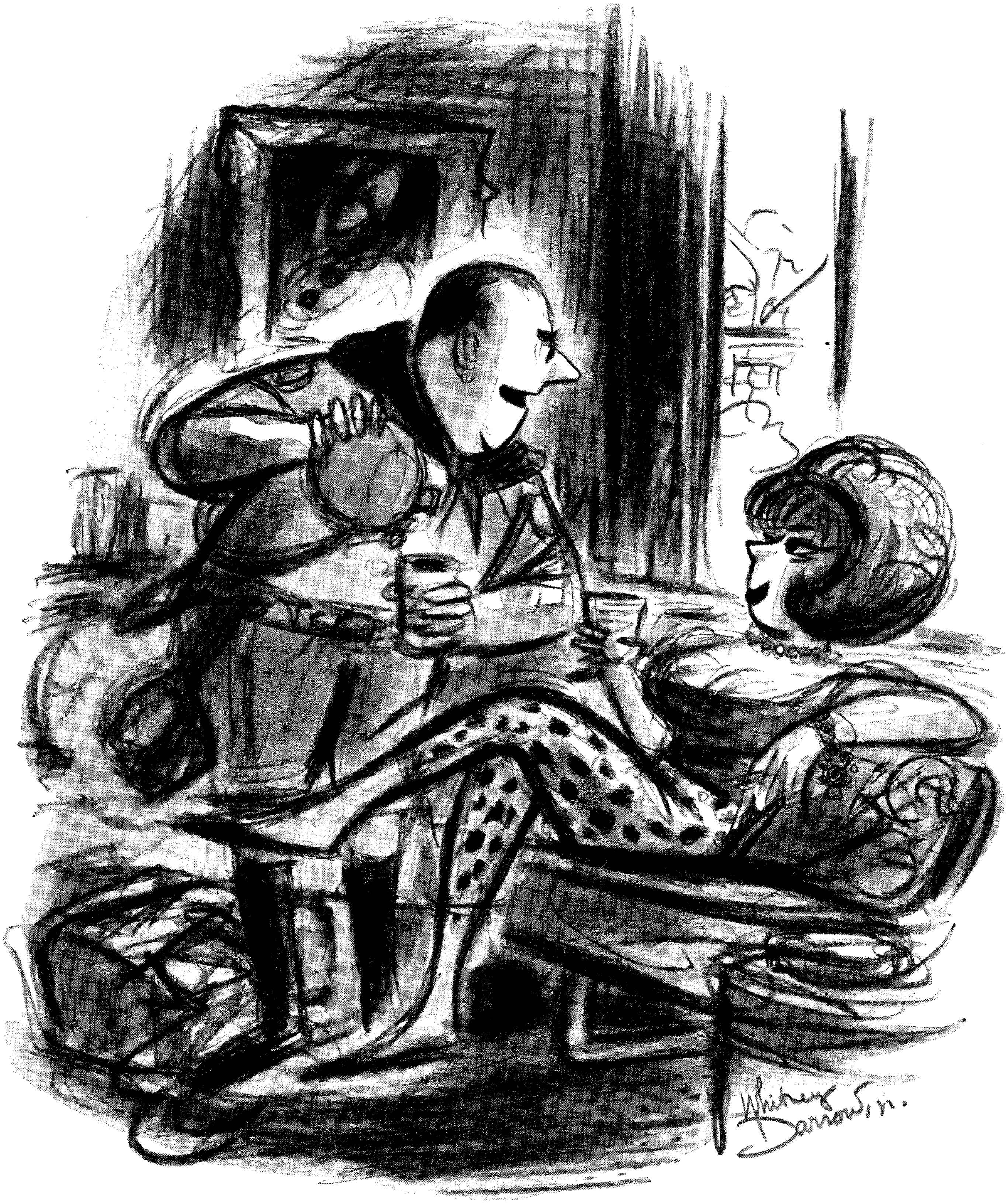
All around were multiple people. Ahead of me, a thin-faced old woman wearing a long flowered dress shuffled into the traffic. She kept stabbing a folded red parasol, like a sword, at the cars bearing down on her. They stopped—enough of them stopped. She got to the far side and scowled back over her shoulder, releasing them. An imperious self, plainly. It occurred to me that she *might* have been handsome once. She might have known better days. I could see her sweeping across trim lawns, head high, flowered parasol open. Poppycock, I thought sternly. You and your figments. . . . Some sort of literal self was putting in an appearance—sharp-nosed, I fancied, a wet blanket. I answered him tartly. But all the way home it went like that. Selves were talking to other selves. Herbert knew.

They argued. By the time I had reached Twenty-eighth Street, the old woman was forgotten, but new questions had come up, and additional selves. I began to sense that I was somehow extra. Herbert did know. They weren't minding their business at all; they were trying to take over mine. Once in a while, if you walk down the street merely thinking what comes to mind, you find yourself in a dubious crowd. I was in one—or, rather, it was in me. I felt like Union Square. Sure enough, there were the cranks—the vitamin eater, for instance, the health nut, the yoghurt pusher. There was the one on the soapbox; he interprets the news. I even caught sight of the farmer. (I was passing a stand near Twenty-third Street and could smell melons.) He was off to one side, chewing a straw, and he went away soon. He never stays long. But the rest were there, and dozens besides—the man with the cabinetmaker's tools once more, the man with a tip on a horse—all jabbering their heads off, now that I had noticed them, all claiming to be me.



Apparently, to all those selves, I was some crossroads meeting place—some kind of Donnybrook Fair. I thought of "Gems of the American Heritage: *Poems,*" *and Walt Whitman:* "I *am* large, I contain multitudes." Well, I supposed that Walt, large as he was, could beat his people down if they tried to hold too many meetings in him. "You're crazy," I said—aloud, this time. "A man can't be just a place. He has to be someone."

A bystander, perhaps? I could see him. Wry, detached, observant. Inno-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We can't go on like this, Miriam. My wife keeps asking me why I don't ever bring the troop home for cocoa and cookies."

• •

cent. I had reached my building. I thought I would just go down before dinner and put away the books I had left on the card table. I went to the basement. The books had been dry a long time. I had left them there on purpose; I had planned to reread them. Sloth. I found a small carton and packed them away, setting it just inside the storeroom door, where it would be handy. Dust had already sifted over the other cartons. The place was quiet and dry, and full of things that didn't have much to do with one another—selves, inhabitants of town and jungle—though they all belonged to me.

And there *I* was, standing and looking at them. I thought I had better settle for that, for bystander—passerby. "Why, yes," I said, again aloud—comforting, now, consoling. "If you feel that way, why not?"

But *who* said?

—Robert Henderson

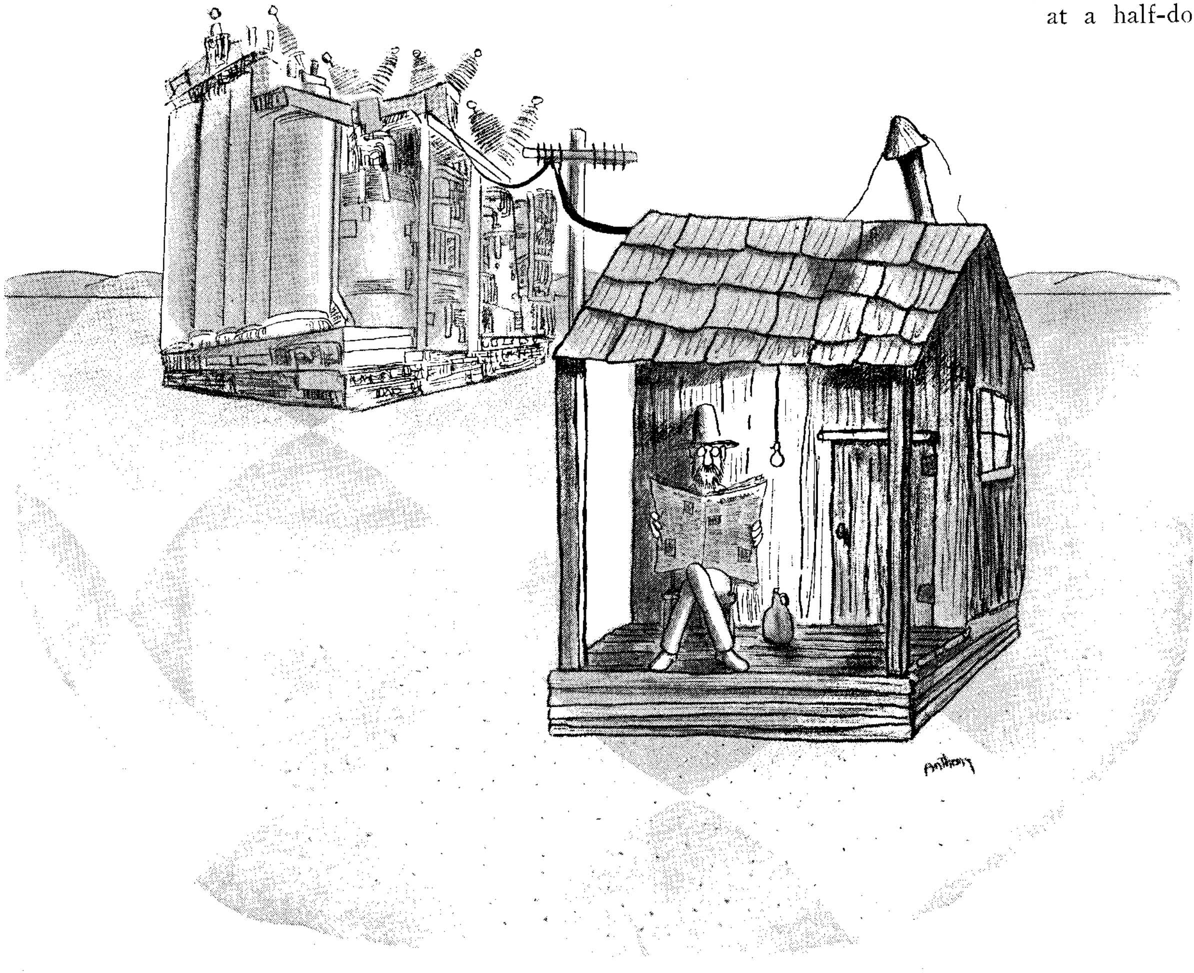
TWO PILGRIMS

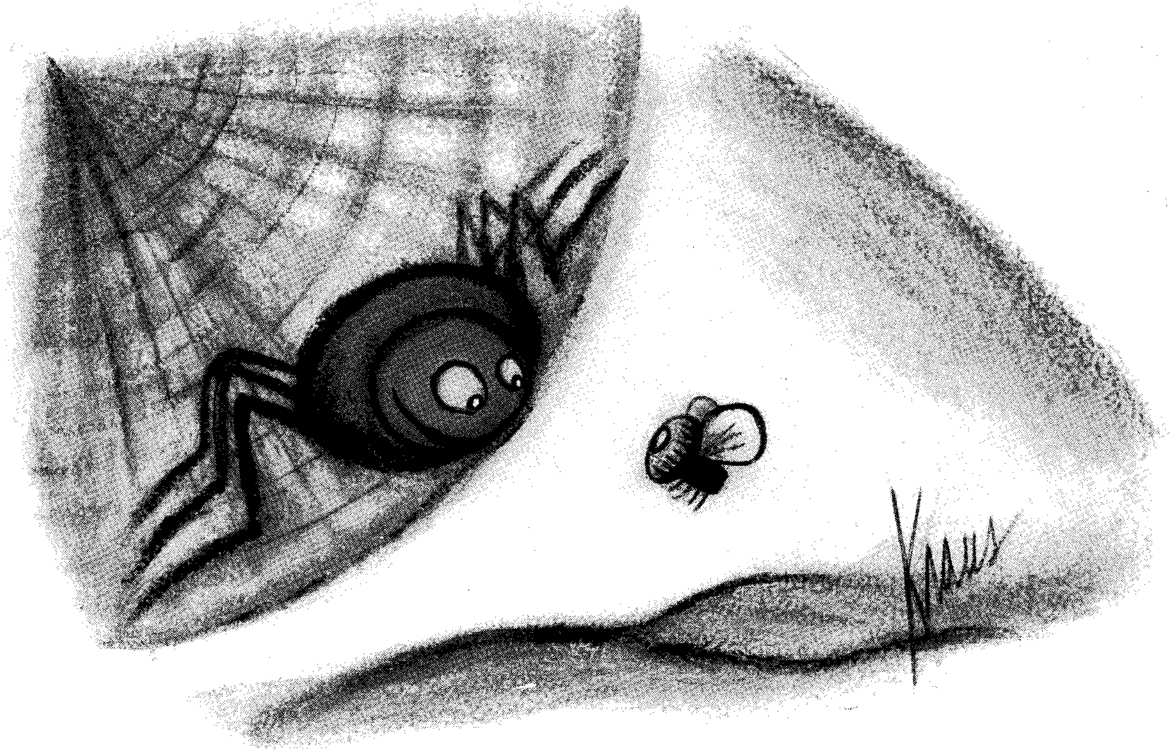
WE were on our way from Memphis to a small town in northern Alabama, where my uncle, who was a cotton broker, had a lawsuit that he hoped could be settled out of court. Mr. Lowder, my uncle's old friend and lawyer, was travelling with him. I had just turned seventeen, and I had been engaged to come along in the capacity of chauffeur. I sat alone in the front seat of the car. The two men didn't discuss the lawsuit along the way, as I would have expected them to do. I don't know to this day exactly what was involved, or even whether or not Mr. Lowder managed to settle the matter on that trip. From the time we left the outskirts of Memphis, the two men talked instead about how good the bird hunting used to be there in our section of the country. During the two hours while we were riding through the big cotton counties of West Tennessee, they talked of almost nothing but bird dogs and field trials, interrupting themselves only when we passed through some little town or settlement to speak of the fine people they knew who had once lived there. We went through Collierville, La Grange, Grand Junction, Saulsbury. At La Grange, my uncle pointed out a house with a neoclassic portico and said he had once had a breakfast there that lasted three hours. At Saulsbury, Mr. Lowder commented that it somehow did his soul good to see the name spelled that way. Though it was November, not all the trees had lost their leaves yet. There was even some color still—dull pinks and yellows mixed with reddish browns—and under a bright, limitless sky the trees and the broad fields of grayish cotton stalks, looking almost lavender in places, gave a kind of faded-tapestry effect.

After we crossed the Tennessee River at Savannah, the country changed. And it was as if the new kind of country we had got into depressed the two men. But it may have been only the weather, because the weather changed, too, after we crossed the river. The sky became overcast, and everything seemed rather closed in. Soon there was intermittent rain of a light, misty sort. I kept switching my windshield wiper on and off, until presently my uncle asked me in a querulous tone why I didn't just let the thing run. For thirty or forty miles, the two men had little to say to each other. Finally, as we were passing through a place called Waynesboro—a hard-looking hill town with a cement-block jailhouse dominating the public square—my uncle said that this town was where General Winfield Scott had made one of his halts on the notorious Trail of Tears, when he was rounding up the Cherokees to move them west, in 1838. The two men spoke of what a cruel thing that had been, but they agreed that one must not judge the persons responsible too harshly, that one must judge them by the light of their times and remember what the early settlers had suffered at the hands of the Indians.

Not very long after we had left Waynesboro, Mr. Lowder remarked that we were approaching the old Natchez Trace section and that the original settlers there had been a mighty rough lot of people. My uncle added that from the very earliest days the whole area had been infested with outlaws and robbers and that even now it was said to be a pretty tough section. They sounded as though they were off to a good start; I thought the subject might last them at least until lunchtime. But just as this thought occurred to me, they were interrupted.

We came over the brow of one of the low-lying hills in that country of scrub oaks and pinewoods, and there before us—in a clearing down in the hollow ahead—was a house with smoke issuing from one window toward the rear and with little gray geysers rising at a half-dozen points on the black shingled roof. It was an unpainted, one-story house set close to the ground and with two big stone end chimneys. All across the front was a kind of lean-to porch. There was an old log barn beyond the house. Despite my uncle's criticism, I had switched off the windshield wiper a mile or so up the road, and then I had had to switch it on again just as we came over the hill. Even with the wiper going, visibility was not very good, and my first thought was that only the misty rain in the air was keeping the roof of that house from blazing up. Mr. Lowder and my uncle were so engrossed in their talk that I think it was my switching the wiper on again that first attracted their attention. But instantly upon





"Can't we be friends?"

• •

seeing the smoke, my uncle said, "Turn in down there!"

"But be careful how you slow down," Mr. Lowder warned. "This blacktop's slick." Already he and my uncle were perched on the edge of the back seat, and one of them had put a hand on my shoulder as if to steady me.

The little house was in such a clearing as must have been familiar to travellers in pioneer days. There were stumps everywhere, even in the barn lot and among the cabbages in the garden. I suppose I particularly noticed the stumps because a good number were themselves smoldering and sending up occasional wisps of smoke. Apparently, the farmer had been trying to rid himself of the stumps in the old-fashioned way. There was no connection between these fires and the one at the house, but the infernal effect of the whole scene was inescapable. One felt that the entire area within the dark ring of pinewoods might at any moment burst into flame.

I turned the car off the macadam pavement, and we bumped along some two hundred feet, following wagon ruts that led more toward the barn than toward the house. The wide barn door stood open, and I could see the figure of a man inside herding a couple of animals through a door at the other end, where the barn lot was. Then I heard Mr. Lowder and my uncle open the back doors of the car. While the car was still moving, they leaped out onto the ground. They both were big men, more than six feet tall and with sizable stomachs that began just below the breastbone, but they sprinted off in the direction of the house like two boys. As they ran, I saw them hurriedly putting on their black gloves. Next, they began stripping off their topcoats. By the time I had stopped the car and got out, they had pulled their coats over their heads, and I realized then that each had tossed his hat onto the back seat before leaping from the car. Looking like a couple of hooded night riders, they were now mounting the shallow porch steps. It was just as they gained the porch that I saw the woman appear from around the far side of the house. At the sight of the hooded and begloved men on her porch—the porch of her burning house—the woman threw one hand to her forehead and gave such an alarmed and alarming cry that I felt something turn over inside me. Even the two intruders halted for an instant on the porch and looked at her.

I thought at first glance that she was an old woman, she was so stooped. Then something told me—I think it was the plaintive sounds she was making—that she was more young than old. After her first outcry, she continued a kind of girlish wailing, which, it seemed to me, expressed a good deal more than mere emotional shock. The noises she made seemed to say that all this *couldn't* be happening to *her*. Not hooded bandits added to a house-burning! It wasn't right; life *couldn't* be so hard, *couldn't* be as evil as this; it was more than she should be asked to bear!

"Anybody inside, Miss?" my uncle called out to the girl.

She began shaking her head frantically.

"Well, we'll fetch out whatever we can!" he called. Glancing back at me—I was trying to make a hood of my own topcoat and preparing to join them—my uncle shouted, "Don't you come inside! Stay with that girl! And calm her down!" With that, he followed Mr. Lowder through the doorway and into the house.

Presently, they were hurling bedclothes and homemade-looking stools and chairs through the side windows. Then one or the other of them would come dashing out across the porch and into the yard, deposit on the ground a big pitcher and washbasin or a blurry old mirror with a carved wooden frame, and then dash back inside again. Now and then when one of them brought something out, he would pause for just the briefest moment, not to rest but to examine the rescued object before he put it down. It was comical to see the interest they took in the old things they brought out of that burning house.

When I came up to where the woman was standing, she seemed to have recovered completely from her first fright. She looked at me a little shamefacedly, I thought. Her deep-socketed eyes were almost freakishly large. And I noticed at once that they were of two different colors. One was a mottled brown, the other a gray green. When finally she spoke, she turned her eyes away and toward the house. "Who are you-all?" she asked.

"We were just passing by," I said.

She looked at me and then turned away again. I felt she was skeptical, that she suspected we had been sent by someone. Each time she directed her eyes at me, I read deceit or guilt or suspicion in them.

"Where you coming from?" she asked in an idle tone, craning her neck

COCK

Randy he is, all wire
when he walks on springs
of his ding toes, eagle-shouldering,
mincing up to a mark—
for the start of a spar or a sprint—
that stays just ahead of him.

One-man-parade and darling
of the regiment is Mister
Doodle (so-called since children
found he cries cock-a-doodle
instead of -a-doodle-doo).
He holds all ranks in a squadron

of three—two hens and him—
and is color sergeant,
most-decorated veteran,
colonel, cornet and trumpeter,
(bivouac and supply chief,
and boxing champion).

Reveille's 5 A.M.
and the regiment moves
out of barracks at 5:01,
all ranks not chicken
wearing a red-bagged busby
and dazzling gold dolman,

purple cockade and ep-
aulets of green
and umber fire. Lord knows
where they go, glittering
into the long marches of the morning.
But the trumpet blows and blows,

fainter each time, until
it's so far off,
you, half asleep, with ease
can hear Ferdinand's hussars,
or, hardly a whisper now, Roland
in the passes of the Pyrenees.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

• •

to see what some object was that had come flying out the window. She seemed abundantly calm now. Without answering her question, I yanked my coat over my head and ran off toward the house. My uncle met me on the porch steps. He handed me a dresser drawer he was carrying, not failing to give the contents a quick inventory. Then he gave me a rather heavy punch on the chest. "*You* stay out there and keep that girl calm," he said. "You hear what I say! She's apt to go to pieces any minute."

The woman was taking a livelier interest in matters now. I set the drawer on a stump, and when I looked up, she peered over me to see which drawer it was I had brought and what extra odds and ends my uncle might have swept into it. On top lay a rusty fire poker and a couple of small picture frames with the glass so smashed up you couldn't make out the pictures. Underneath, there was a jumble of old cloth scraps and paper dress patterns and packages of garden seeds. Seeing all this, the woman opened her mouth and smiled vacantly, perhaps a little contemptuously. She was so close to me that I became aware of the sweetness of her breath! I could not have imagined that her breath would be sweet. Though the skin on her forehead and on her high cheekbones was clear and very fair, there were ugly pimples on her chin and at the corners of her mouth. Her dark hair was wet from the drizzle of rain and was pushed behind her ears and hung in clumps over the collar of her soiled denim jacket. She was breathing heavily through her parted lips. Presently, when our eyes met, I thought I detected a certain momentary gleefulness in her expression. But her glance darted back toward the house at once.

The two men had pressed on beyond the front rooms and into the ell of the house. Now the woman took a couple of steps in order to look through one of the front windows and perhaps catch a glimpse of them back there.

"We were coming from Memphis," I said. "We're *from* Memphis." But she seemed no longer interested in that subject.

"It's no use what they're doing," she said. "Unless they like it."

"It's all right," I said, still hoping to distract her. "We're on our way to a place in Alabama."

"They your bosses?" she asked. She couldn't take her eyes off the window.

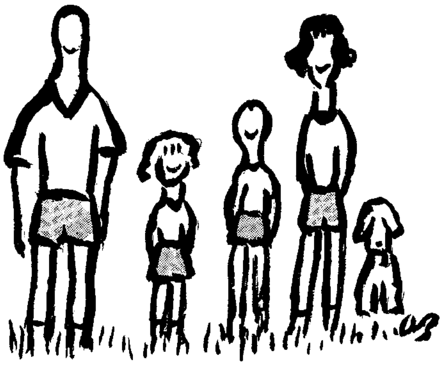
"No, it's my uncle and his lawyer."

"Well, they're right active," she commented. "But there ain't nothing in there worth their bustle and bother. Yet some folks likes to take chances. It's just the worst lot of junk in there. We heired this place from my grandma when she passed on last spring; the junk was all hern."

Just then, Mr. Lowder and my uncle came running from the house. Each of them was carrying a coal-oil lamp, his right hand supporting the base of the lamp and his left clamped protectively on the fragile chimney. I almost burst out laughing.

"It's gotten too hot in there," Mr. Lowder said. "We'll have to stop."

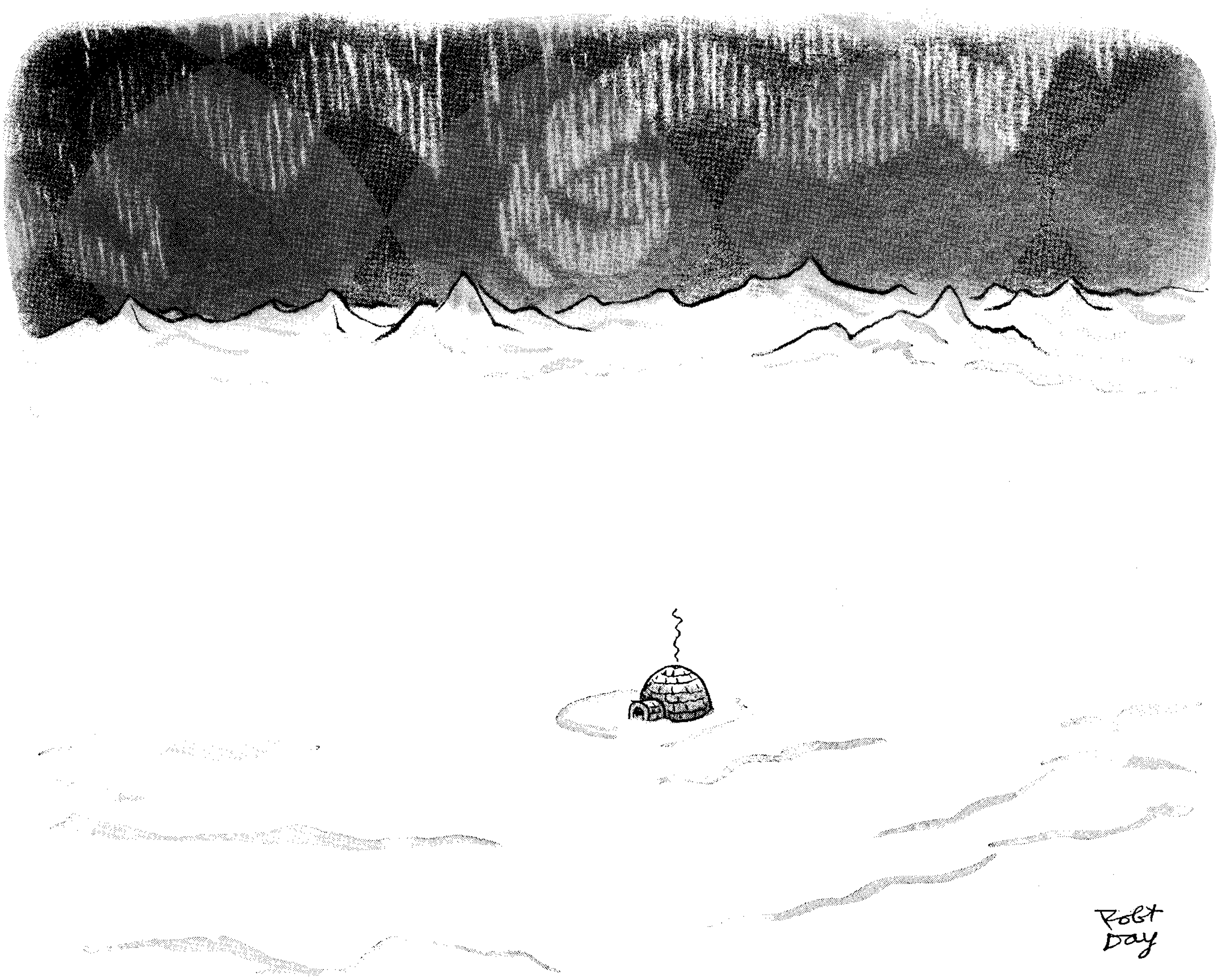
When they had set down their lamps, they began examining each other's coats, making sure they weren't on fire. Next, they tossed their coats on the bare ground and set about pulling some of the rescued articles farther from the house. I went forward to help, and the woman followed. She didn't follow to help, however. Apparently, she was only curious to see which of her possessions these men had deemed worth saving. She looked at everything she came to with almost a disappointed expression. Then Mr. Lowder picked up an enamelled object, and I noticed that as he inspected it a deep frown appeared on his brow. He held the thing up for my uncle to see, and I imagined for a moment that he was trying to draw laughter from all of us. It was a child's chamber pot, not much larger than a beer mug. "Did you bring this out?" Mr. Lowder asked my uncle.



My uncle nodded, and, still bending over, he studied the pot for a second, showing that he had not really identified it before. Then he looked at the woman. "Where's your child, Ma'am?" he asked in a quiet voice.

The woman gaped at him as though she didn't understand what he was talking about. She shifted her eyes to the tiny pot that Mr. Lowder was still holding aloft. Now her mouth dropped wide open, and at the same time her lips drew back in such a way that her bad teeth were exposed for the first time. It was impossible not to think of a death's-head. At that instant, the whole surface of the shingled roof on the side of the house where we were standing burst into flames.

A FEW minutes before this, the rain had ceased altogether, and now it was as though someone had suddenly doused the roof with kerosene. My back was to the house, but I heard a loud "swoosh" and I spun around in that direction. Then I heard the woman cry out and I spun back again. Mr. Lowder set the chamber pot on the ground and began moving rather cautiously toward her. My uncle stood motionless, watching her as though she were an animal that might bolt. As Mr. Lowder came toward her, she took a



"I can think of a lot of things we Eskimos need before we need a national anthem."

• •

step backward, and then she wailed, "My baby! Oh, Lord, my baby! He's in thar!" Mr. Lowder seized her by the wrist and simultaneously gave us a quick glance over his shoulder.

My uncle snatched up a ragged homespun blanket from the ground and threw it over his head. I seized a patchwork quilt that had been underneath the blanket, and this time I followed him inside the house. Even in the two front rooms it was like a blast furnace, and I felt I might faint. The smoke was so dense that you couldn't see anything an arm's length away. But my uncle had been in those two front rooms and he knew there was no baby there. With me at his heels, he ran right on through and into the first room in the ell, where there wasn't so much smoke—only raw flames eating away at the wall toward the rear. The windowlights had burst from the heat in there, and there was a hole in the ceiling, so that you could look right up through the flames to the sky. But my eyes were smarting so that I couldn't really see anything in the room, and I was coughing so hard that I couldn't stand up straight. My uncle was coughing, too, but he could still manage to look about. He made two complete turns around the room and then he headed us on into the kitchen. There wasn't anything recognizable to me in the kitchen except the black range. One of the two window frames fell in as we ran through. The next instant, after we had leaped across the burning floor boards and had jumped off the back stoop of the house, the rafters and the whole roof above the kitchen came down.

There must have been a tremendous crash, though I hardly heard it. Even before my uncle and I could shed our smoldering blankets, we saw the man coming toward us from the barn. "You're afire!" he called out to us. But we had already dropped the blankets before I understood what he was saying. He was jogging along toward us. One of his legs was shorter than the other, and he couldn't move very fast. Under one arm he was carrying a little tow-headed child of not more than two years. He held it exactly as though it might be a sack of corn meal he was bringing up from the barn.

"Do you have another baby?" my uncle shouted at him.

"No, narry other," the man replied.

My uncle looked at me. He was coughing still, but at the same time he was smiling and shaking his head. "You all right?" he asked me. He gave my clothes a quick once-over, and I did the same for him. We had somehow got through the house without any damage, even to our shoes or our trouser legs.

By the time the man came up to the house, my uncle had dashed off to tell the woman her baby was safe. I tried to explain to the man about the mistake his wife had made. "Your wife thought your baby was in the house," I said.

He was a stocky, black-haired man, wearing overalls and a long-sleeved undershirt. “She *whut*?” he said, looking at me darkly. He glanced up briefly at the flames, which were now leaping twenty or thirty feet above the framework of the kitchen. Then he set out again, in the same jogging pace, toward the front of the house. I caught a glimpse of the baby’s intense blue eyes gazing up at the smoke and flames.

“She thought the baby was inside the house,” I said, following the man at a trot.

“Like hell she did!” he said under his breath but loud enough for me to hear.

As we rounded the corner of the house, I heard my uncle call out to the woman that her baby was safe. She was seated on a stump with her face hidden in her hands. My uncle and Mr. Lowder once again began pulling rescued objects farther away from the house. As the man passed him, Mr. Lowder looked up and said, “Did you get all the stock out?”

“Yup,” said the man.

“I guess you’re lucky there’s no wind,” Mr. Lowder said.

And my uncle said, “It must have started in the kitchen and spread through the attic. You didn’t have any water drawn?”

The man stopped for a second and looked at my uncle. He shifted the baby from one hip to the other. “The pump’s broke,” he said. “It was about wore out, and *she* broke it for good this morning.”

“Isn’t that the way it goes,” my uncle said sympathetically, shaking his head.

Then, still carrying the baby, the man shuffled on toward his wife. The woman kept her face hidden in her hands, but I think she heard him coming. Neither of them seemed to have any awareness that their house and most of their possessions were at that moment going up in flames. I was watching the man when he got to her. He still had the baby under his arm. I saw him draw back his free hand, and saw the hand come down in a resounding slap on the back of her head. It knocked her right off the stump. She hit the ground in a sitting position and still she didn’t look up at her husband. “J’you aim to git them fellows burnt alive?” he thundered.

Mr. Lowder and my uncle must have been watching, too, because we all three ran forward at the same moment. “Lay off that!” Mr. Lowder bellowed. “Just lay off, now!”

“She knowed this here young’un warn’t in no house!” the man said, twisting the baby to his shoulder. “I reckoned she’d like as not lose her head. That’s how come I carried him with me, and I told her plain as daylight I was a-goin’ to.”

“Now, you look here, Mister,” my uncle said, “the girl was just scared. She didn’t know what she was saying.”

“Probably she couldn’t remember, in her fright,” Mr. Lowder said.

The man stood staring down at his wife. “She’s feared of her own shadow, and that’s how come I carried him to the barn.”

“Well, you’re not going to beat her with us here,” Mr. Lowder said firmly. “She was scared out of her wits, that’s all.”

“Who sent y’all out here?” the man asked my uncle, turning his back on Mr. Lowder. “Ain’t they goan send no fire engine?”

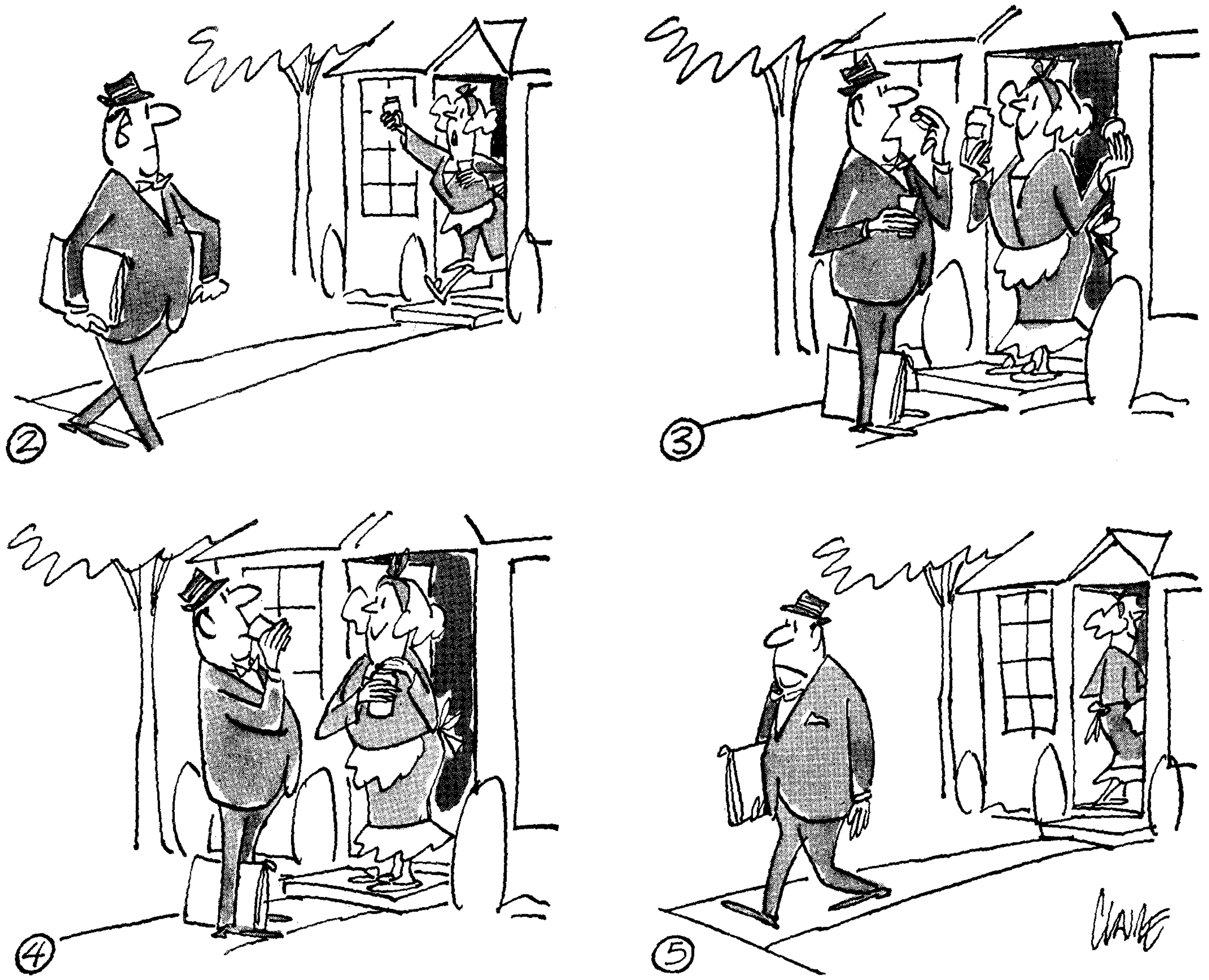
It was as he spoke the word that we heard the fire truck coming. The whine of the siren must have first reached us from a point three or four miles distant, because at least five minutes elapsed before the fire truck and the two carloads of volunteers arrived. It turned out that somebody else had stopped by before we did and had hurried on to the next town to give the alarm. I thought it strange that the woman hadn’t told us earlier that they were expecting help from town. But, of course, there was little about the woman’s behavior that didn’t seem passing strange to me.

As soon as we heard the siren, she began pushing herself up from the ground. Without a glance at any of the rest of us, she went directly to her husband and snatched the baby from him. The baby’s little face was dirty, and there were wide streaks on it, where some while earlier there must have been a flow of tears. But his eyes were dry now and wore a glazed look. He seemed to stare up at the flaming house with total indifference. Almost as soon as he was in his mother’s arms, he placed his chin on the shoulder of her denim jacket and quietly closed his eyes. He seemed to have fallen asleep at once. With her baby in her arms, the woman strode away into the adjoining field, among the smoking stumps and toward the edge of the pinewoods. There she stopped, at the edge of the woods, and there she remained standing, with her back turned toward the house and toward us and toward all the activity that ensued after the fire truck and the other cars arrived. She was still standing there, with the baby on her shoulder, when we left the scene.

We stayed on for only a few minutes after the local fire brigade arrived. Mr. Lowder and my uncle could see that their work here was done and they were mindful of the pressing business that they hoped to transact in Alabama that afternoon. We lingered just long enough to see most of the articles they had rescued from the flames thoroughly soaked with water. The sight must have been disheartening to them, but they didn’t speak of it. The inexpert firemen couldn’t control the pressure from their tank, and whenever there came a great spurt of water they lost their grip on the hose. They seemed bound to spray everything but the burning house. We withdrew a little way in the direction of our car and joined a small group of spectators who had now come on the scene.

I didn’t tell my uncle or Mr. Lowder what I was thinking during the time that we stood there with the local people who had gathered. I could still see the woman down in the field, and I wondered if my uncle or Mr. Lowder were not going to tell some local person how suspicious her behavior had been—and her husband’s, too, for that matter. Surely there was some mystery, I said to myself, some questions that ought to be answered or asked. But no questions of any kind seemed to arise in the minds of my two companions. It was as if such a fire were an everyday occurrence in their lives and as if they lived always among such queer people as that afflicted poor-white farmer and his simple wife.

ONCE we had got back into the car and were on our way again, I was baffled by the quiet good humor—and even serenity—of those two men I was travelling with. The moment they had resettled themselves on the back seat of



the car, after giving their topcoats a few final brushings and after placing their wide-brimmed fedoras firmly on their heads again, they began chatting together with the greatest ease and nonchalance. I could not see their faces; I had to keep my eyes on the road. But I listened and presently I heard my uncle launch upon a reminiscence. "I did the damnedest thing once," he said. "It was when I was a boy of just eight or nine. The family have kidded me about it all my life. One morning after I had been up to mischief of some kind, Father took me into the kitchen and gave me a switching on my legs with a little shoot he had broken off the privet hedge. When I came outside again, I was still yowling, and the other children who were playing there in the house lot commenced guying me about it. All at once, I burst out at them: 'You'd cry, too, if he beat *you* with the shovel handle!' I hadn't aimed to say it; I just said it. My brothers kid me about it to this day."

"Yes," said Mr. Lowder. "It's like that—the things a person will say." He liked my uncle's story immensely. He said it sounded so true. As he spoke, I could hear one of them striking a match. It wasn't long before I caught the first whiff of cigar smoke. Then another match was struck. They were both smoking now. Pretty soon their conversation moved on to other random topics.

Within the next half hour, we got out of that hill country along the Tennessee River and entered the rich and beautiful section to the east of it, near the fine old towns of Pulaski and Fayetteville. I could not help remarking on the change to my uncle. "Seems good to have finally got out of that godforsaken-looking stretch back there," I said over my shoulder.

"How do you mean 'godforsaken'?" my uncle replied. I recognized a testiness in his tone, and his reply had come so quickly that I felt he had been waiting for me to say exactly what I had said.

"It's just ugly, that's all," I mumbled, hoping that would be the end of it.

But Mr. Lowder joined in the attack, using my uncle's tone. "I wouldn't say one kind of country's any better-looking than another—not really."

And then my uncle again: "To someone *your* age, it just depends on what kind of country—if any—you happen to be used to."

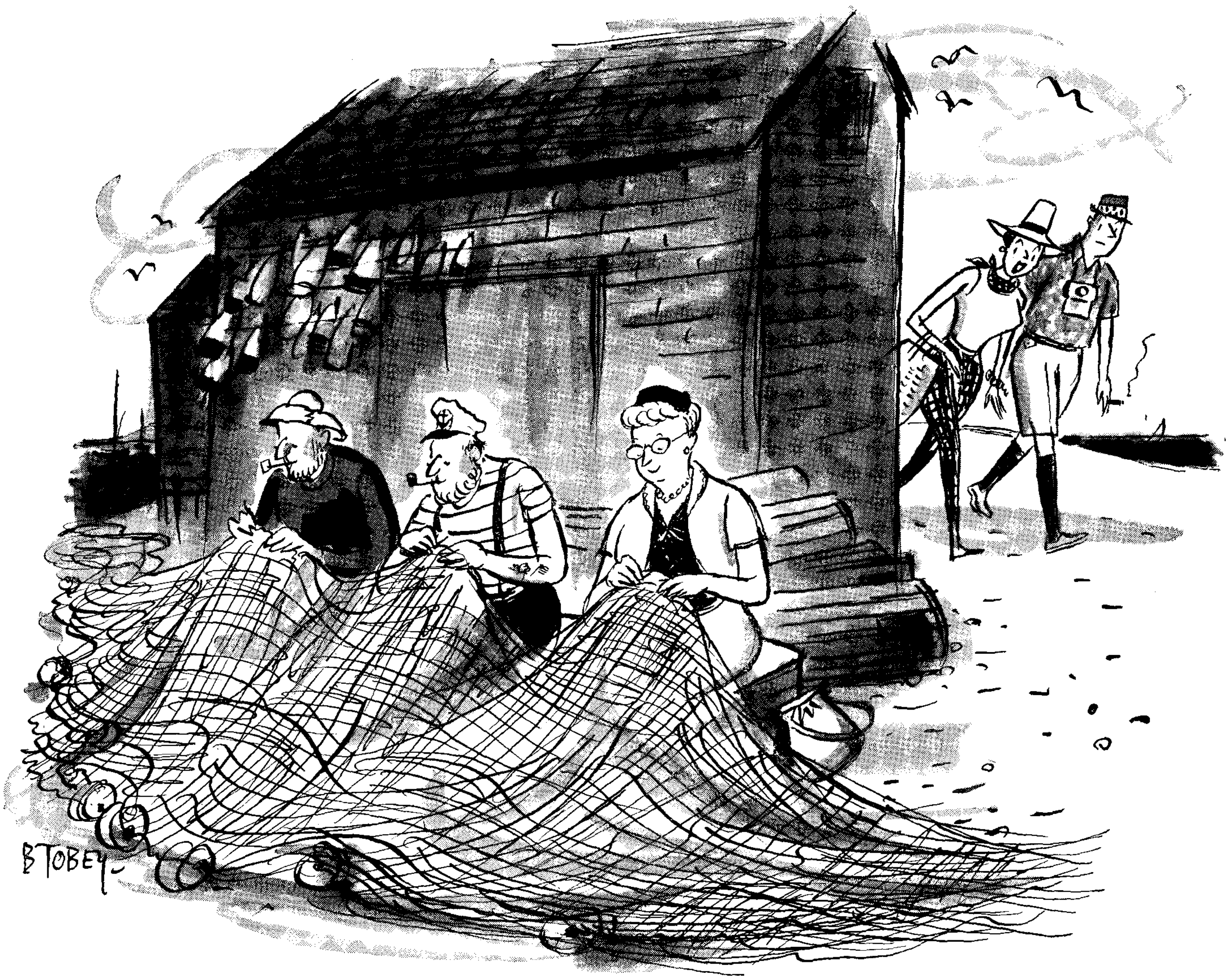
"Maybe so," said I, not wanting to say more but unable to stop myself. "Maybe so, but I could live for a hundred years in that scrubby-looking country without ever getting used to it."

No doubt the rolling pasture land on both sides of the highway now—still green in November, and looking especially green after recent rain—caused me to put more feeling into my statement than I might otherwise have done. And it may also have had its effect on the two men in the back seat.

There was a brief pause, and then my uncle fired away again. "Every countryside has its own kind of beauty. It's up to you to learn to see it, that's all."

Then Mr. Lowder: "And if you don't see it, it's just your loss. Because it's *there*."

"Besides, a lot you know about that



"Mother!"

• •

country," my uncle went on, in what seemed to me an even more captious spirit than before. "And how could you? How could you judge, flying along the highway at fifty miles an hour, flapping that damned wiper off and on?"

"More than that," said Mr. Lowder with renewed energy, "you would have to have seen that country thirty years ago to understand why it looks the way it does now. That was when they cut out the last of the old timber. I've heard it said that when the first white men came through that section it had the prettiest stand of timber on the continent!"

Suddenly I blurted out, "But what's that got to do with it?" I was so irritated that I could feel the blood rising in my cheeks and I knew that the back of my neck was already crimson. "It's how the country looks now I'm talking about. Anyway, I'm only here as your driver. I don't *have* to like the scenery, do I?"

Both men broke into laughter. It was a kind of laughter that expressed both apology and relief. My uncle bent forward, thumped me on the shoulder with his knuckle, and said, "Don't be so touchy, boy." Almost at once, they resumed their earlier dialogue. One of them lowered a window a little way to let out some of the smoke, but the aroma of their cigars continued to fill the car, and they spoke in the same slow cadences as before and in the same tranquil tone.

We reached the town in Alabama toward the middle of the afternoon and we spent the night in an old clapboard hotel on the courthouse square. After dinner that night, the two men sat in the lobby and talked to other men who were staying there in the hotel. I found myself a place near the stove and sat there with my feet on the fender, sometimes dozing off. But even when I was half asleep I was still listening to see whether, in their talk, either Mr. Lowder or my uncle would make any reference to our adventure that morning. Neither did. Instead, as the evening wore on and they got separated and were sitting with two different groups of men, I heard them both repeating the very stories they had told in the car before we crossed the Tennessee River—stories about bird hunting and field trials and about my uncle's three-hour breakfast in the old house with the neoclassic portico.

—PETER TAYLOR

•

In a chart accompanying yesterday's article, chocolate, margarine and hydrogenated shortenings were improperly identified as being of animal origin, and seafood, duck and fish were identified as being of plant origin. However, the point of the chart was to show that certain foods tend to increase blood cholesterol and others decrease it. Chocolate, margarine and hydrogenated shortenings (except for special brands) tend to increase blood cholesterol; and seafood, duck and fish tend to decrease it.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Too late. We've already dug up our ducks.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LOST IN TRANSLATION

EVER since the assorted peoples of the world began to talk to one another as a matter of course on political, professional, and personal levels, a profusion of international organizations has sprung into being, and hardly a week goes by in Europe these days without vast confluences of specialists meeting anywhere from The Hague to Dubrovnik to compare notes and sound one another out. I recently dipped into the "Yearbook of International Organizations," a fat volume published in Brussels in two languages. In it I found listed upward of two thousand registered international organizations, all the way from the United Nations to the International Society of Money Box Collectors, known familiarly as the Argyrothecologists Club, a tiny group whose members, to qualify for admission, must own a collection of over a hundred money boxes. Whether these organizations are, like the United Nations, of a permanent nature or whether they meet only spasmodically, like the European Association for Potato Research, the International Organization for Transportation by Rope, or Ikebana International (whose aim is to perpetuate and develop the study of Japanese flower arranging), they all have to face one enormous obstacle to their meeting at all; namely, the difficulty their members are likely to have in communicating with one another across not one but several languages. Time was when this might have meant that they would not meet at all, or could not even exist; now it creates no more of a problem than dietary peculiarities do, and a Yugoslav air-pollution expert can address his Dutch and Spanish colleagues with no more trepidation than if he were making a local telephone call, and can count on his learned paper's being intelligently translated into the language of any other expert who is interested enough to read it. This is taken as a matter of course, but that it happens at all—and, beyond that, happens with such frequency and such invisible efficiency—has for some time seemed to me a cause for wonder, and recently I gave some time to finding out exactly how it does happen. Nor has my wonder abated.

All this multilingual talk has brought into being a whole new profession, that of conference translator and interpreter, the members of which are now as integral a part of the international scene as air hostesses and Interpol; at the same time, they pride themselves on their unobtrusiveness, since it is by definition the mark of their success. Talking to interpreters and moving in their wordy world is rather like being backstage at a play; one sees the enormous complexity of the mechanism, the hazards, the calculation, the timing—all the things that never show from the orchestra. Quite often in my researches, I found myself saying "concert interpreters" instead of "conference interpreters;" I was making a reasonable analogy, if not an altogether accurate one, for in the field of translation interpreters are the virtuosos, and it is natural to compare them to actors and musicians, who, after all, "interpret" a score or a part. The difference is that interpreters can never rehearse their material; their performance each time is a totally distinct one—an impromptu rendering of someone else's thought, a sleight of mind and tongue, an almost instinctive doublethink. "When you are properly tuned in," one of them explained to me, "you cannot hear a sentence in, say, Russian or French without at once beginning to give it its English shape. The act of translation is hardly conscious; it happens quite instinctively and still leaves you plenty of time to notice what is being said. Sometimes there is even time to consider alternative syntactical structures in English while the phrase is still being rounded out in French. We're not in the least breathless; there seems to be all the time in the world. And yet, like musicians and actors, we have off days, when nothing seems to go right and we suffer from stagefright. But when things go well, there's a great exhilaration in picking up the thread of a speech, translating it, and watching its import dawn on people who would otherwise never be able to get it at all."

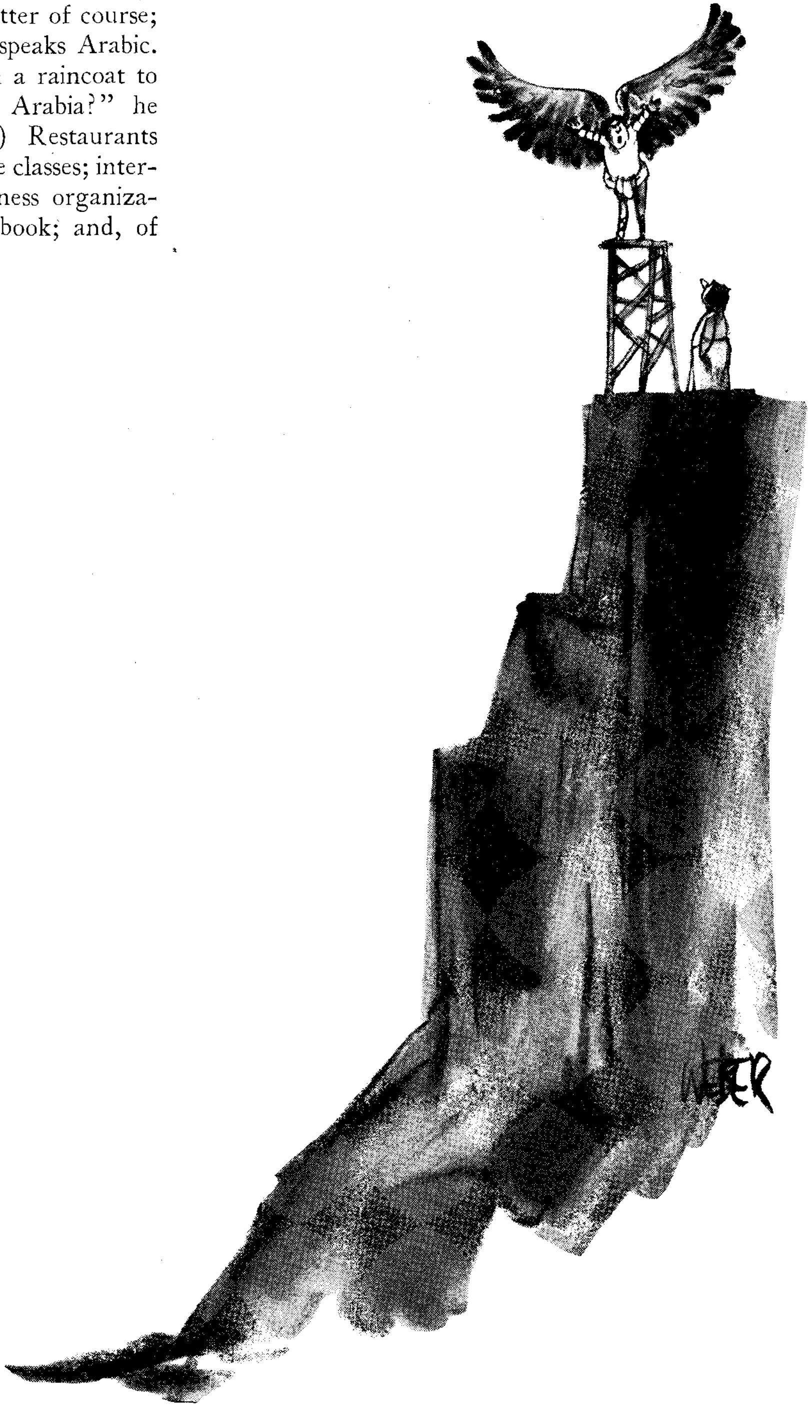
My own linguistic experience had been mainly with literary translation, a thankless activity that seemed to have little in common with the brisk impromptu interpretation I heard at the meetings I attended, but one that raises, in a remote way, most of the same problems. Conscientious translators have always been troubled about their status, with some reason, and have always puzzled over the difficulties involved in being faithful to an original and yet providing a stylistic equivalent in another language. As Denver Lindley remarked in "The Craft & Context of Translation," a thoroughly absorbing symposium published by the University of Texas, "The whole subject of translation, for those who are professionally involved in it, is a potpourri of hesitation, exasperation, compromise, headache, and occasional thrills and satisfactions." I was prepared to find some of the same restless discontent among interpreters. I did not, however. For one thing, conference interpreters have, in these past fifteen years, carved out for themselves a genuine profession, well paid and respected, whereas literary translators are too often forced to work from love or enthusiasm or some equally unfattening impulse. For another, translation and interpretation are immediately necessary at vast international gatherings, and practitioners of these arts never have to worry about their status; their importance is quite clear to them, and the intimations of anonymity that are inclined to upset a literary man never bother them.

IN the course of my explorations, I came to rest in Geneva, a city with a considerable aura of internationalism, dating from its early Calvinist days, when it gained a reputation for arbitration. Now the sprawling buildings of the Palais des Nations, the League of Nations' former headquarters, serve as the European office of the United Nations, and there is a steady coming and going of diplomats and delegates in the old city, which is filled to bursting. All this makes for a heavy topping of internationalism; Spanish and Russian are quite commonly heard in the streets. Even without diplomats, however, Switzerland is polyglot enough for anyone, hav-

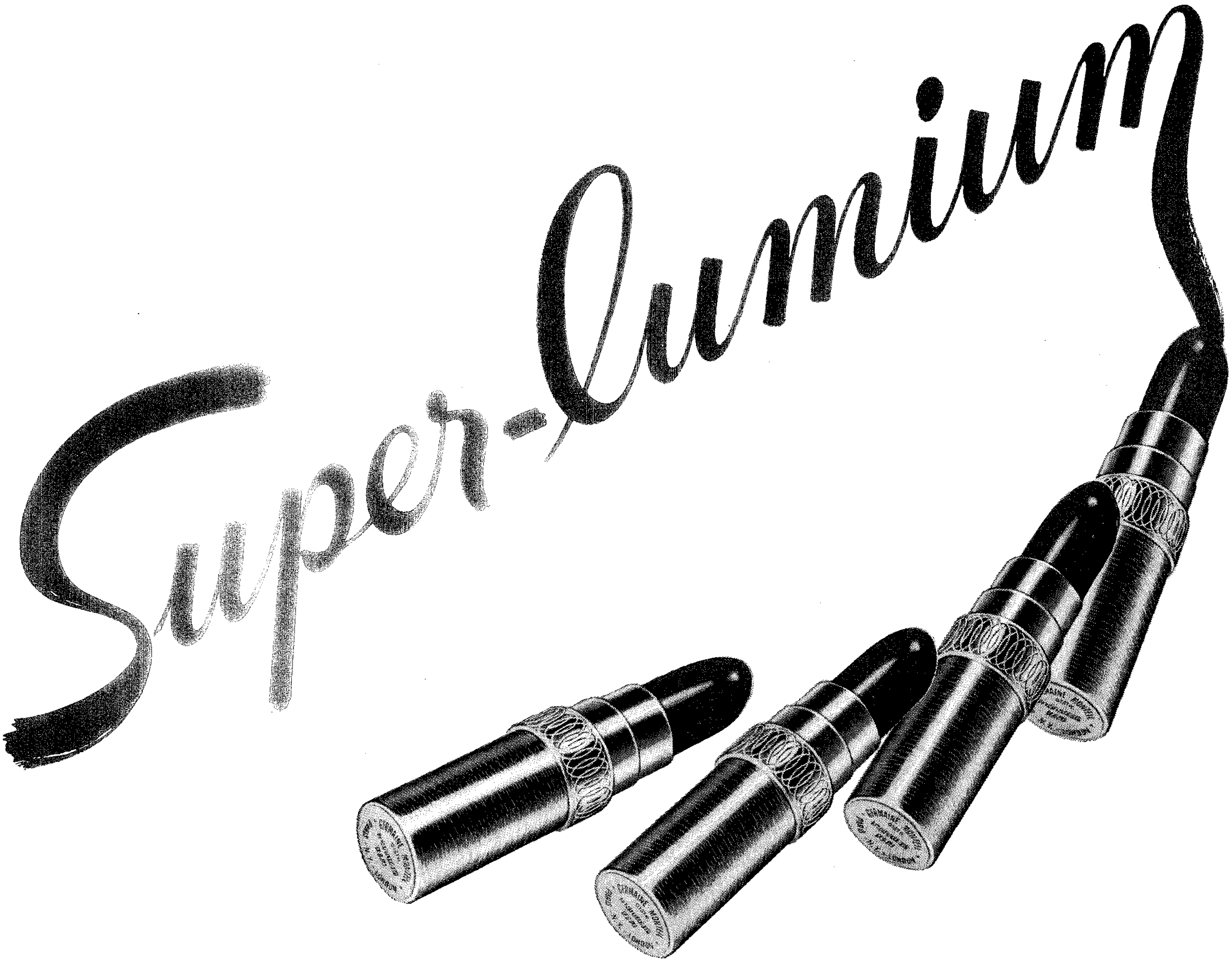
ing three official languages—French, German, and Italian—and the most casual tourist cannot pass through on the train without learning to say "It is dangerous to lean out of the window" in three languages ("*Nicht Hinauslehnen*," "*Ne Pas Se Pencher au Dehors*," "*E Pericoloso Sporgersi*"). Geneva is French-speaking, but native Swiss can hardly grow up without some primary consciousness of their polyglot roots, for scarcely a package or a label is printed without neat trilingual instructions, and all three languages crop up in the schools. Clerks in the Grand Passage, Geneva's leading department store, speak French, German, Italian, English, and Spanish as a matter of course; the floor supervisor also speaks Arabic. ("How else can you sell a raincoat to a delegate from Saudi Arabia?" he asked me, with a shrug.) Restaurants sound like living-language classes; international school and business organizations clutter the phone book; and, of course, tourists pour in, winter and summer, to wallow in snow, meringues, watches, and hot chocolate. "It would really take an extraordinary degree of insensitivity to live in Geneva and know only one language," remarked one of the inhabitants. "Languages come in through our pores; we learn them practically without realizing it."

Perhaps as an inevitable consequence of this cumulative multilinguality, Geneva is one of the main breeding grounds of those whose profession is language. The University of Geneva has under its wing a School of Interpreters, a separate faculty that was started in 1941 and has served as a model for similar institutions that have sprung up elsewhere, mostly as adjuncts to European universities like Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, whose agile-tongued alumni help every year to swell the numbers of interpreters and translators coping with the enormous weight of words that are being flung steadily back and forth. I spent a good deal of time talking with the members of this new tiny race, and on entering the faintly subliminal world of language I found I was beginning to see everything from a different angle, shifting my attention from *what* was being said to *how*, starting to translate almost obsessively in my own head, and puzzling over the possible and impossible linguistic transferences that are meat and drink to translators. ("Once in a blue moon" becomes in Spanish "Every time a bishop dies," I discovered quite inadvertently.) Interpreters often remarked on the same thing. "Sometimes I find myself automatically translating a radio program as I listen to it—and as for street signs and newspaper headlines!" one of them said. "But you get used to it. At first, you are so busy listening to the language that you scarcely notice the substance; then you hear everything at once—the mechanism of two languages and the thought processes behind them. It becomes second nature. You will see."

In the Europe of the Common Market, multilinguality has become so much the rule as to be unremarkable; to know three languages is a fundamental, rather than an exceptional, qualification for employment, and the need for prompt translation crops up in all kinds of unlikely contexts. Secretaries are expected to be able to rattle off letters in Italian, French, English, and German; international soccer referees argue with players in a bewildering variety of angry tongues; spare actors are busy overlaying the voices of foreign movie stars with dubbed-in equivalents; even the guides to the standard ruins spout small, potted multilingual histories. At the same time, there is a kind of linguistic hierarchy, and the stars of it are undoubtedly the simultaneous interpreters, gesticulating away in their glass booths. ("*Nos amis derrière le rideau de cristal*," as Vishinsky once called them.) While I was in Geneva, I had plenty of opportunity to go through the glass curtain, and I found interpreters to be not only the most stimulating of company but, beyond that, so modest as to wonder why anyone should think their job at all out of the ordinary. "If you are a good interpreter, nobody notices you—nobody *ought* to notice you," I was told. "It's only when you slip up that you become notice-



"Well, maybe it won't work, but somebody has to start the ball rolling!"


Super-Lumium

New colors—new texture—new appeal

Germaine Monteil

Smart travel suit for town
and countryside
by David Crystal.
Of double-knit woolen
imported from Belgium.
Bias plaid with
solid-color blouse.
Red-and-green, blue-and-brown.
Sizes 8-18. $79.95

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
Doop's *East Orange, Short Hills, N.J.*

THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS, $2.00

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
30 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

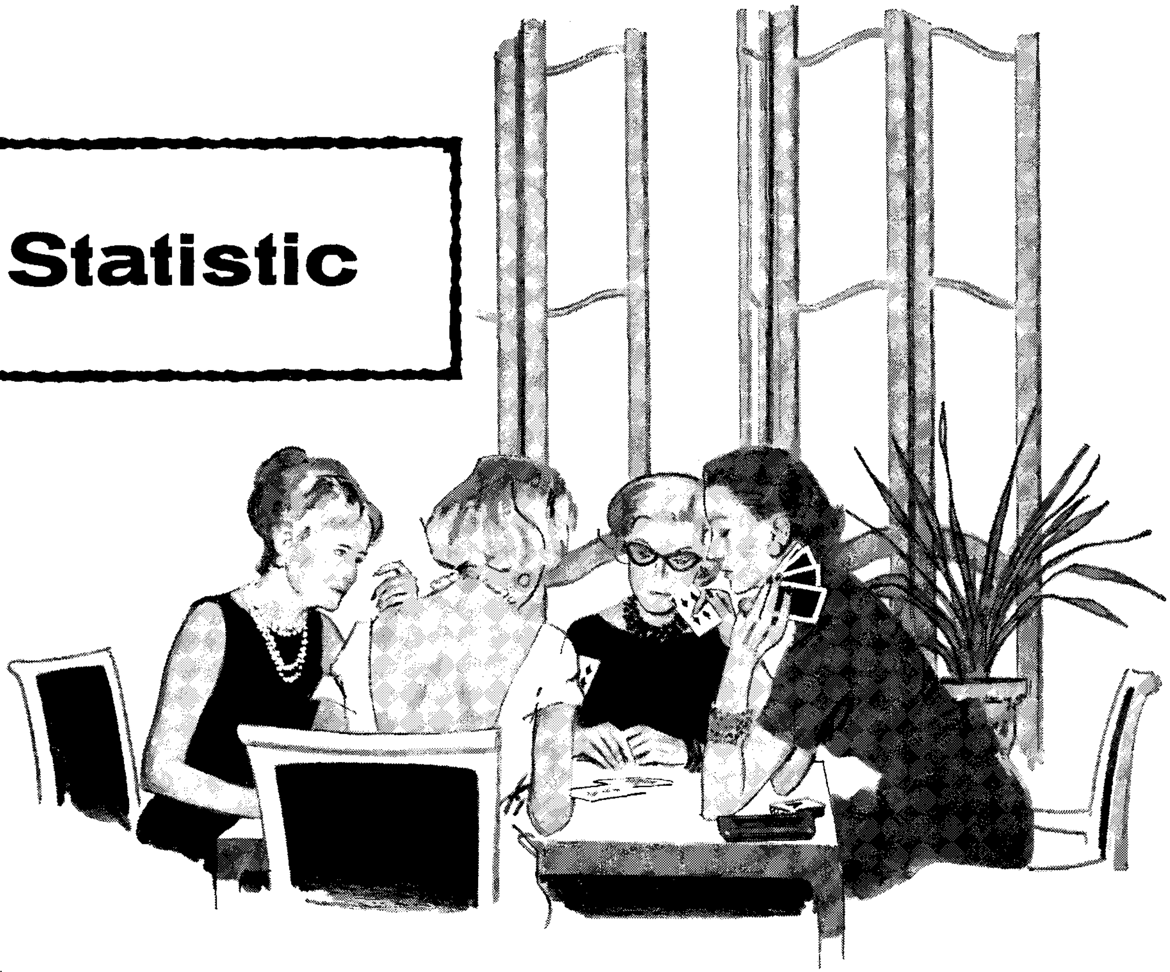
able. For us, anonymity is the real sign of success. That's the fundamental paradox of our existence."

ONE day, after losing myself several times in the endless corridors of the Palais des Nations—a Kafka building if I ever saw one—I found my way to the office of the head of the Language Service of the United Nations in Geneva, M. Francis Veillet-Lavallée, a round and jolly-looking Frenchman. He took pains to explain to me the vast linguistic machinery under his care, and before he had finished, he had all my sympathy. "When we have a meeting here," he said, "we may take down a verbatim report of it in shorthand, we may at the same time have translators making written précis of it in French and English, we may have simultaneous interpreters rendering the speeches into English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese, the official United Nations languages (although in Geneva, except in extreme circumstances, we do not use Chinese), and we may have to provide consecutive interpretation—interpretation of a speech after it is concluded. And later we have to provide printed summaries of the proceedings in the standard languages for distribution. Now, it is extremely unlikely that we would ever have to use all those procedures at one time; for the most part, we make written précis and we do simultaneous interpretation. But at a pinch we *could* be called upon to do them all. So, you see, it's one thing for a delegate to make a speech but it's quite another to get the speech across. We also have the stenographic pool under our wing, and it's a nightmare trying to get these mountains of documents translated and prepared in reasonable time. Words, words, words!"

I noticed that he carefully differentiated between translators and interpreters, and I asked whether there was any distinction between them beyond the fact that translators worked from printed texts and interpreters from the spoken word.

"Oh, yes," he said. "There is a great gulf between them—in temperament as much as anything else. Translators tend to be more withdrawn, more private; they prefer to work by themselves, in their offices, out of the limelight. Interpreters, on the other hand, are as a rule more extroverted; there is, after all, more obvious glamour and excitement to their job. They have to *perform.* I think that translators have a more thoroughly academic background than interpreters—particularly the senior translators, whom we call revisers. A

Vital Statistic



Most American men are older than their wives. Further, they do not live as long.

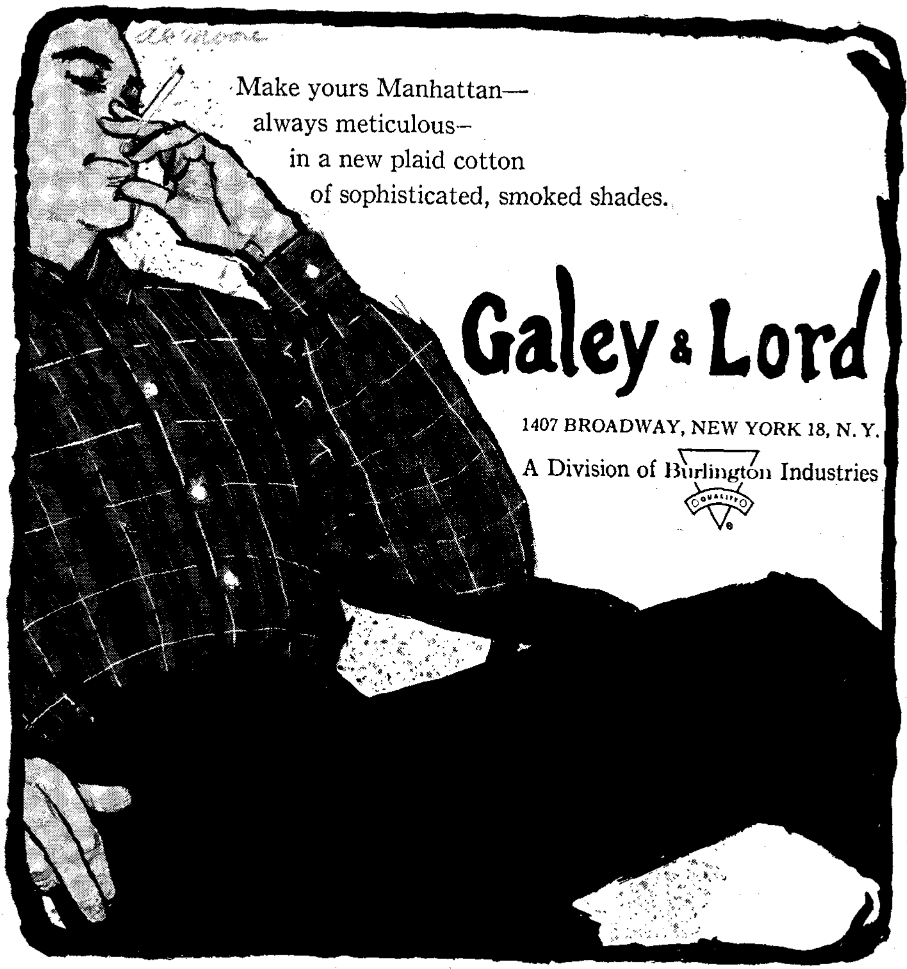
The result, obviously—widows.

Another result—an acute and sudden need in many cases for able financial guidance and investment management.

The man who introduces his wife to the Trust Company—to observe and take part in his talks with them—is fulfilling the role of a devoted and far-seeing husband.

Establishing the right relationship with people worthy of trust takes a little while and should start well ahead of time.

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK
45 Wall Street • Telephone 425-4500



Make yours Manhattan—
always meticulous–
in a new plaid cotton
of sophisticated, smoked shades.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

AVAILABLE IN AMERICA

GUERLAIN'S VETIVER SPRAY for MEN

Decidedly masculine...classically French

The great continental favorite...
now in a handsome new *spray bottle.*
A subtle, sophisticated, distinctive scent...
a most appropriate gift for a man.
4 oz. $5.00 plus tax

number of them have done literary translation, but, as you know, that has to be more or less of a hobby. I myself translated John P. Marquand into French."

Earlier that day, I had been looking through some back numbers of *Babel*, "a quarterly journal devoted to information and research in the field of translation," which is published in Berlin. Besides its articles in French, German, and English (its readers were quietly assumed to be trilingual), it carried a running bibliography of new dictionaries and reference publications, such as "Elsevier's Dictionary of Barley, Malting, and Brewing in Six Languages" and "Translation from German for Chemists," but my attention had been taken by a report of a symposium on translation by machines and computers, and I asked M. Veillet-Lavallée about this.

"Well," he said, smiling suddenly, "we will have to admit that translation by machine is at least a possibility, but I doubt whether it is one that we will benefit from, at least for a very long time. As things go at present, to feed a computer with a basic vocabulary and then to revise and correct its raw translation would require a staff even larger than the one we employ. So the machines stay theoretical for the moment. No, the thing that really frightens us is the remote possibility that the United Nations might someday take on another basic language. That would require an enormous addition to our staff—and already we are always having to take on extra, free-lance interpreters and translators." His sigh was eloquent.

(It was in *L'Interprète*, another thin review, published spasmodically in Geneva, that I read, in an address by one of the professors at the School of Interpreters, an amusing comment on the efficacy of machine translation. One computer had apparently been fed a fairly substantial vocabulary of Japanese characters, and was ready to be put through its paces. It was given, as a test, the English proverb "Out of sight, out of mind," and after a good bit of whirring and clicking it came up with the Japanese characters for "Invisible, insane.")

At the conclusion of our talk, M. Veillet-Lavallée handed me over to his chief interpreter, M. Robert Confino, also a Frenchman—a small, quiet, amused man, with whom I spent considerable time talking around the peripheries of language. At the time, he was preparing his teams of interpreters for the vast United Nations Conference

AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

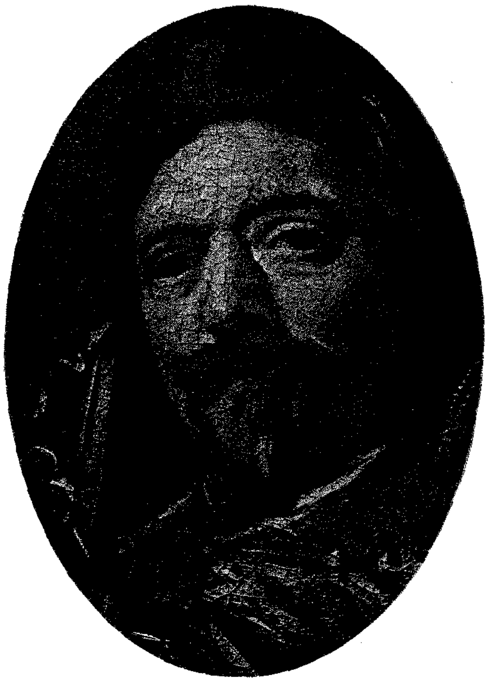
ESTABLISHED IN XVII CENTURY
BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, SW1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

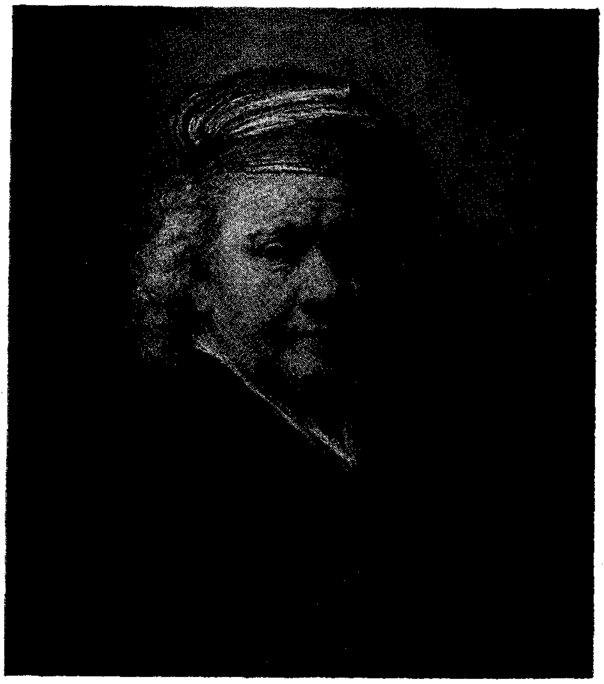
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

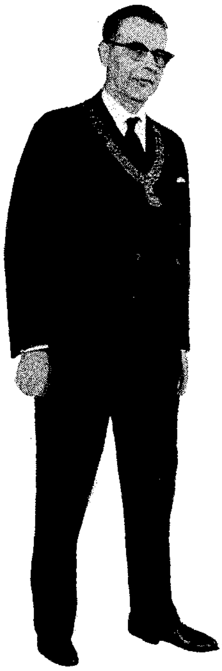
86 PROOF

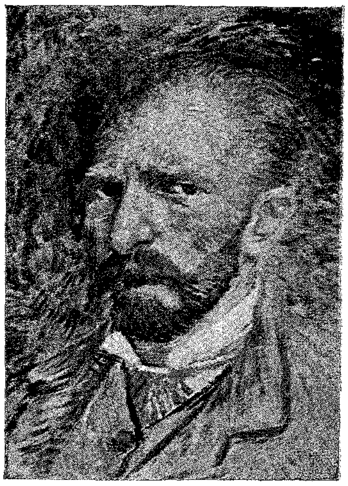
From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N.Y.









Amsterdam's Mayor van Hall shows you three Dutch artists as they saw themselves: Self-portraits by Rembrandt (left); Hals (upper right); van Gogh (lower right).

The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to Holland to meet Rembrandt, Hals and van Gogh

IT IS SAID that the Dutchman's appreciation of fine food is surpassed only by his love of art and beauty.

If you share this reverence for art, you must come to Holland. Burgemeester Gijsbert van Hall, mayor of Amsterdam, Holland's capital, cordially invites you to visit the more than forty museums you'll find in his city alone. In Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum you'll see Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Night Watch," painted in 1642.

In Rotterdam's Boymans–van Beuningen Museum, a uniquely designed hall features the works of Jan van Eijck, Jeroen Bosch and Rubens. The famous Frans Hals Gallery is in Haarlem.

In Hoge Veluwe National Park, near Arnhem, is the Kröller Müller Museum which houses two hundred and seventy van Goghs—the largest collection in the world. The works of Vermeer, Steen and other masters abound in Holland. If your taste is specialized, you'll find galleries devoted to such widely disparate subjects as folklore and Roman finds.

In between your museum hopping, you'll find so many other pleasures in Holland. Canals to cruise through. Castles to explore. Windmills to watch. Fine cuisine to sample. Superb music to hear. Antiques to buy (at bargain prices). Sophisticated night spots to visit.

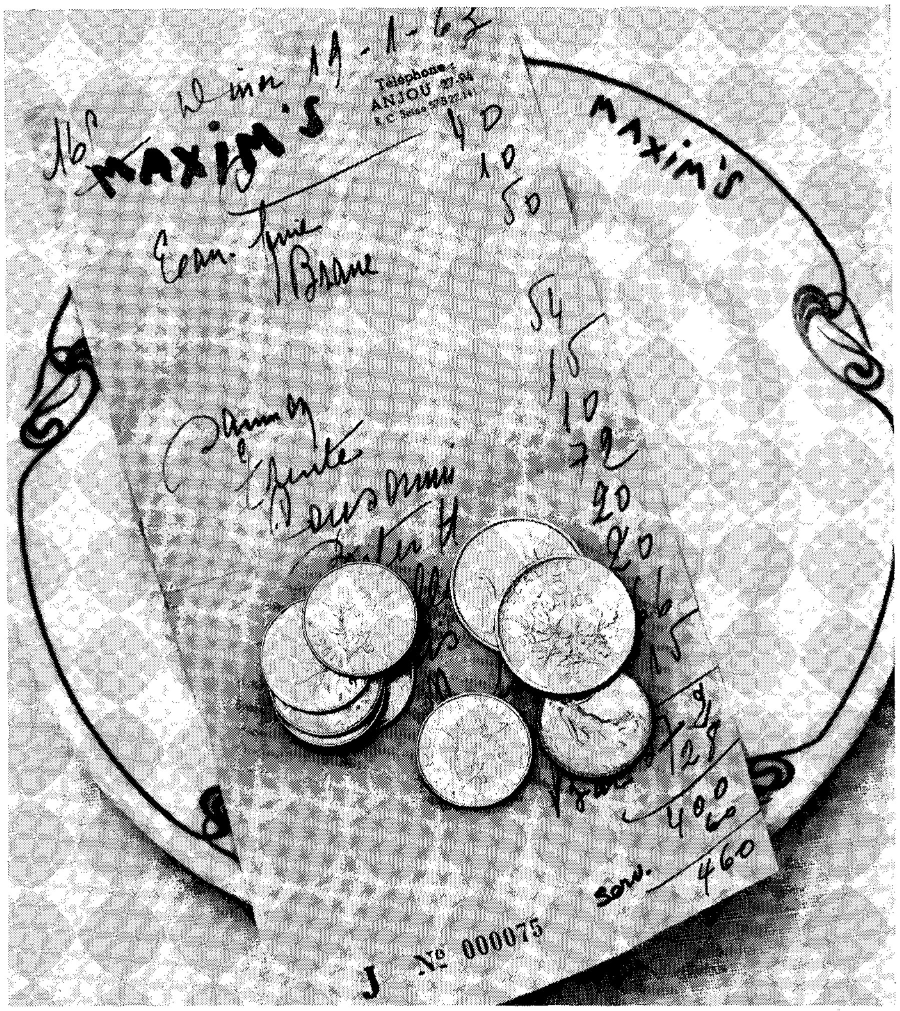
And by the way, don't bother to learn Dutch. Even youngsters speak English in this friendly land. So come to Holland this year. The Dutch are expecting you. Especially Burgemeester Gijsbert van Hall, of Amsterdam.

For literature, see your travel agent, or write Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

on the Application of Science and Technology for the Benefit of Less Developed Areas, whose title had been conveniently compressed into UNSCAT, an abbreviation that probably saved quite a few man-hours. Taking me to his office, he sank down behind his desk and waved an arm at a heavily encrusted bulletin board on the wall.

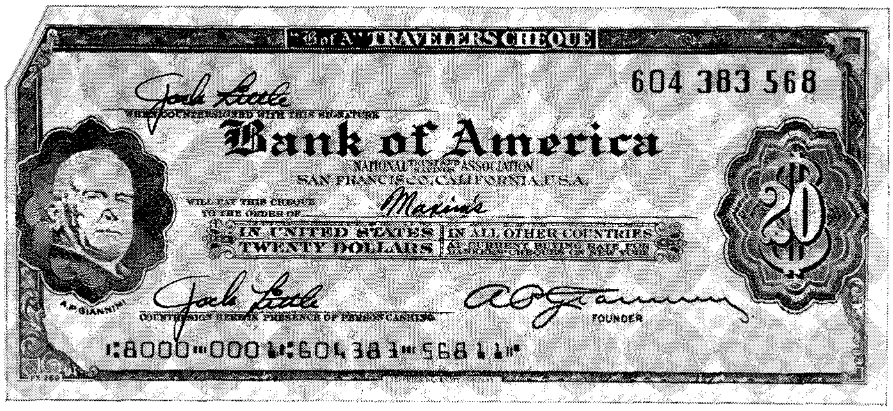
"You couldn't have come at a better—or perhaps I should say worse—time," he said. "Now you will get some idea of the problems we have to face. For example, on most days of this conference there will be four separate but concurrent meetings in the morning, and four more in the afternoon. And we have four working languages—English, French, Russian, and Spanish. Our procedure will be to have two interpreters in each language booth, to spell each other. This means that I will have to provide four pairs of interpreters for each meeting—two to translate into English from the three other languages, two to translate into Russian, and so on. Hence, for a normal day's work I will need thirty-two interpreters, *plus* an extra team to take care of press briefings, extra meetings, and so on. But that's not all. Only a few of my Spanish interpreters know Russian, so they will have to work by relay; if a Russian happens to be speaking, they will switch to the English channel and translate from that. It works, but we avoid it if we can. My own permanent staff here is sixteen interpreters, so you see what I'm up against. We have some reinforcements coming from headquarters in New York and some from the new United Nations language school in Moscow, but even so I have had to hire free-lance interpreters in Geneva to make up the teams."

Under M. Confino's tutelage, I learned some of the mechanics of simultaneous interpretation. A United Nations interpreter is required, as a minimum, to know three of the official languages—one of them actively (the one he will translate into), and two of them passively (the ones he will translate from). "These terms 'active' and 'passive' are apt to be misleading," M. Confino said. "I prefer the French terms, '*la langue de départ*' and '*la langue d'aboutissement*,' for it is really a matter of direction. To interpret from a passive language still means that you must know that language perfectly; the only difference is that you will not be called upon to speak it—although we do have a few interpreters who can translate into two languages with equal ease. But you can imagine what mathematical contortions I am forced into in



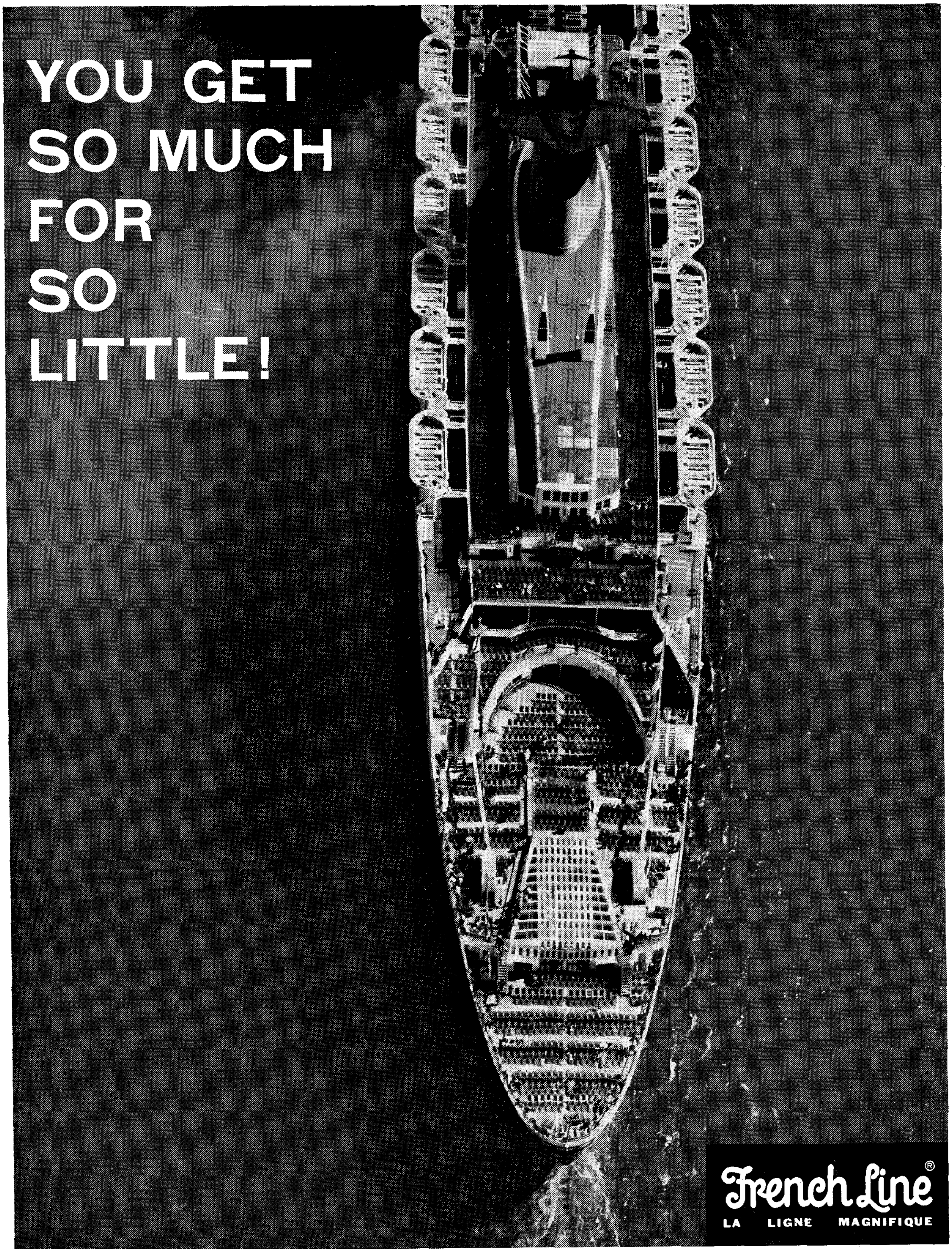
The franc is local currency in France.

So is this.


B of A TRAVELERS CHEQUE
604 383 568
Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.
Maxim's
IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS
IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES
A.P. GIANNINI
FOUNDER
20

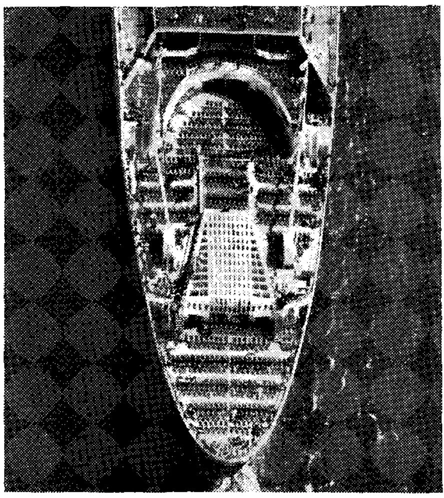
Whether the bill is in francs, or lira, or yen, you can pay with **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** — known and accepted wherever you go throughout the world. Loss-proof and theft-proof, they're the kind of money you never have to worry about; money only you can spend. Sold by leading banks everywhere.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION


YOU GET
SO MUCH
FOR
SO
LITTLE!
French Line®
LA LIGNE MAGNIFIQUE

EUROPE ON THE FABULOUS S.S.FRANCE

SAVE 10%! Off-season fare, starting August 8th. **SAVE 25%!** 30-full-days-ashore excursions between October 1, 1963 and February 29, 1964. **DEPARTURES:** New York to Southampton and Le Havre: • **Sept. 19** • **Oct. 3** • **Oct. 17** • **Oct. 31** • **Ask your Travel Agent about our new and exciting AIR/SEA Holidays in cooperation with AIR FRANCE; also our 3 fabulous Caribbean Cruises—12½ to 16 days.**



COME CRUISE
WITH US
TO THE
CARIBBEAN
ON A FLOATING
FRENCH CHATEAU

S. S. FRANCE

THREE FABULOUS CRUISES

Christmas-New Year's Cruise
The S.S. France leaves New York **Dec. 20.** Returns Jan. 2. Calling at Nassau, Cristobal, Curacao, Martinique, St. Thomas. **12½ days $495** and up

Leap Year Cruise
The S.S. France leaves New York Feb. 26. Returns March 10. Calling at St. Thomas, Martinique, Curacao, Cristobal, Nassau. **13 days $510** and up

Spring Cruise
The S.S. France leaves New York **March 12** and Port Everglades, Florida, **March 14.** Returns to Port Everglades, March 26 and New York March 28. Calling at St. Thomas, Martinique, Cristobal, Curacao, Nassau. **16 days $595** and up for full N.Y./N.Y. cruise. **10% less** for the Port Everglades portion of the cruise.

BOOK
WITH YOUR
TRAVEL
AGENT NOW

French Line®
LA LIGNE MAGNIFIQUE

FRENCH LINE, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.
Please send me information on transatlantic excursion rates and Caribbean Cruises for the **S.S. France.**
☐ Transatlantic excursion rates ☐ Cruise information
Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________Zone______State________

order to make my combinations come out in the most efficient way. We are always running into difficulties over this problem of language combinations. English, French, and Spanish is too common; Chinese, Spanish, and Russian is too improbable. I sometimes look back wistfully to the days of the League of Nations—that was when I drifted into interpreting, so you could call me a veteran—when we used only English and French, and interpreted consecutively."

I had noticed that M. Confino had contributed the preface to a small book called "La Prise de Notes en Interprétation Consécutive," and we talked at some length about it. I had watched a number of interpreters jot down peculiar hieroglyphics in the course of a speech, and then render the speech in translation without the least hesitation. In the annals of the profession, there is even a story of an English consecutive interpreter who sat stonily through an hour-long speech in French, moved only once to make a note on his pad, and then rose and rendered the speech word-perfect in English. A colleague, stirred by professional curiosity, sneaked a look at the paper. On it was written the single word "however."

"There's really no magic formula," M. Confino explained. "Each interpreter evolves his own form of notes, but they are nothing more than *aide-mémoire*. The whole thing is memory—to listen intelligently to a speech, to feel the shape it takes, to single out the principal points, to jot down any figures that crop up. If you are trained to it, you listen in such a way that you remember perfectly for a time. After that, you forget, like anybody else. But now, instead of talking about interpreting, come down with me to one of the meetings, and you can feel what it's like."

As he reached the doorway, he paused. "Oh!" he said. "The strangest thing happened to me this morning. As I came into my office—and this, being the fourth floor, is quite high up—what should I see but one of our captive peacocks perched on my window sill, peering in at me! Now, how do you suppose it got there?"

"Do you think it means bad luck?" I asked him.

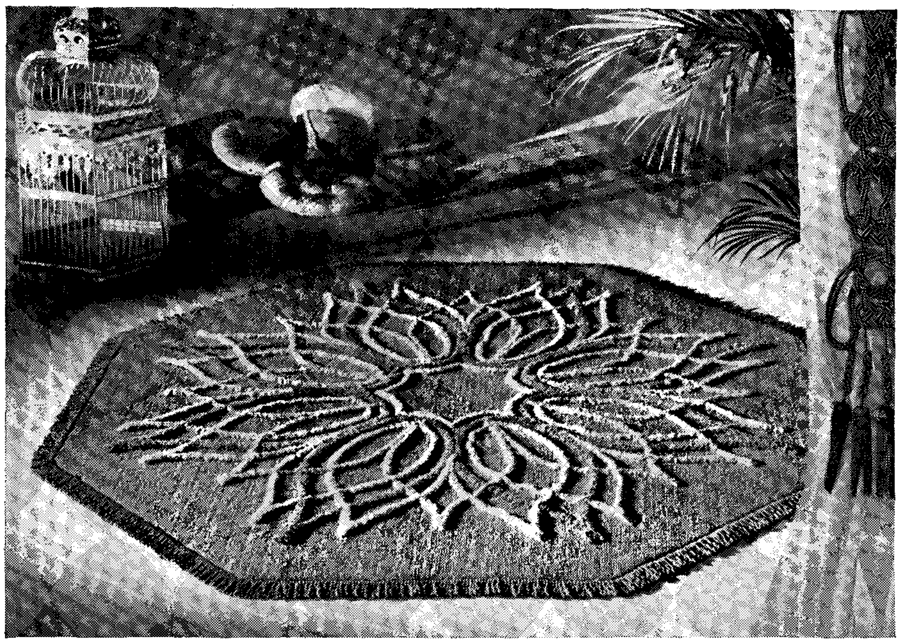
"Well, I know it does in some languages," he answered. "But fortunately not in French."

We walked down the well-marbled halls of the Palais, past clumps of delegates carrying sheafs of documents. "Let me see," said M. Confino. "I can offer you an olive-oil conference or a meeting of the Committee on the Peace-

IN THE TANNER MANNER
DESIGNED BY DOROTHY COX

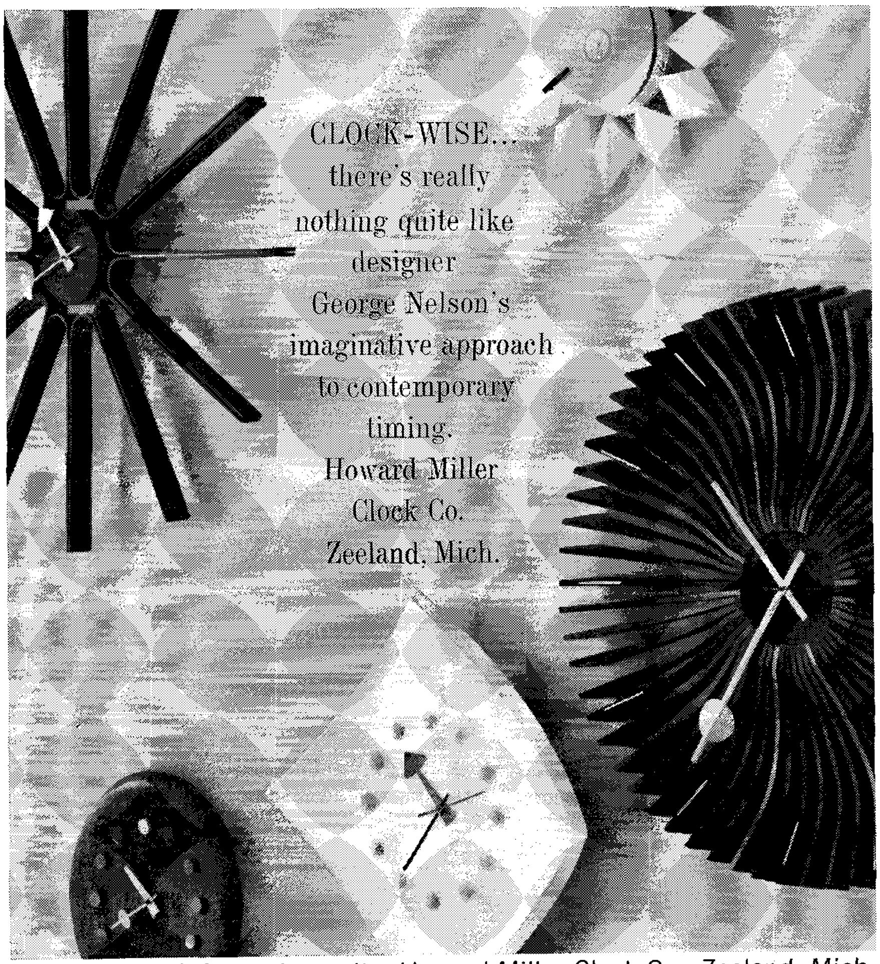
Check this wool dress for fall in brown, blue or red with black, Forstman fabric 8-18, about $60 / Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y.C. / Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.

TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA
RUTHERFORDTON, NORTH CAROLINA



Callaway's flying carpet

is a rug called Zatabay. A rug that seems to move as you look at it. Like a flight of beating wings. Here's designing so exciting, some people *hang this rug on their walls. Yet Zatabay is completely practical. It can* even be machine washed. Colors: olive and turquoise on bronze, or three other distinctive combinations. See them all—and the other "Label of Luxury"® area rugs in Callaway's new, Eastern-accent, Garden of Allah collection—at fine stores everywhere. Or send $1.00 for a full color portfolio of the complete Callaway area rug collection to Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Georgia, Dept. NY4A.



For complete information write: Howard Miller Clock Co., Zeeland, Mich.

ful Uses of Atomic Energy, whichever you choose." I took the olive oil, it being more within my frame of reference, I thought. He opened a door and led me into a small, carpeted area containing a number of what looked like movie-projection booths. On the floor below, visible through a glass wall, was the conference hall, where the delegates were sitting around two long tables. "I'm going to put you in a spare booth beside an interpreter who is training," M. Confino said. "You won't be connected to the floor, in case you're tempted to interrupt." I settled myself beside an intense-looking dark-haired girl who was talking to herself in Spanish about the difficulties of arriving at a standard color for olive oil. M. Confino showed me the earphones and the controls, and left.

Interpreters refer to the booth familiarly as the aquarium, and there is certainly some feeling of apartness inside it. I looked down on the floor of the hall, where the delegates lounged in postures ranging from concern to uninterest. I put on my earphones and immediately heard the Tunisian delegate ask, in French, a long question of the chairman—a question that, by turning a dial in front of me, I followed through its English, Spanish, and Russian versions. Through the side glass, in the booths adjoining, I could see the working interpreters in their various stages of gesticulation. As the speakers and the languages changed, one interpreter would lean back as another leaned forward, flicked his switch, and began to speak. ("When we talk in the ordinary way," one of them said to me later, "we have the feeling that we have to switch something on first.") I followed the progress of the olive-oil discussion in as many languages as I could take in, and began to get some hint of "listen-speak," as some of the students call the curious mental process of simultaneous interpreting. My companion continued to talk to herself in Spanish. Finally, the delegates stood up, and all the switches clicked off.

QUITE often, after a meeting, I would go with the interpreters to the delegates' lounge in the Palais des Nations and listen to them unwind. Not only did they show themselves to be fully aware of what had gone on but sometimes they would be sharply critical of a speech here, a delivery there. Most of all, they were exuberant, talkative, and full of life. As happens in most multilingual groups, their conversations were quite chaotic, switching from French to Spanish to English. "We can

"Write soon. I love you"

Cherished words deserve a cherished paper. And the rewards of writing often on lovely paper, are rich indeed.

For the paper helps very much in saying just how much you care. Then, your thoughtfulness inspires thoughtfulness in return.

Lovely paper means Crane—and has meant Crane since 1801.

You can tell this paper by its texture, since Crane makes only one superb quality—100% rag fiber.

Crane offers just the paper to match your personality or your mood—the colors of your own choice, or the most pristine white; bordered note paper (each exquisite border hand brushed); invitations and announcements.

Your experienced, selected dealer in Crane stationery is your most reliable source of paper information. He will advise you on a wide variety of weaves, weights and sizes; and on all matters concerning engraving. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

Crane's
FINE
PAPERS

never quite decide which language to speak," one of them told me, "so we generally let the question be decided *for* us by the person we are speaking to or the place we are in." It would be very hard indeed to find any characteristics that interpreters have in common; my preconception of them as slightly mad, hypersensitive, ghostly figures, living in soundproofed rooms and never speaking unless spoken to, was roughly shattered by meeting them. What most of them do share is a bizarre personal history—parents of different nationalities, a childhood in a third country, a multilingual schooling, a primary interest in language itself. "It's certainly never dull," one of them said. "For one thing, an astonishing variety of subjects is covered in these international meetings, and we are constantly having to pore over glossaries and documents to familiarize ourselves with the working vocabulary of anything from drug addiction to garbage disposal. And at the same time, just to keep up an active vocabulary in any language, you have to read a great deal. I generally go through about seven newspapers a day—English, French, and Russian—simply to know what's in the *air*. It's a question of knowing not just the language but the context. If a French speaker refers to the *baccalauréat*, you can't just translate it by explanation; you must know the exact equivalent—College Boards in American English, A-levels in English English. No amount of grammatical perfection takes care of that; you have to be in tune with the language as it is actually used, and you have to be *interested*. It's not true to say that we don't listen. Two or three years ago, I interpreted a conference on drainage and irrigation, and I became so genuinely fascinated by the subject that I sometimes questioned the delegates after the meetings on things that had occurred to me while I was interpreting a speech. A good interpreter *ought* to be thinking keenly about what he's translating; otherwise his version will sound dull and mechanical, and the delegates sense that. But in our profession it's rare to find a plodding, workmanlike interpreter—interpreters either like their work, take an interest in it, and do it well, or else they are indifferently bad and soon abandon the profession. Of course, we have our great virtuosos—we call them *les grands ténors*—who are famous for their feats of dexterity, if 'dexterity' is the word. But unless you get a speaker who is himself brilliant—and there are not so many—your job is more or less an even one. It's always more fun to interpret a wit, and to try yourself out with

TROUSERED BY **CORBIN**
the man who put natural shoulders on trousers

Preferred stock . . .
GRANITE FACED WORSTEDS

Looking for rugged trousers? Nothing delicate about these! Hardy, robust — you get a lot to wear. Deceptively light, they feel smooth as a touchstone. Typically Corbin with pleatless fronts, these trousers come in interesting colors, such as English Heathers, Saddle Tan and Ruddy Oxford. Wear them 'as you like it' with jacket or sweater. At the stores you would expect, or write to: Corbin, Ltd., Dept. AB, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

THE *Taylor-Made* SHOE

Deep Country
BURNT IVORY®

Burnt Ivory is more than a unique, hand-burnished leather of rare tonal beauty. It is a mark of knowledgeability shared by men with outdoor tastes. Taylor styles it with hand-sewn detail in this half chukka with concealed gore.
About $20. Other Burnt Ivories from $15.

Style 240

at your local Taylor merchant or write
E. E. TAYLOR CORP., Dept. T-13, Freeport, Maine
also makers of British Walkers Shoes for Men

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOOK FOR SHIRTS OF 65% OR MORE "DACRON" BLENDED WITH COTTON

SHIRT SHOWN: 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER, 35% COTTON (A DU PONT RECOMMENDED BLEND). *DU PONT'S REG. T.M. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR CLOTHES.

IT'S 6:30 PM.
A LONG, FULL DAY HASN'T WILTED THIS LUXURIOUS "DACRON"® & COTTON

You can see how rich this Oxford cloth looks. Try it on. See how great it feels. Because it's 65% "Dacron"* polyester, 35% combed cotton, it's smooth. Comfortable. Pure pleasure to wear. And after hours of wear, it's still neat and fresh. Lasts longer, too. Wash-wear? For good! White, about $7.95. Solid colors and stripes, about $8.95. Superbly tailored by **EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS**

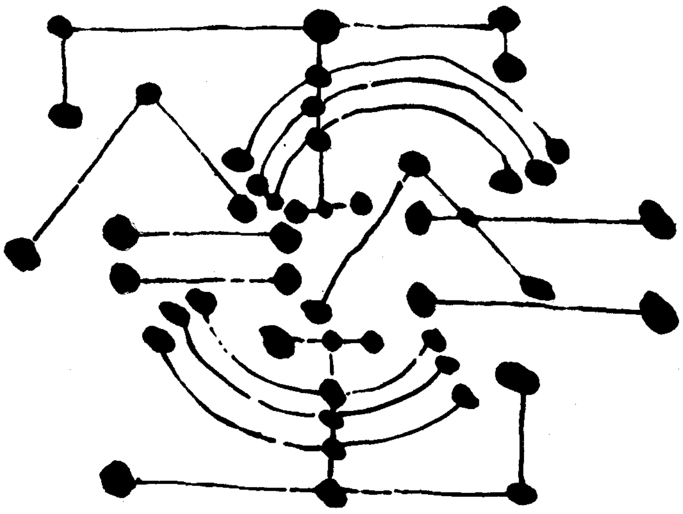
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Cartier

CARTIER
STERLING SILVER FRAME

Hand-made perfection for
your most treasured pictures.
Three-quarter inch flange,
8 x 10 opening.
Exclusive with Cartier. 55.50.
In vermeil, $82,
in solid gold, $330.
FED. TAX INCLUDED

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, PLAZA 3-0111



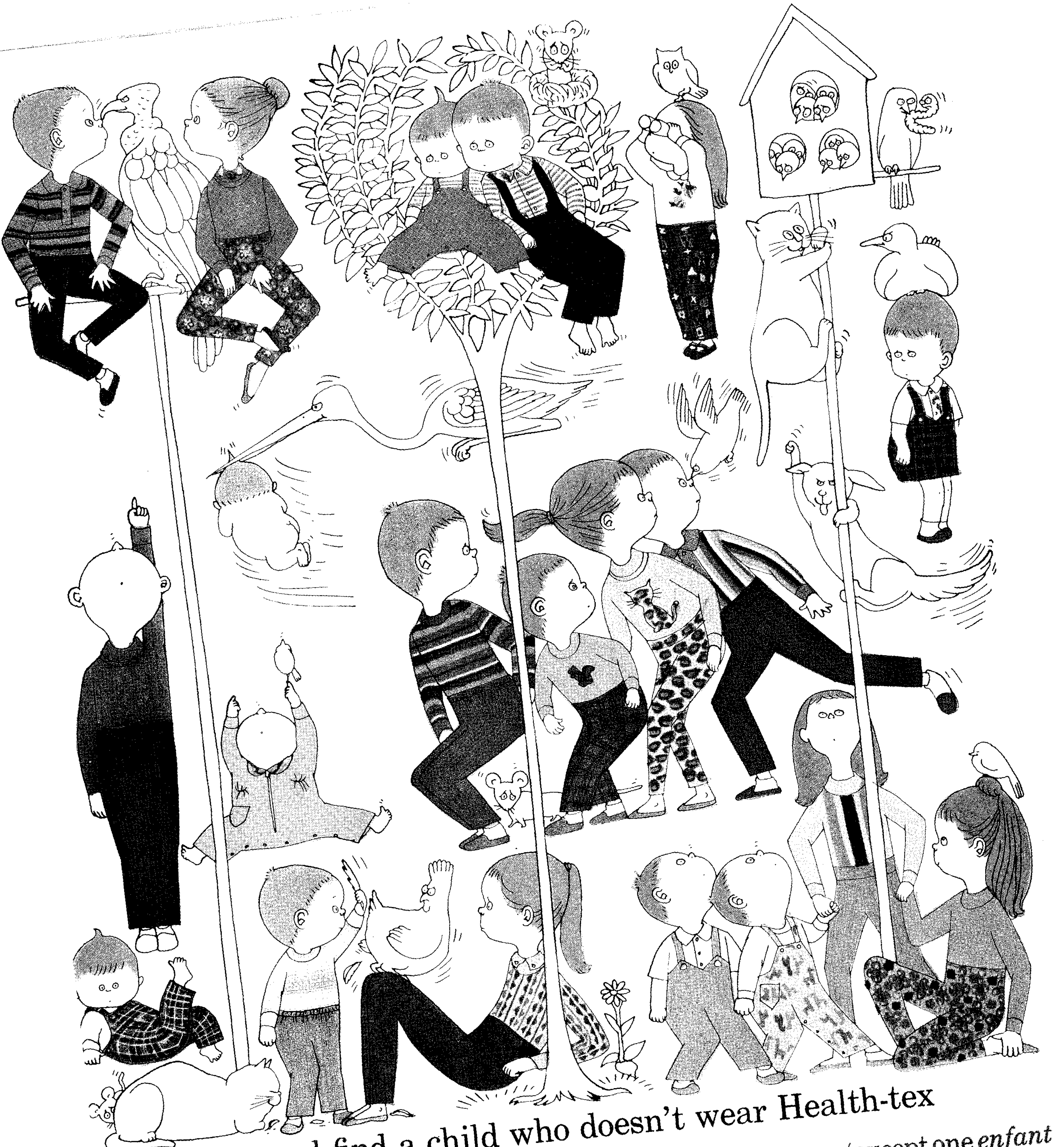
You have the frame. Now get the Picasso.
You can frame your own Picasso now . . . just by wearing it. Because White Stag secured exclusive rights to reproduce his works as fabric designs for apparel. And did. In the original colors. In a unique collection of sportswear for fall. Shown: the "Figures" parka with snap front in vinyl coated cotton. Sizes S-M-L, $19.

you're right, it's White Stag

literary references, but virtuosity is not what makes a reliably good interpreter. Our fundamental job is to establish an essentially accurate connection between the speaker and those listeners who would not otherwise understand him. During a meeting, I find myself fixing my eyes on the speaker through the glass, studying not only his language habits but his face and gestures, and then, as I work, I watch for those small nods and grimaces on the faces of the delegates whose language I am translating into—the small nods that are the real signs that you are doing your job."

Quite a number of the interpreters who work regularly for the permanent international organizations in Geneva also give a part of their time to teaching at the university's Ecole d'Interprètes. The school awards first a diploma in translation and then one in interpretation. The full course requires a minimum of four years, and I learned that out of more than a thousand students, of all nationalities, who were enrolled in the place, only a few would fight their way through to the final diploma. On admission, students are expected to know three languages well, since the school does not teach languages as such. Besides offering specific courses in the problems of translation, the school requires its students to take up such associated subjects as law, geography, and sociology, on the assumption that knowledge of any language is incomplete without some grasp of the social circumstances behind it.

One evening, I attended a seminar in interpretation at the school—a kind of linguistic steeplechase that had my mind spinning by the time I came out. The desks of the classroom were equipped with the ever-present earphones and control knobs. I took a place at the back of the room, and noted that the desk in front of me was richly carved with multilingual imprecations. At the front of the room, behind a raised dais, ten glassed-in booths in two tiers looked blankly down on me. The students came chattering into the classroom, all ears and voices; the majority of them were girls. ("What better way for a girl to pass the time nowadays than to learn languages?" one girl student said to me later.) The professor in charge of the session was a Mlle. Helen Pfaendler—a majestic woman, an interpreter of distinction, and a formidable linguist—and the laboratory test case was an official from the United Nations, who was to speak, in French, on the U.N. operation in the Congo. When Mlle. Pfaendler had introduced the speaker, she motioned to the stu-



Try and find a child who doesn't wear Health-tex

Scout the hinter[illegible] Every child you see is wearing Health-tex (except one *enfant terrible* too young to know better). Because Health-tex is the most fashionable young clothes you can find at prices that can't be beat. Built to fly at high speeds, here is advanced styling to out-bounce every little population explosion. Sizes 6 months to 8. Product of Standard Romper Co., Inc. Sold at friendly stores. Put Health-tex on your child. Look for the label:

Health-tex®
STANTOGS

STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC., 130 W. 34TH STREET, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Mr. Fieldcrest has designs...

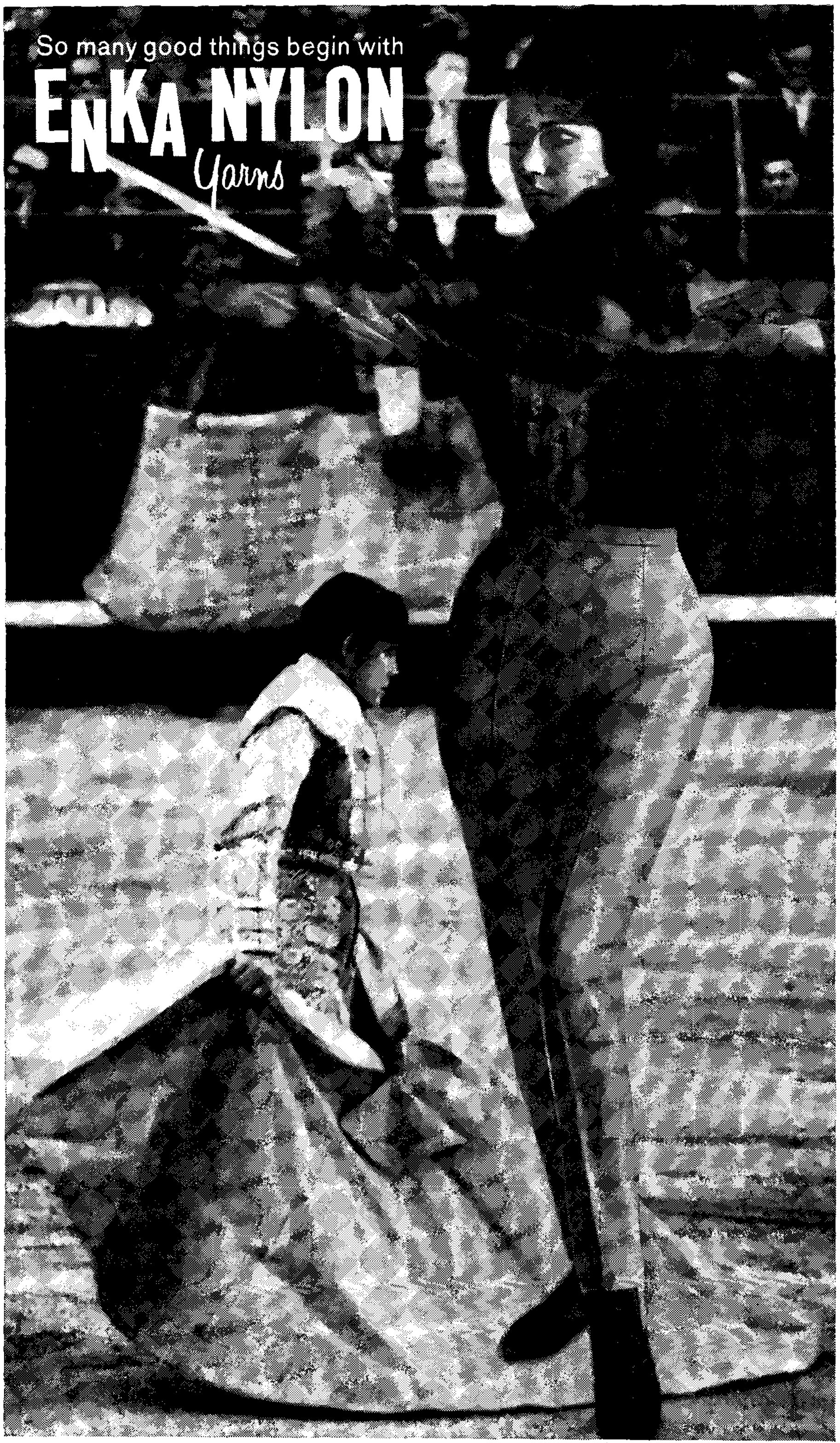
Mr. Fieldcrest's designs are calculated to lure you to an exciting new way of decorating your bedroom and bath with the 'one look' theme. Sheets, blankets, bedspreads, towels, shower curtains and bath rugs ... so beautifully coordinated you'll never even look at another man-ufacturer. On display, Imperial Tapestry, one of Mr. Fieldcrest's newest designs for you. Succumb, now.

Fieldcrest®
COORDINATED FASHIONS
FOR BED AND BATH

dents to occupy the glassed booths. She herself, wearing earphones, sat at a control panel in the classroom, ready to switch from booth to booth, pencil in hand. While the speaker addressed us for about fifteen minutes on the Congo, I kept my hand on the knob and heard him translated severally, and sometimes haltingly, into English, German, Italian, and Spanish. Through the glass of the booths, I could see the students gesticulating, each in a different rhythm; occasionally it was just possible to match a voice in the earphones with the appropriate gesticulations. The cluster of booths, with the confused undercurrent of chatter coming from them, reminded me of nothing more than a vast aviary. Mlle. Pfaendler flicked her switch attentively and made occasional notes. The speaker finished; the students rose, sighed, and filed out to take their places in the classroom. Mlle. Pfaendler, with scarcely a glance at her notes, went over their performances one by one, offering a general comment here, a specific criticism there. The students murmured and nodded.

It was time now for the second half of the seminar—an exercise in consecutive interpretation. First, one student would ask, in French, a question on a point that had come up in the speech. At a sign from Mlle. Pfaendler, another student would repeat the question in German, a third in English. As the speaker replied to the question at length, the students bent over their notebooks, making their strange, birdlike diagrams of his reply. When he had finished, someone rendered his answer in German and someone else did the same in English, after which Mlle. Pfaendler added some sharp comments on the shortcomings of their translations. She appeared to me to have kept everything in her head—original and translation—without missing a word. Another question followed, rendered consecutively in two more languages; the translations were similarly dealt with. "*Zut!*" said a carved furrow on my desk. The seminar ended and I rose, my head a confused mixture of the Congo, electronics, and German irregular verbs. "Not bad," said a girl sitting next to me. "Except that I didn't think he was too interesting, did you?" I couldn't really tell her. I realized that I had hardly listened to a word he had said—I had been utterly lost in translation.

I attended many more classes at the school, and in all of them I was acutely aware of the same thing—that the emphasis always fell not on language as


So many good things begin with
ENKA NYLON
Yarns

Torero™ has a talent for inspiring the gallant

White Stag fashions new reed-slim stretch pants of Torero that inspire olés. A canny Milliken blend of wool and ENKA nylon, Torero pants fit smoothly—easily. Never sag out of shape when you sit, run or climb. They keep their Enka nylon color vitality, too. Foot straps keep lined pants in place always. Sizes: short-medium 8 to 18, regular-tall 8 to 18. Pink glow, alpine blue, candlelight yellow, glacier green or black, about $18. For the name of the nearest store featuring this garment, write American Enka Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

American ENKA Corporation, Enka, N. C. Producer of nylon • rayon • yarns • fibers

HOMESPUN APPEAL: THE CHEVIOT SUIT

Sturdy mountain sheep provide the fleece, durable and crispy. So this traditionally-styled suit takes naturally to the out-of-doors. In Herringbone and the ancient "2-up and 2-down" weave. Its homespun appearance gives a blended effect to Fall's new Field Colors, making it compatible with almost all accessories. Patch-and-flap pockets. About $85.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Racquet Club
NATURAL SHOULDER
CLOTHING FOR MEN

ARDEN for MEN
FOAM
SHAVING CREAM

The Edwardian Mix

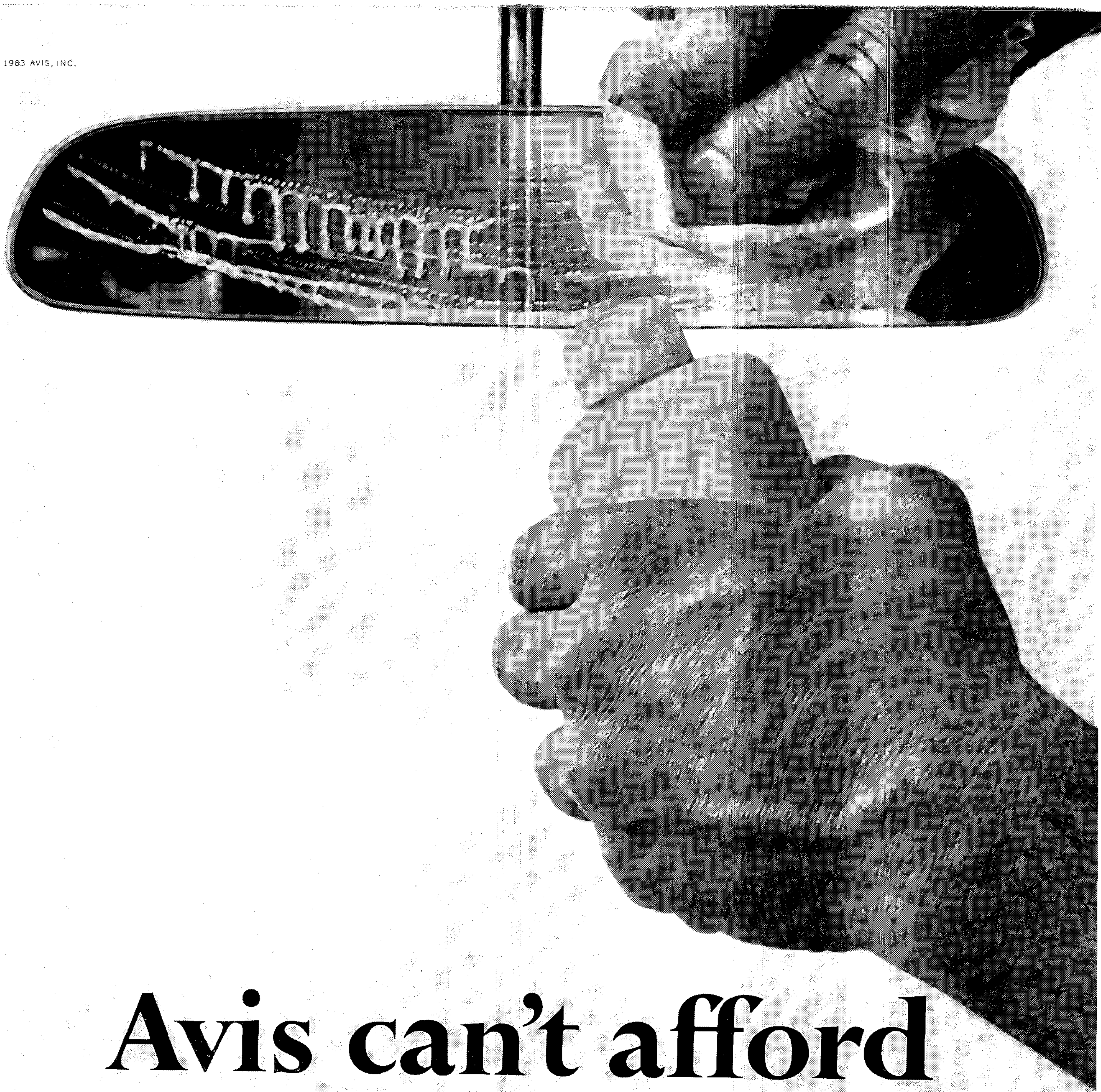
a foam shaving cream that really is as rich and consistent as the old time kind a Victorian barber might have mixed for grandpa in his own initialed mug. It's easy to rub in, stays moist, and forbids your razor to scrape or scratch by literally holding your whiskers up while shaving. While you dream away in the peace and quiet of your quarters, you'll also be pleasantly aware of a distinctive, clean fragrance — Sandalwood, a scent that's very identifiable to the gentleman who uses

arden for men 1 east 54

such but on the accurate translation of specific meanings and phrases. Language was never allowed to exist in a vacuum. Speaking with various professors, I heard one point made over and over again. "The problem is not one of knowing languages," they would say. "It is of knowing *one* language *well*, and using it well. For unless a student—or anyone else, for that matter—can grasp clearly the complexity of expressing a thought in one language, translation becomes doubly impossible. We are not training parrots." One of the professors I sought out was M. Gérard Ilg, a young Swiss who, besides being an interpreter himself, is at present vice-president of the International Association of Conference Interpreters, a kind of professional guild that safeguards the interests, standards, and working conditions of conference interpreters, and that, since its founding in 1953, with headquarters in Paris, has come to number among its associates many of the seasoned interpreters working on the international scene. M. Ilg proved to be characteristically elusive; he flitted between class and conference hall, and I was only able to catch him in a student café, close to the university, just before he left for the annual meeting of his association in Paris. He spoke English with the clipped precision I had noticed among interpreters to whom the language is easily familiar but not native. I asked him first about his own linguistic background.

"Standard," he replied. "That is, standard for interpreters. My father was a Swiss diplomat; my mother was a Parisian. We spoke French at home all the time, but I also learned Swiss-German, to be able to talk to my grandfather, who knew nothing else. French is my mother tongue—for instance, I know my nursery rhymes and proverbs in French, and however many languages one learns, there is generally only one in which the nursery rhymes are familiar. And I am still very much wrapped up in the French language; I find it inexhaustible. Tolstoy as a very old man, you will remember, had never finished reading his fundamental Russian grammar. As for my other languages, I had an English nanny, which took care of *that*, and my father was posted to Batavia, where I went to a Dutch primary school. I also spoke Indonesian with my friends, but that was extra. When we came back to Switzerland, I attended a German secondary school and then the German-speaking university at Bern, and I naturally picked up Italian, since it is one of our official languages in Switzerland. Span-

© 1963 AVIS, INC.



Avis can't afford smudged mirrors.

Or dusty sun visors, or dirty floor mats, or anything less than new cars like lively, super-torque Fords.

Why?

When you're not the biggest in rent a cars, you have to try harder.

We do.

We're only No. 2.

ish came later—I can't remember when I learned it. Then I went through the Interpreters School here, and stayed on as a member of the faculty."

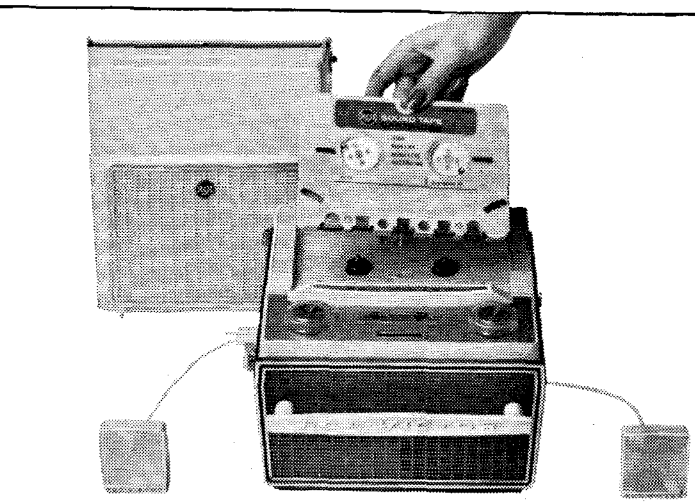
"What about new languages—do you think you've reached your limit?" I asked.

"Oh, I think so," he answered, smiling. "Oh, yes, I'm sure of it. Everyone has a different limit—you should meet one or two of my fellow-interpreters, who know upward of twenty languages, and you would realize how insatiable some people are. But for interpreters four languages are perfectly adequate and five more than enough. What really counts most is that the translator be flawless in the language he is translating *into*."

We then talked for some time about the question of teaching. I had noticed quite a few interpreters referring to their craft as a gift or a knack, and since I had read some of M. Ilg's articles on the teaching of interpretation in *L'Interprète*, I took him up on the subject. He looked a little rueful.

"I am less sure of this business of teaching interpreting than I once was," he said. "I used to think that I could quickly spot the students with the peculiar gift—the combination of memory and ingenuity—that would lead to their being interpreters. But now I wouldn't pretend to that. Italian and Spanish girls, for example, show an extraordinary aptitude at first, and seem to take to interpreting naturally, but they don't always have the staying power, whereas some slower students suddenly emerge, quite late, as very good interpreters indeed. Perhaps I've lost my belief that you can form an interpreter in a school, but what a school *can* do is to help a student make all his mistakes early, and correct them, instead of having him learn in the arena, at the expense of the delegates. This school, you may have noticed, is like an elaborate linguistic game; we all know one another's languages, and we are listening all the time for slips and errors, quite cruelly. It's really a very false situation, for an interpreter gets his satisfaction from feeling useful, not from having to prove himself. We are perhaps too preoccupied with language."

Since M. Ilg had with him a sheaf of documents in preparation for the Paris meeting of the I.A.C.I., I found out from him a great deal about his miniature profession. The association has, at the moment, just under four hundred members—"and if you count another hundred interpreters who do not join, because, as a race, we are peculiarly individual and idiosyncratic, and add to



RCA VICTOR "INSTANTAPE"!

Tape in Stereo! All-in-one recorder from RCA Victor! Automatic, tangle-free threading with easy-to-use tape cartridge...loads in seconds. Records and plays back in true stereo. Dual stereo speakers; two mikes.

You can own RCA Victor's newest and finest stereo tape cartridge recorder, the Cordon Bleu, for only $199.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer. Prices, specifications subject to change.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Sound

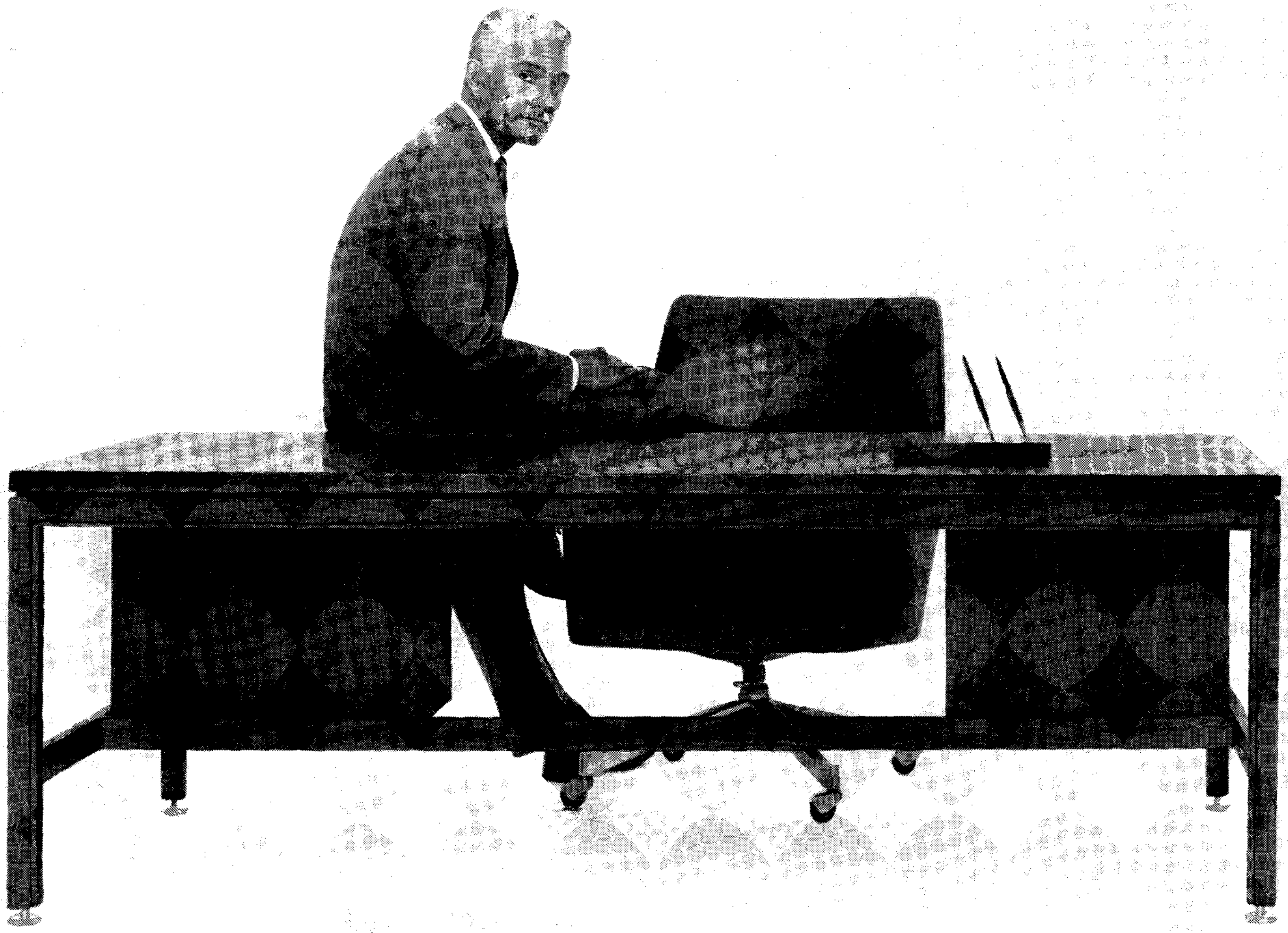
Tmk(s)®

See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network

SIR WALTER SCOTT
THE ANTIQUARY
INTRODUCTION BY
W. M. PARKER, HON. M.A.
THE ANTIQUARY
"The Antiquary"
De Luxe
Blended Scotch Whisky
At last I have found it
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
J. & W. Hardie
LIMITED
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD. NEW YORK

Time stands still for this great Scotch Whisky. Your taste will prove its maturity, mellowness and subtle flavor are beyond compare. No other whisky is as highly regarded in England and Scotland...All good reasons to ask for THE "ANTIQUARY." Costs a little more, naturally.

86.8 Proof. Carillon Importers, Ltd., Fifth Ave., New York 19



"Successful executive furniture never allows a visitor to imagine that, perhaps, he should be talking to someone higher up."

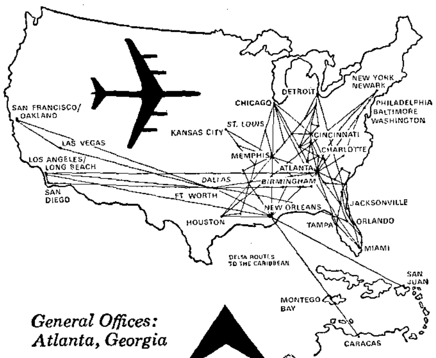
The reassuring desk is from the new Nine-E executive group now on display in our showrooms: 49 East 53rd Street, New York. Also: Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and principal foreign cities. Brochure on request. Sold through interior designers, architects, leading dealers. Designed and manufactured in the U.S. by

Jens Risom
Design
Inc.

DELTA
for those
who want to
Jet ahead

DELTA
AIR LINES

They're on their way up . . . making the most of their time, flying most times on Delta . . . because they have come to prefer the personal, thoughtful service that has become a Delta tradition.



General Offices:
Atlanta, Georgia

DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

that another five hundred marginal interpreters who perhaps work at other things or do not yet qualify for membership (since our members have to be elected), then you could say that there are roughly a thousand of us in the world, no more." I learned also that since 1957 interpretation has become eighty per cent simultaneous, because consecutive interpretation inevitably makes a meeting more cumbersome; that a free-lance interpreter may work anywhere from a hundred to two hundred and fifty days a year (seventy-five days' work is considered the minimum to insure his survival, and more than two hundred and fifty will probably take him close to a nervous breakdown); that most interpreters work only a third of the time in their place of domicile; that the proportion of women to men has been rising steadily, until now, for the first time, the women members of the association outnumber the men; that the peak working months for interpreters are April, May, September, and October; that an interpreter earns a minimum daily rate of thirty dollars, forty-eight dollars, or sixty dollars, depending on the conditions and the complexity of his particular assignment; that he is paid, in addition, a per-diem rate when he works away from home, plus all his travelling expenses; and that, of all countries, France is the most conference-minded. Studying both the I.A.C.I. yearbook (which lists the names and addresses of members and also the languages they work in and out of) and the association's professional code, I noticed that the organization not only was extremely precise in defining the conditions under which interpreters could be expected to work (water and glasses to be in the booths, along with writing paper, ashtrays, and wastebaskets) but spelled out a strict morality for its members (association interpreters are bound to absolute professional secrecy, covering everything that they may learn in the course of any non-public meeting at which they are present in a professional capacity). M. Ilg explained this concern to me.

"In the past," he said, "statesmen would have their own personal interpreters, and there was no such thing as a conference interpreter. Now, however, conferences are the rule, and we have to lay down very precise conditions for work and set a standard of efficiency—in fact, we have to *define* our profession. I don't quite know what's going to happen in the next few years. The demand for interpreters is increasing all the time, and we are getting more and more able young interpreters from the schools, but

Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Filene's and branches
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Eugene, Ore.	Bill Baker
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Geneva, Ill.	Robertson's
Grand Rapids, Mich.,	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Hyannis, Mass.	Puritan Clothing Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Manchester, N. H.	McQuade's, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Rutland's
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Hanny's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Syracuse, N. Y.	Lund's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

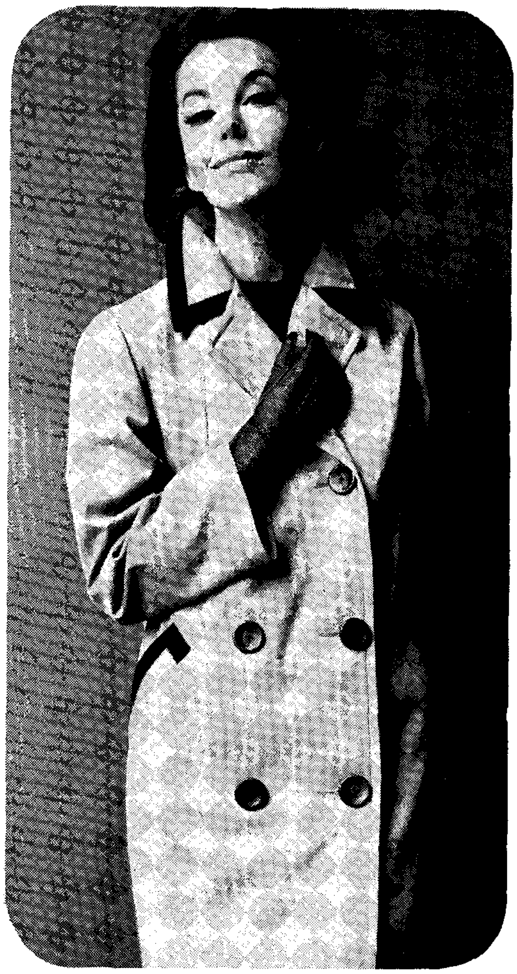
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York

THE SOUTHWICK ORIGINAL

The Southwick natural shoulder. A question of taste . . . a question of comfort. And attainable only through the highest degree of craftsmanship. Part of the Southwick expression of a fine suit. This new world of natural comfort awaits you when you wear a Southwick suit or odd jacket.

Southwick *Clothes*

BY GRIECO BROTHERS



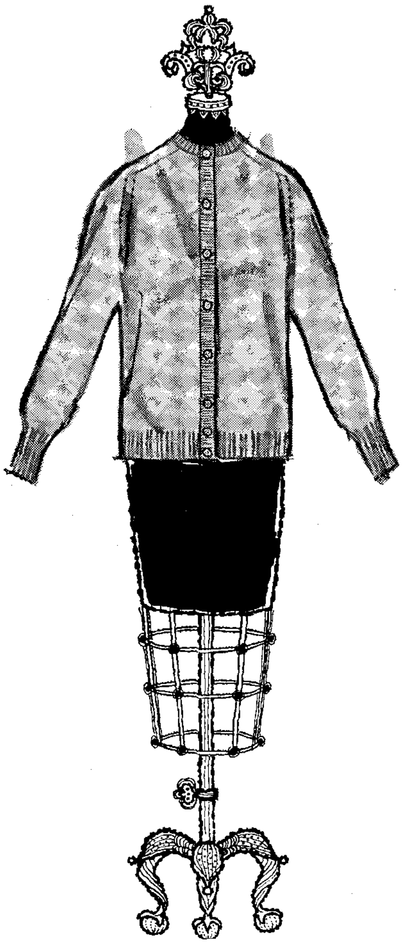
Look Closely, this is Fortrel:

. . . the Celanese polyester fiber in a smartly tailored double breasted raincoat. Its acrylic pile lining zips in and out for year-round wearing, dry days included, of course. By La Sport of Rosewood's Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon gabardine. Olive, red, or brown with black trim. Sizes 8-18. About $35 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston; Wyman's, South Bend.

Fortrel®
"the fiber that keeps its promise"™
Celanese®
POLYESTER FIBER
Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Villager Sweater

Pure and simple; no tricks. Pure sweater, pure wool, pure VILLAGER®. Saddle shouldered and fully fashioned with a grosgrain ribbon running firmly down the front, outside where it belongs. Colors? Dungaree Blue, Nasty Green, Burgundy, Camel . . . and twenty-two more. Sizes 34 to 40.

About thirteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

still there are not enough. If the supply falters seriously, our standards will inevitably drop, and that we are trying to avoid at all costs."

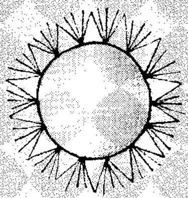
I found the same kind of preoccupation with the linguistic future of the world among a number of the students, and in the small cafés around the university I listened in on more than one impassioned argument among the embryo members of the profession. I was surprised to encounter quite a number of American students in the already miscellaneous company, and when I mentioned this, one of them spoke up stoutly, in an accent faintly tinged with the South. "We Americans are not supposed to speak any language at all—not even English," he snorted, "so you'll find that we work here twice as hard as anybody else on our languages. Mine is Chinese, incidentally, since my father was in business in Shanghai. We don't like being looked on as hopeless cases. We get resentful about our education back home, because it passes up the chance to give us languages between the ages of three and ten, when it's so easy to learn them. But what's the point of learning languages if you're going to stay in America? Americans are almost worse than the English. They're quite confident that the rest of the world is going to be speaking their language before very long, and maybe they're right, after all."

"I don't think so," said a Swiss girl. "Look at the way things are going now. So many more people know several languages—in Europe, anyway—that in twenty years it will be quite common for everybody to speak at least four languages, particularly if the Common Market principle goes on. I don't think we'll ever settle on one; we might arrive at the point where we all speak our own language and understand everybody else's. Then we could do without interpreters."

"Maybe so," said a German girl. "But I'm out in the cold right now. My languages are German, French, and Spanish, but there's no German in the United Nations and no Spanish in the Common Market. I did work at two or three conferences, but if I wanted to go on seriously, I would have to get a new language, and the further along you are, the more difficult that is. Well, it doesn't matter, because I'm getting married in two months. What I *am* going to do, however, is to teach my children every language within earshot, so that they won't have any trouble at all. It's a terrible thing not to have a language when you *need* it."

"You should go up to Brussels," a

Enjoy The Grand Manner of Matson to Hawaii



Royal pleasures await you on Matson's Pacific—sumptuous comforts, lavish considerations, charms and graces that have all but disappeared from life on land.

No Sultan could travel in greater splendor. Nor command more thoughtful attentions than you will know with Matson to Hawaii. Gay parties, glamorous diversions and a wondrous wealth of other regal pleasures will attend your every moment for 4½ days and 5 nights.

Yet the Grand Manner of Matson is not costly.

Service is all First Class, with accommodations available to suit any budget. Modest, lavish and anywhere in between. Economy staterooms, with bath nearby, are priced from $414, round trip. Staterooms with private bath start at $666, round trip. And the price of your ticket includes all of the countless niceties for which Matson's luxurious vacation-liners are renowned.

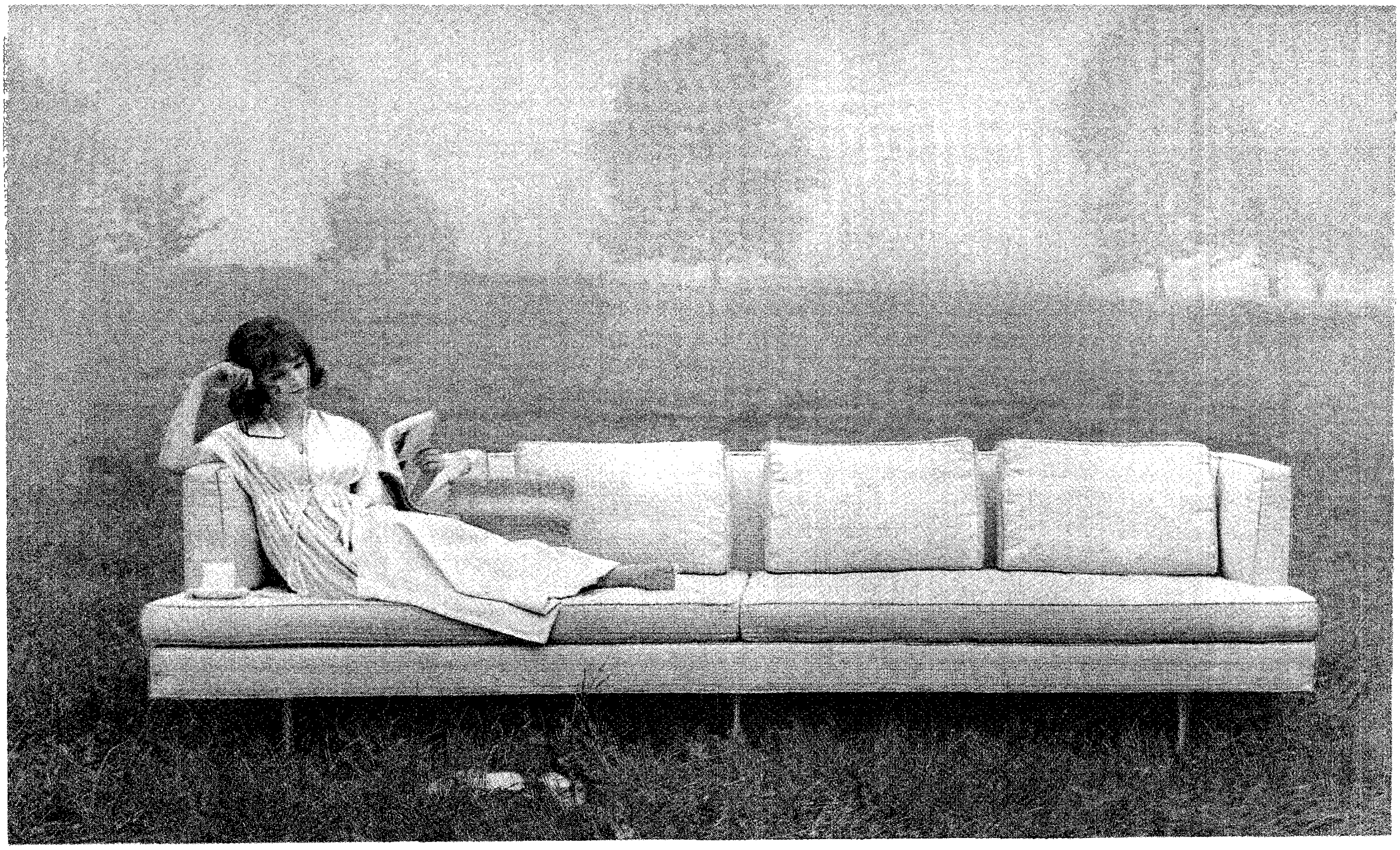
It's like no other vacation in the world. Matson's 80-year tradition of pampering passengers at sea makes it so.

Why not make this your year to cruise away with Matson to Hawaii?

See your travel agent or write Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Matson Lines

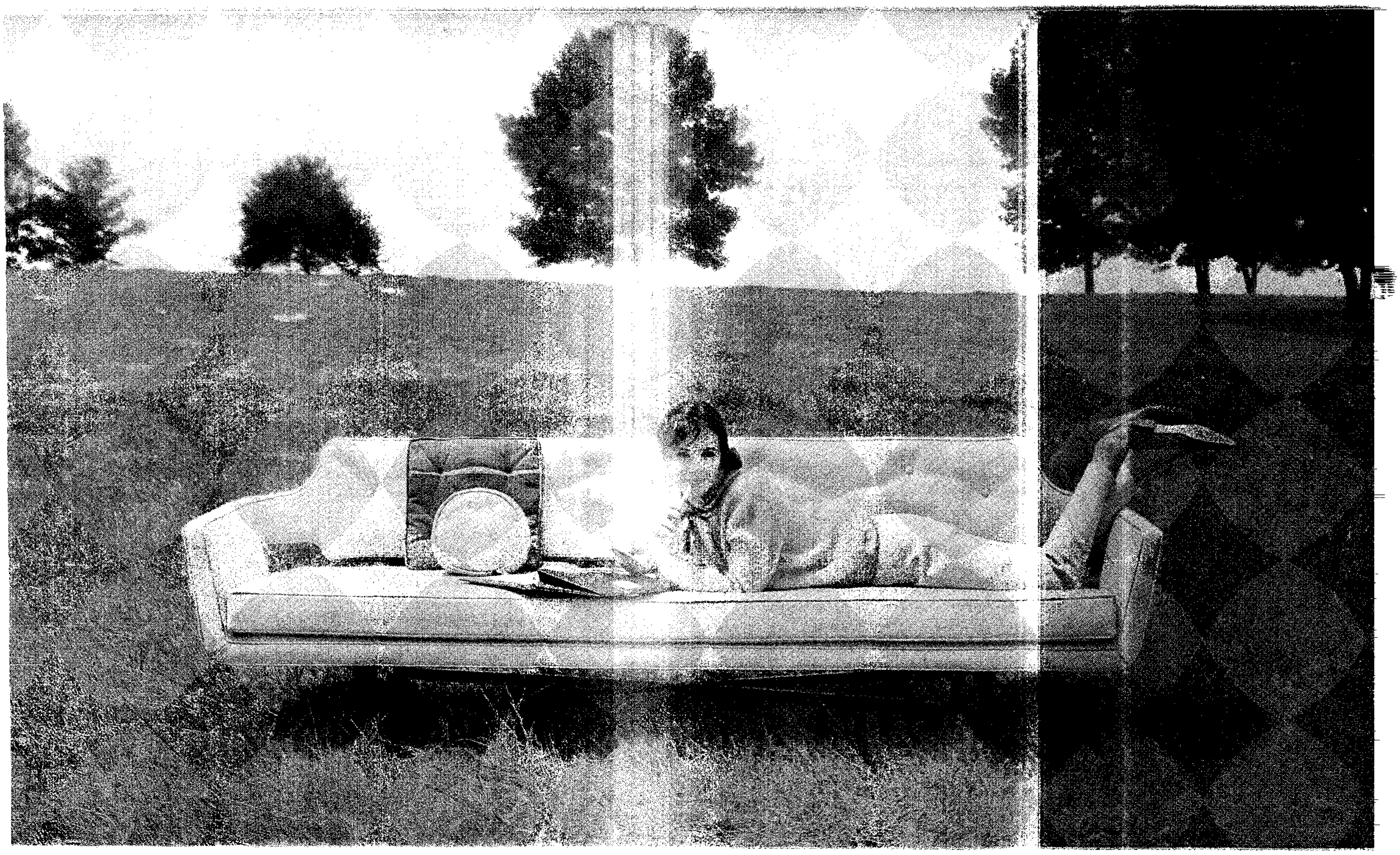
THE VACATION WAY TO HAWAII



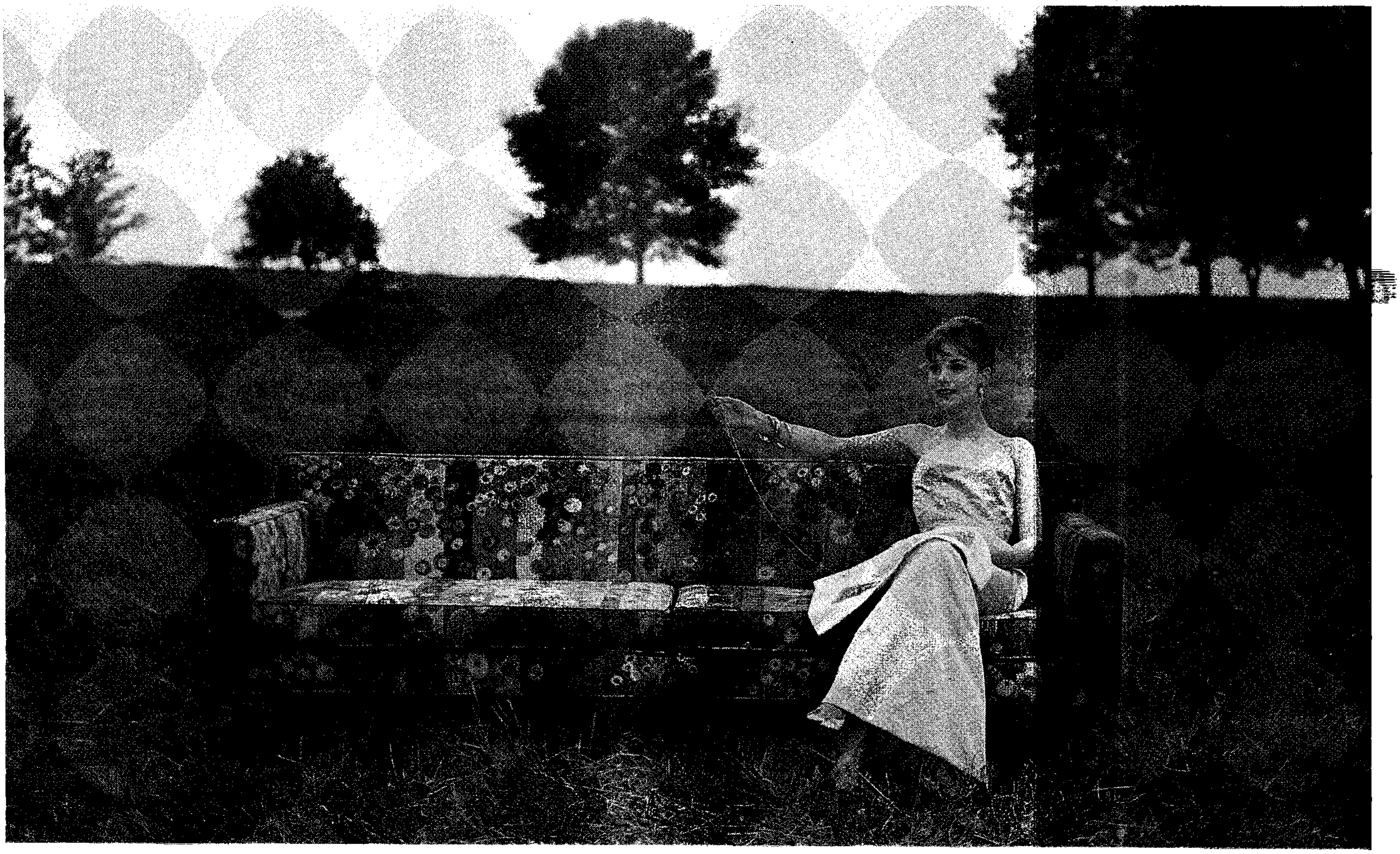
The long view sofa $1250.*

The noble sofa $685.*

don't be afraid of DUNBAR



The sculptured sofa $850.*



The sofa classic $595.*

Come. Take your interior designer's hand and let him lead you through Dunbar. The people are friendly. The showrooms are homey. Poke a pillow. Plop in a chair. Be as familiar as you please. Edward Wormley designs the open nature into all Dunbar. Each piece is a handcrafted original. Still, Dunbar never pulls rank. Whatever you own feels better for the companionship of a Dunbar.

Come. Don't be afraid to indulge in Dunbar. You deserve it at any price. Dunbar Showrooms are waiting to welcome you in the following cities: New York, Chicago, Boston, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, Honolulu, Seattle, Athens. Sold through authorized Retailers and Interior Designers. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.

*Suggested retail price in customer's own material

Martha Washington sat here.

In 1790, in this very chair, upholstered in all-silk, Martha Washington sat. Most likely, George sat here, too. And guests of the Washingtons. After the Washingtons the Washburns of Baltimore sat here. And in 1908 they presented this chair to the Mount Vernon Museum, where it stands today. 118 years later.

Ten years ago the chair was reupholstered in new pure silk. But isn't the longevity of silk surprising? Even more so, though, is the fact that today's silk is superior—yes, even more durable, more beautiful. Why?

For one thing, scientific cross-breeding makes huskier silkworms to produce finer, stronger silk. Then, after all these centuries of hand-work, electric machinery now reels silk filament from more cocoons than was ever before possible. What does this mean? Far thicker, stronger silk thread.

Today there are precise standards of perfection for silk. It is tested, tested, as it never was in G.W.'s time. It is sampled and examined bale by bale in order to pass.

Silk benefits beautifully from one of the sweetest inventions of modern science: the spot-repellent finishes. They deflect spots from the surface of a fabric. Think how much this adds to the practicality of silk, especially for furniture covering in young homes that are centers of informal living and entertaining. Especially helpful, too, is silk's natural resilience. It gives under pressure. And then springs back into shape.

Silk today lends the look of elegance, as always, but *now* withstands the pressures and inelegant errors of children and guests. Only Silk is Silk.

International Silk Association (U.S.A.),
185 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Silk

Washington Chair, 18th Century, The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, Gift of the Washburns, 1908

Dutch boy said. "At the school here, language is pretty much of a game. At the United Nations, it's a formality. But in Brussels—well, there it really *matters*. Things are really happening."

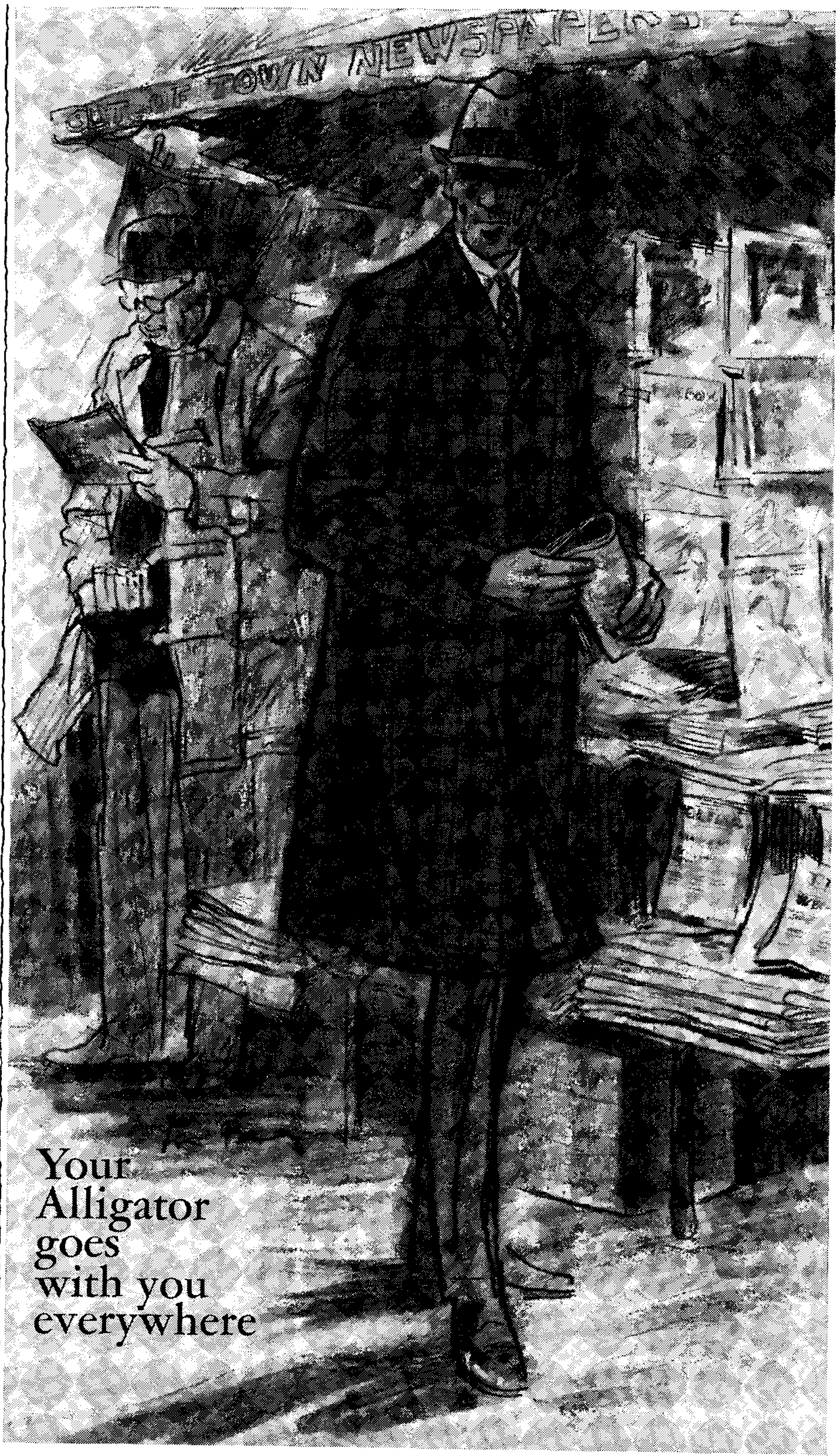
I decided to take his advice.

THE Dutch boy was right. Things were indeed happening in Brussels. When I made my way to the linguistic division of the Common Market office, I came on a scene of marked turbulence, compared to the relative order that had reigned in Geneva. Interpreters darted in and out, documents were being hurriedly stapled together, and I had to wait in the outer confusion for some time before I could get a word with the head of the interpreter service—a small, dark, vivacious woman by the name of Renée van Hoof, the wife of a prominent Flemish painter, and herself of mixed German and Dutch background.

We met near the end of the day, and our conversation was punctuated by various linguistic interruptions. At one point, an Italian interpreter came in to complain, in French, that his relief man, a free lance, had refused to translate from Dutch, leaving him to carry the afternoon's work alone. Mme. van Hoof grimaced. "We never have any rest here," she said. "We have a large permanent staff—twenty-three senior interpreters, and twenty-nine associate interpreters who are gradually acquiring permanent status—and yet at our peak we still have to take on about twenty free-lance interpreters a day. The thing is, the language combinations we require are very different from those of the United Nations. We have four official languages—French, German, Dutch, and Italian—and we have a hard time finding the right people for them. Also, when we are working in top gear—which is roughly all year long, except for August—we may have over thirty separate meetings a day, and there are just not enough interpreters to go around. We're practically stealing them from their cradles. After all, you can't find just *anybody* on the street who can translate from Italian into Dutch."

I agreed that it was unlikely.

We talked at some length about the linguistic consequences if Britain had been taken into the Common Market. Mathematically, adding a fifth language not only would have required extra interpreters but would have put the additional burden on the existing interpreters of translating out of an extra language. "We wondered how we could possibly manage during the negotiations with

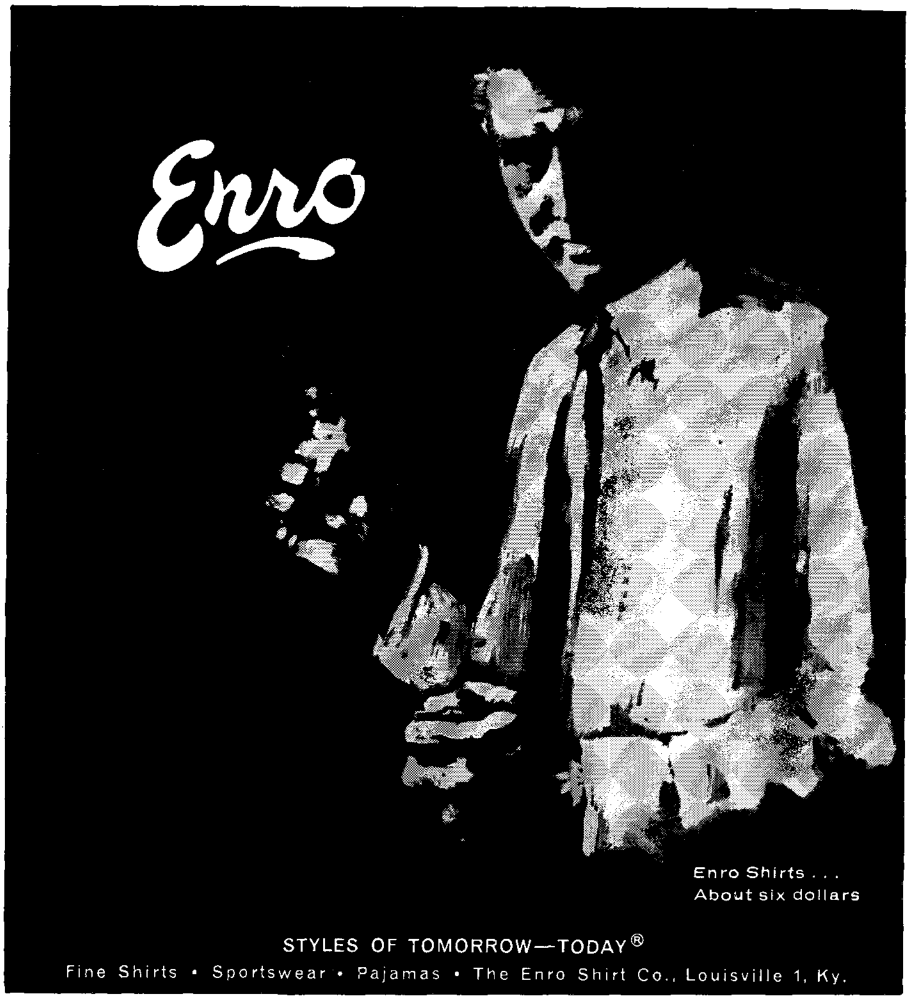

OUT-OF-TOWN NEWSPAPERS
Your Alligator goes with you everywhere

Alligator Galetone®—finest imported yarn dyed cottons in plain and fancy weaves and smart woven patterns. Wide variety smart styles and colors—$29.95. Also with zip-in all wool or zip-in acrylic pile warmers slightly higher.

You always look best in an Alligator coat. Smartest styles and colors in luxury loomed fabrics of the finest all wool worsted gabardines, colorful wools, yarn dyed multicolor cottons in gabardines, poplins, woven patterns—also blends with polyester or acrylic fibers. America's most wanted all-weather coats. Water repellents and waterproofs.

They're the best and cost you less. From $11.95 to $71.75 at better stores everywhere.

Alligator®
THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR
The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles



Enro Shirts . . .
About six dollars

STYLES OF TOMORROW—TODAY®
Fine Shirts • Sportswear • Pajamas • The Enro Shirt Co., Louisville 1, Ky.

the original
the genuine
the authentic

CARIBBEAN LIME
TOILETRIES FOR MEN
(Blended and bottled in England)

Caribbean Extract of Limes **AFTER-SHAVE**
Flacons encased in hand woven raffia.

Caribbean Spice and Lime **COLOGNE**
Flacons encased in hand woven wicker.

CARIBBEAN EXTRACT OF LIMES FOR AFTER SHAVING
CARIBBEAN SPICE AND LIME COLOGNE
Pure delight with the clean, fresh scent of lime. **Real** lime, because each contains the **real** oil from the peel of lime, and no synthetics. That's why the effect is so bracing; that's why the freshness lingers on. Each in 4-oz. and 8-oz. sizes, about **$4** and **$6**, plus tax.

Both double sealed for air travel.

Available at fine stores throughout the United States including:
New York–Paul Stuart; San Francisco–Robert Kirk Ltd.
Washington, D.C.–Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.

Available at fine stores throughout England including:
Aquascutum, Fortnum & Mason Ltd., Harrods Ltd.

or write: **Robinson-Bishop Inc.**, 1341 F St., nw (Annex) Washington 4, D.C.
Los Angeles Showroom: 608 South Hill St.
United Kingdom distributor: **Welch Margetson & Co., Ltd.**, 237 Long Lane, London S.E. 1

Britain," Mme. van Hoof told me, "but it was quite exciting. I worked a number of meetings myself, because otherwise I would have felt out of touch with the actual situation. To this day, I don't know how we squeaked through. And if England had come in, well . . ."

That evening, I joined Mme. van Hoof and her husband for dinner at a small club on the outskirts of Brussels. We talked mostly about painting, but later in the evening I managed to steer her back to the subject of interpreting. "Of course, in Brussels, it's very exciting," she said, "for you do have the feeling—especially among technical experts from the Common Market countries—that they would simply not be able to talk to one another without you. And that's what really counts for us—to feel needed. One should never make a do-or-die principle out of speaking any language—that's a kind of linguistic nationalism. The Flemish in Belgium, for example, suffer from a linguistic inferiority complex. They *insist* on speaking Flemish when they can perfectly well speak French. There are the big languages in the world, and we are probably moving toward using one or two or three of them for international conferences. If people *can* speak another language, they ought to; if not, they should ask for interpreters. I wouldn't defend my profession if that profession were not useful. The minute people can manage to understand and talk to one another without interpreters, then I shall be the first to disappear, voluntarily."

Her husband smiled a faraway, extralingual smile.

ON the train back to Geneva, I was reading a copy of Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes" which I had borrowed from the university library, and suddenly I stumbled on a passage which froze me in my seat. Geneva seemed suddenly to shrivel up.

" *'Il y a vingt ans que je m'occupe à faire des traductions.'*

" *'Quoi, Monsieur?' dit le géomètre. 'Il y a vingt ans que vous ne pensez pas?'* "

If it had not been a library book, I would have thrown it away.

—Alastair Reid

•

Steel Hour, KNXT (2), 10 p.m. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Leora Dana and Donald Madden star in a drama of a young boy who blames himself for the murder of his brother. Always excellent fare.
—*TV preview in the Los Angeles Times.*

But of course!

(Advertisement)

No. 1 of a Series of The Rover News, U.S. Edition

MK. II ROVER "CAR WOMAN CAN STEP INTO WITHOUT SKOOTCHING"

(See Col. 2)

WHITHER TYSELEY?

FOLLOWING OUR RECENT venture into more conventional advertising (Rover's enquiry into scenery and the things that spoil it; copies available on request) we have decided to try this newsier form for a bit. For the simple reason that it is hard to find another format for all there is to say. Plus the fact that the Land-Rover and the Mark II Rover are so different that it is hard to imagine their being made under the same roof much less talking about them in the same ad; a regular ad at any rate.

ALSO, THIS FORM has a precedent in a monthly paper issued for internal company consumption at the Rover plant in Solihull, England and also called "The Rover News." In addition to articles of automotive interest ("108 mph Rover Turbine Triumph at Le Mans Makes Motoring History" and "Vietnam Missionary in Land-Rover Defies Red Guerrillas"), there are also social notes ("35 Gold Watches for 875 Years of Service," "Tyseley Cricketers Off To A Rather Shaky Start"), and many other features, with photographs galore. If you would like a free subscription to this fine paper please drop a line to: The Rover Motor Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17. Until we can properly gauge the new print order it may be necessary to send you copies of recent issues from stocks on hand, but we are sure you will find them interesting since most of the news is not all that perishable.

Maddened Rhinoceroses

Those of you who read travel lore will have noticed that Land-Rovers are forever being called upon to withstand the *full impact* of multi-ton rhinos, water buffaloes, etc., charging at speeds up to 30 mph. The Land-Rover is built with just such inconveniences in mind. Indeed, the Land-Rover is primarily intended for those areas of the earth—still quite prevalent—where no other car will do at all. Its four-wheel drive and special construction will enable it to climb a 45 degree sand dune, or traverse salt water with the engine submerged, or do 45 mph through hubcap-deep mud. We shall dwell more on the Land-Rover in our next, but should you wish information on the many various Land-Rover models—and where you can see and try them yourself—please drop us a line.

Mark II Rover Not Intended To Withstand Beasts

It is, however, an exceptionally marvelous car with many unapparent virtues. As our feature for this issue we asked Mr. Ken Purdy, the distinguished editor, writer, and sports car buff, to set down his thoughts on the 3-litre Rover (of which the Mark II is the most recent modification) and to relate an interesting experience which happened to him of late. Unfortunately, he wrote at such length that we shall have to continue it serially. Mr. Purdy is one of the few Americans who has owned a 3-litre for years, which accounts for his enthusiastic bias. Since we have left no room for a photograph, if you would care for a nicely illustrated brochure on the Mark II 3-litre Rover you have only to write us.

Mr. Purdy writes as follows:

A GENTLEMAN'S SECRET WEAPON

A 3-litre Rover is something like a silver-fitted rosewood sword-cane: it's a gentleman's secret weapon. If this seems obscure now it won't by the time I'm through.

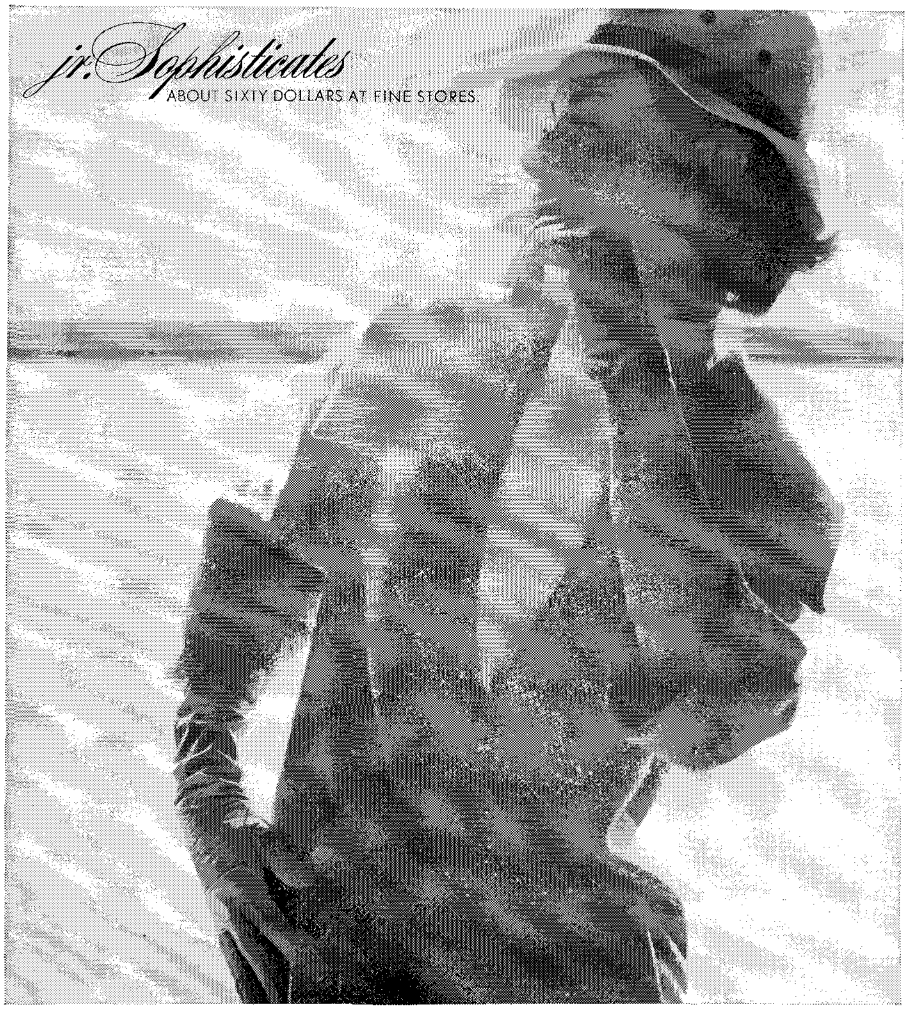
First off, I think we can agree that the British understate some things almost to the point of deception. The Rover is a prime example. When you think of a Rover, what's the next word that comes to mind? Conservative? Right. For here is a motor car in the old coach-builder's tradition, stalwart and straightforward—no tail-fins, no doubled headlights; a car a man can wear a proper hat in without slumping; a car a woman can step into without skootching. It looks like what it is: an admirable automobile built by people who expect you to drive it for 15 years. (And who are so intent on that purpose that, for one example, they throw away as unsuitable 40% of all the upholstery leather that one of the best tanners in the United Kingdom can provide.) In fine, a conservative car: solid as a rock, lasts forever: but no pace-setter, either for innovations or speed, of course.

Well, well.

The message comes through in little ways: you notice that the Rover owner doesn't have to wipe off a greasy dipstick to discover how much oil he has; he flicks a switch on the dashboard and reads the oil level off a dial. If he really needs to stop—at whatever speed—and stands on the brake-pedal, the car acts as though it had run into a wall of dough: disk brakes. Are these things on *your* car?

To be continued

©1963, Rover Motor Co. of North America, 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17.


jr. Sophisticates
ABOUT SIXTY DOLLARS AT FINE STORES.

Our Definition of Disability.

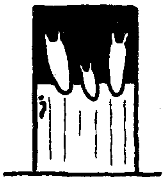
Nobody knows when or how severely accident or sickness may strike—rob you of income and your way of life. That is why Mutual Benefit Life has pioneered a unique disability contract. Disability is defined in terms of *loss of earned income.* This definition avoids uncertainties and litigation which might occur if disability were defined as "inability to pursue any gainful occupation." It also lets a man rehabilitate himself as he wishes for whatever work he can do to give him a sense of usefulness and added income. Our disability contract is just one of the MBL "Seven Significant Benefits."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY • NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845

THE RACE TRACK

The Old Stand



HERE we are again at Aqueduct, until November 30th or December 7th, depending on whether the New York Racing Association uses the extra days the legislature granted it last spring. The great event of the week, of course, was the whopping daily double on opening day. To start it, Spy Man, a five-year-old gelding who hadn't been better than third in nine tries this season, rolled home in the first race at a bit over 60–1, and after the hubbub subsided, Demon Doug, a mere 8–1 shot, led all the way in the second race. Their numbers on the program were 10 and 6 (I mention this for the benefit of those who play horses entirely by numbers), and the combination paid $1,988.40. For the rest of the afternoon, everybody was hearing sad tales from horseplayers who had somehow just missed buying a winning ticket. One man who did buy one, and made no bones about it, was Bobby Bernhardt, the trainer of Spy Man. He took two-dollar tickets on his horse coupled with every starter in the second race. Had the No. 9 horse (Stahlstown) won it, instead of finishing twelfth, Bernhardt would have collected $10,605. He used to be a jockey, by the way, and rode the Belair Stud's Hyphasis to victory in the Toboggan Handicap in 1951. That one paid $99.

If Cyrano had won the Fall Highweight Handicap, on opening day, it would have been an achievement. Earlier in the season, as you probably remember, he won the Metropolitan, at a mile, and the Brooklyn, at a mile and a quarter, and it was thought that since he is such a speedy fellow, a six-furlong sprint wouldn't be too large an order. It was. No doubt the 140 pounds he carried slowed him up, for he was never prominent in the running, and wound up sixth. Accordant, who has been going well in Jersey, wore down Kisco Kid, the early pacemaker, and went on to win from For the Road. Merry Ruler was third. I thought Accordant was very nicely handled by Paul Kallai, who was the leading rider in Hungary and Austria during the nineteen-fifties, and who showed the other boys in the Fall Highweight a

Take a real vacation...

a Holland-America Resort Cruise to the West Indies

You'll enjoy gourmet meals, Continental service and *dozens* of festive activities—because a Holland-America Happy Ship is truly a complete vacation resort

PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINMENT ■ DANCES ■ PARTIES ■ SWIMMING POOLS ■ DECK GAMES ■ FIRST RUN MOVIES ■ DECK CHAIR SNOOZING ■ LIDO DECK LUNCHES ■ MIDNIGHT BUFFETS ■ LIMITED CRUISE MEMBERSHIP ■ AND MUCH, MUCH MORE ■ SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR USE THE COUPON—NOW!

COMPLETE
1963-64
CRUISE
PROGRAM
FROM
NEW YORK CITY

SEP. 20	**STATENDAM**	**7½ DAYS**	**FROM $195**	To Bermuda, Nassau
SEP. 30	**STATENDAM**	**12 DAYS**	**FROM $330**	To San Juan, St. Thomas, Montego Bay, Nassau
OCT. 4	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**5½ DAYS**	**FROM $165**	To Bermuda
OCT. 11	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**9½ DAYS**	**FROM $270**	To Bermuda, Montego Bay, Nassau
OCT. 23	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**12 DAYS**	**FROM $335**	To St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curacao, Nassau
NOV. 6	**STATENDAM**	**12 DAYS**	**FROM $330**	To San Juan, Curacao, Montego Bay, Nassau
NOV. 20	**STATENDAM**	**14 DAYS**	**FROM $380**	To St. Thomas, Curacao, Cristobal, Kingston, Nassau
DEC. 6	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**12½ DAYS**	**FROM $355**	To Nassau, Montego Bay, Curacao, St. Thomas
DEC. 20	**ROTTERDAM**	**15 DAYS**	**FROM $495**	To St. Thomas, Trinidad, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Montego Bay, Nassau
DEC. 21	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**12 DAYS**	**FROM $385**	To Nassau, Curacao, Martinique, St. Thomas
DEC. 23	**MAASDAM**	**11 DAYS**	**FROM $280**	To St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau
JAN. 3	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**11½ DAYS**	**FROM $325**	To Nassau, Curacao, St. Thomas
JAN. 6	**ROTTERDAM**	**15 DAYS**	**FROM $465**	To San Juan, St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, Curacao, Montego Bay, Nassau
JAN. 17	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**14 DAYS**	**FROM $420**	To St. Thomas, Trinidad, Curacao, Montego Bay, Nassau
JAN. 24*	**STATENDAM**	**14 DAYS**	**FROM $410**	To Kingston, Cristobal, San Blas, Cartagena, Curacao, Nassau
FEB. 3	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**15 DAYS**	**FROM $475**	To Curacao, La Guaira, Trinidad, Grenada, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, Nassau
FEB. 11	**STATENDAM**	**14½ DAYS**	**FROM $435**	To San Juan, St Thomas, St. Maarten, Aruba, Montego Bay, Nassau
FEB. 20	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**14 DAYS**	**FROM $450**	To St. Thomas, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Nassau
FEB. 28	**STATENDAM**	**12 DAYS**	**FROM $360**	To San Juan, St. Thomas, Montego Bay, Nassau
MAR. 7	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**11 DAYS**	**FROM $325**	To Curacao, St. Thomas, Bermuda
MAR. 13	**STATENDAM**	**9½ DAYS**	**FROM $275**	To San Juan, St. Thomas, Bermuda
MAR. 20	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**13½ DAYS**	**FROM $395**	To St. Thomas, Curacao, Barbados, Martinique, Bermuda
MAR. 26	**STATENDAM**	**12 DAYS**	**FROM $350**	To Nassau, San Juan, St. Thomas, Bermuda
APR. 6	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**9 DAYS**	**FROM $260**	To Bermuda, St. Thomas, Nassau
APR. 16	**NIEUW AMSTERDAM**	**5½ DAYS**	**FROM $165**	To Bermuda
MAY 27	**MAASDAM**	**10 DAYS**	**FROM $195**	To Bermuda, St. Thomas, San Juan

*From Norfolk January 25 . . . From $385.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP

Holland-America Line

609 Fifth Ave. (cor. 49th St.),
New York, N. Y. 10017 Tel.: 620-5211

Please send me your colorful literature describing your Happy Ship Resort Cruises to the West Indies.

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
TRAVEL AGENT____________________

25W9

GORDON-FORD

THE FIELD TRIAL JACKET

. . . Imported water-repellent cotton suede—supple as chamois, rugged as leather. Bold, warm tartan lining; snug throat latch. Generously sized. Putty, Bronze, Loden. About $45 at:

Lord & Taylor (Alumni Shop), N.Y.
Jordan Marsh, Boston
Morville Clothes, Philadelphia
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
Baskin Clothing Co., Chicago
Silverwoods, Los Angeles

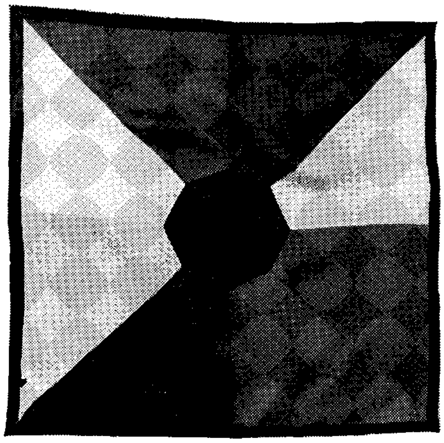
GORDON-FORD, 350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1

new wrinkle in how to handle weight. Because he weighed only 109 pounds and Accordant was booked to carry 124, Kallai made up the difference by wearing a leather belt, something like a money belt, filled with sand. He said that carrying it that way was easier on a horse than fifteen pounds of lead pads under the saddle. Apparently it was.

Your correspondent is no Aqueduct aficionado, but he must say that the place looks spick-and-span, and that the landscaping is especially attractive. And if you've wondered who that horse is whose picture is on the front of the program, it's Audience, a seven-year-old son of Native Dancer. He's won so many races this season that the Big A boys think he rates it; the last I heard, it was six straight.

SARATOGA ended an eminently prosperous session with the Hopeful Stakes, the result of which added another to the list of jolts the wiseacres absorbed at the meeting. Only seven runners went to the post, and Traffic, one of the lightly regarded contestants, won by a length after a stern chase from Amastar, the odds-on favorite. Count Bud finished third after racing with Amastar from the start until well into the stretch. Traffic, whose pappy is either Tomy Lee or Traffic Judge (the breeders don't know, but I think he resembles Traffic Judge more than he does Tomy Lee), had finished first only once in nine starts prior to the Hopeful, but he'd been going well in the earlier stakes for two-year-olds at the Spa. He was fifth in the Flash, second in the Sanford, and third—beaten a head and a length for first money—in the Special. On the other hand, Amastar had won all of his five starts, in the Middle West. Maybe there's a hex on the number five, because Big Pete rang up that many firsts before he ran second to Mr. Brick in the Sapling at Monmouth last month. There may be another reason, too, for Amastar's defeat in the Hopeful; it seems he was in such high dudgeon before the race that it was twenty minutes before his trainer and several grooms could get a saddle on him, and the tantrum undoubtedly took a lot out of him. Duel, winner of the Saratoga Special, also was unlucky in the Hopeful; he stumbled coming out of the starting gate, and the jarring his front legs took did them no good whatever.

To pick up some other loose ends, the Hopeful wasn't as rough-and-tumble an affair as the Spinaway, earlier in


© color guard®

MEN'S SILK HANDKERCHIEF

by Ashear

The one handkerchief with 9 lively wardrobe-coordinating colors. Black, Red, Navy, Lt. Blue, Olive, Charcoal, Lt. Grey, Brown, Gold. Pure Italian silk. Hand rolled. At fine stores everywhere. $3.50

ASHEAR BROS., INC., 8 W. 37th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

English Leather®

English Leather
MEM COMPANY INC.

after shave . . .
after shower . . .
after hours . . . the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax

MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

the week. In that one, Crown Silver, the favorite, who finished second to Petite Rouge, swerved, and bothered so many of the other fillies in the run through the stretch that she was disqualified and placed last. The only unseemly happening in the revival of the Saratoga Cup was that it was won by a jumper. Will I Rule, a three-year-old, who less than a fortnight before had won the Promise Hurdle Handicap by eight lengths in fast time, got up in the last few strides to win by a neck from Quick Pitch, the favorite. (Saratoga has never been a meeting for favorites.) The time of 2:39⅘ for the mile and five furlongs over the turf course cut a fifth of a second from the American record for the distance, set by T.V. Lark at Aqueduct three years ago. Will I Rule carried 107 pounds, the lightest weight of the nine starters. But it's by no means the first time a jumper has won a stake race on the flat. Thirty years ago, there was one named Azucar, who, if memory serves, won the Charles L. Appleton Steeplechase at Belmont Park the same afternoon that Equipoise won the Metropolitan. Two years later, in the first Santa Anita Handicap, Azucar beat nineteen of the top horses in training.

As for Carry Back, I'm pleased to report that, from all accounts, the injury to his left foreleg isn't as serious as it was reported to be when he was withdrawn from the Washington Park Handicap, won by Crimson Satan at Arlington Park, in Chicago, a fortnight ago. In fact, it is said that he may remain in training and have another go at the high dollar before the season ends. For my part, I hope not. He's been such a gallant runner that I'd hate to see him finishing down the course. They seldom come back.

PROGRESS REPORT: Wreckers are taking down the grandstand at Belmont Park. At the careful rate they're going, the snow will be flying before they finish the job. —AUDAX MINOR

•

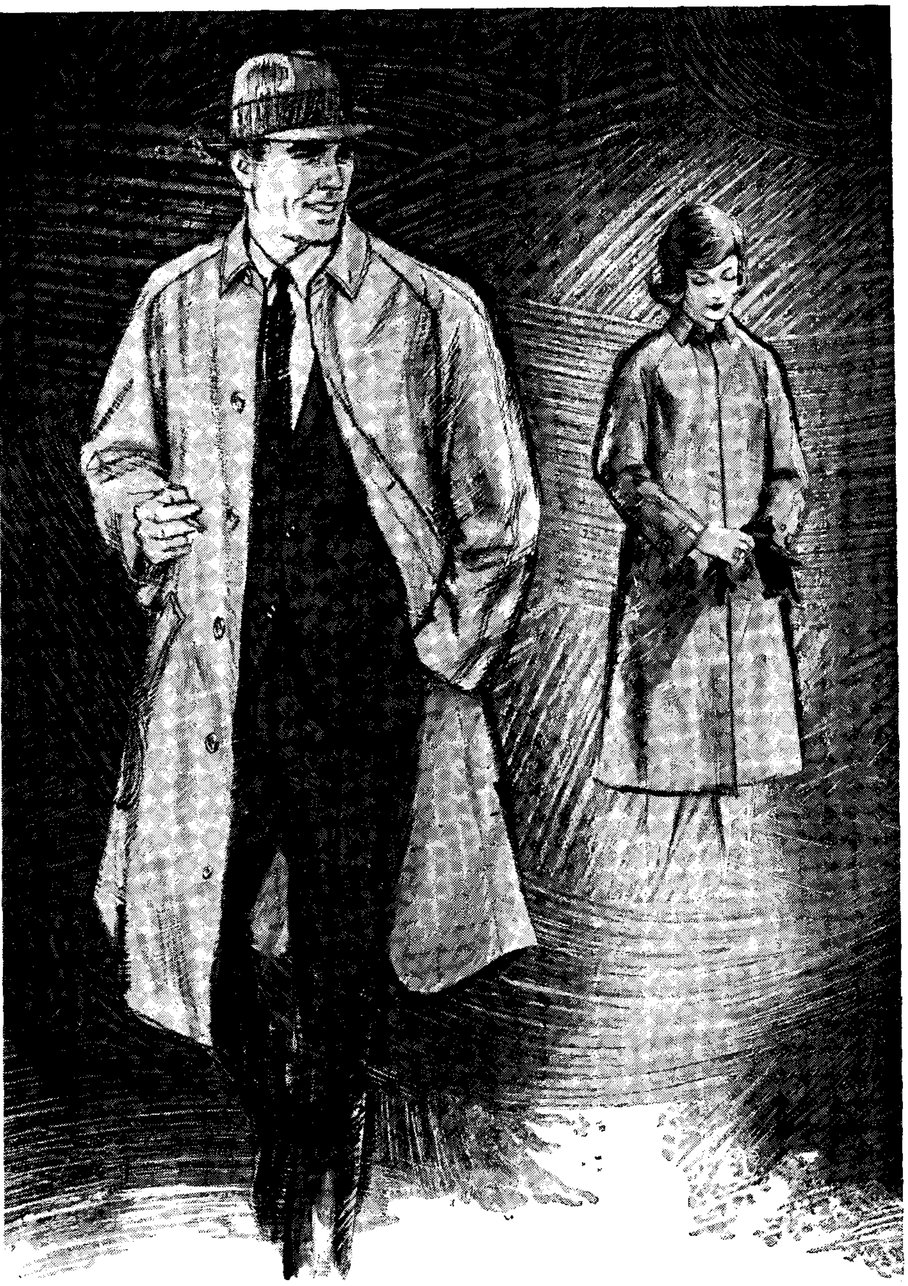
VICTORVILLE, CALIF. (AP)—Lost: One, very amiable and people-loving" boa constrictor.

Its master, Mike Howard, 14, said Wednesday the reptile has a "wonderful personality."

t "Please don't hurthim. He won't hurt you just because he's nounce himself as a candidate for the preridency within the next five months.

—*Saranac Lake (N.Y.) Adirondack Daily Enterprise.*

He won't pull many votes if he's lost.



MACINTOSH®

Made in England

You *can't* do anything about the weather but you *can* always take your Macintosh with you. Your IMPERVION® readily assumes its dual role as an attractive showerproof raincoat or smartly styled topper to ward off cool evening breezes. IMPERVION can be washed or dry cleaned—and never needs reproofing. Resists stain. Dover Sand, Fawn, Navy, Olive or Black for men. Attractive Mist White or Regency Blue for women. $49.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Albany, N.Y.........W. E. Walsh
Atlanta, Ga...........John Jarrell
Baltimore, Md...Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Birmingham, Ala........Richard's
Boston, Mass....Arthur L. Johnson
Boston, Mass........R. H. Stearns
Denver, Colo.........Gano Downs
Detroit, Mich....Capper & Capper
Greensboro, N.C....Younts DeBoe
Hartford, Conn.......Henry Miller
Kansas City, Mo.......Jack Henry
Little Rock, Ark.........Bauman's
Los Angeles, Calif. Boshard Doughty
Madison, Wis....MacNeil & Moore
Milwaukee, Wis..MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.....Nicolas Inc.
Morristown, N.J....Anson Newton
Norfolk, Va........Fishback & Lea
Philadelphia, Pa..Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh, Pa..........Larrimor's
Princeton, N. J.........Langrock's
St. Louis, Mo...........Post Horn
San Francisco....Robert Kirk Ltd.
Seattle, Wash..........Littler Inc.
Washington,D.C..Lewis&Thos.Saltz
Waterville, Maine.......Dunham's

For other stores, write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico's all-out crusade against disease and poverty has given these children a life expectancy of 70 years.

(Twenty years ago, they would have been lucky to reach 50)

THE Commonwealth of Puerto Rico is one of the world's healthiest places to live. No other people in the western hemisphere have a longer life expectancy.

Yet, little more than a generation ago, Puerto Rico was called a "stricken land." The average Puerto Rican existed on 31 cents a day. One out of three lived in a slum. Diarrhea snuffed out more lives every year than heart disease and cancer *combined.*

About 1940, astonishing thing began to happen. The people o Puerto Rico launched "Operatio

Frisky Puerto Rican children frolic on a beach near San Juan after school. Photograph by Mike Alexis.

Bootstrap," an all-out crusade against poverty, *the real cause of the diseases that plagued them.*

They tore down slums. Cleared away dumps. And started community improvement projects by the dozen.

Government's role

To create jobs and generate income, the Government of Puerto Rico began to offer manufacturers special incentives to open plants there.

Today, you see the results of this massive self-help program everywhere. Nearly 1000 factories are humming away—providing jobs for 120,000 people. New plants are opening at the rate of 3 a week.

How are the people using their prosperity? Drive along the Commonwealth's 3,000 miles of paved roads and you'll see rows of neat new homes. Busy shopping centers. Inviting parks and playgrounds.

Cultural renaissance

You'll notice something else, too. Structures that feed the spirit. Schools. Theatres. Concert halls.

And, out of "Operation Bootstrap" has come the most gratifying result of all. *Poverty-bred diseases no longer exist.* A child born today in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, can look forward to 70 productive years.

Chances are your plant can prosper in this atmosphere, too.

This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 102C, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

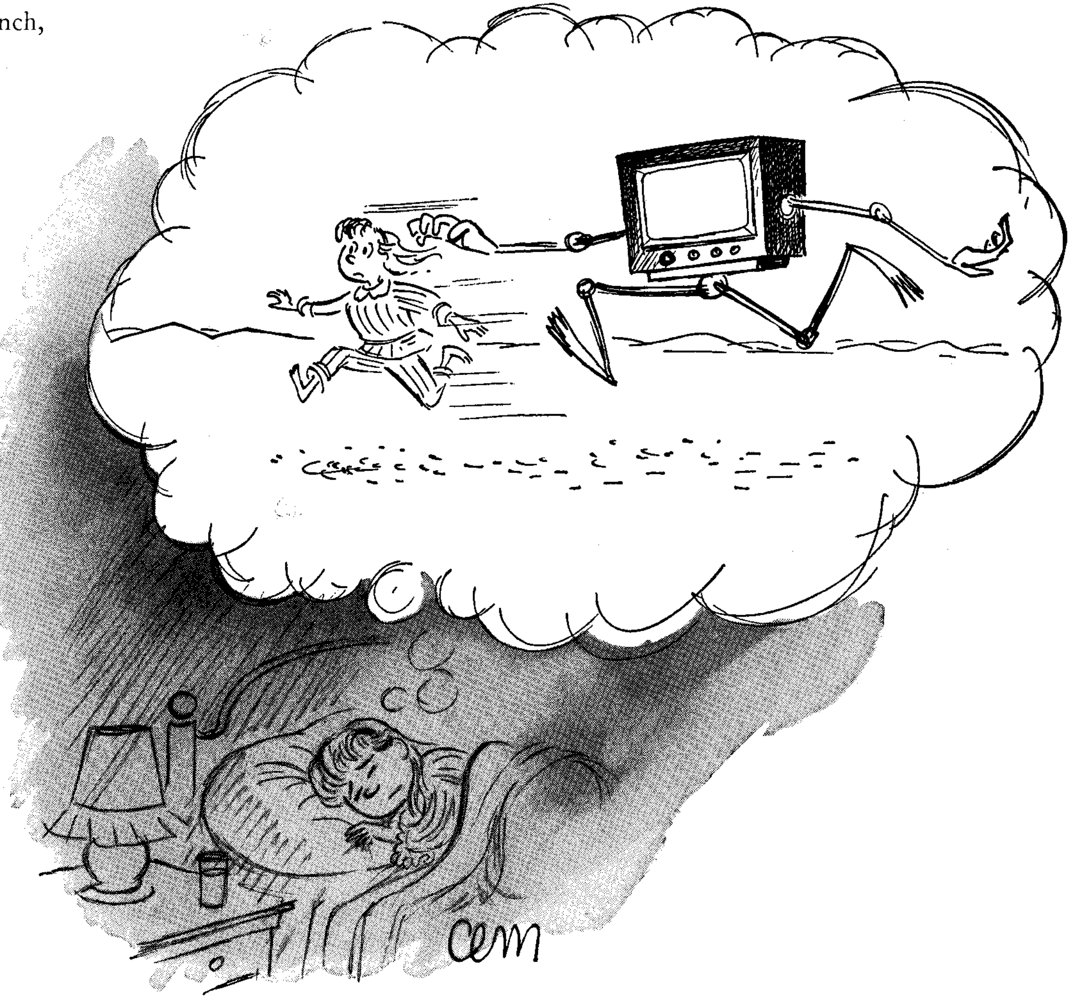
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WINTER is icumen in, and loud sing our press agents—the press agents of a deluge that is to swallow us all, if they have anything to say about it, and they have plenty. A good place to escape the deluge is London, in the peace and calm, say, of Berkeley Square, where only nightingales sing, never press agents, or the establishments of the British couturiers, where the sole sound is of polite laughter, once again at us American colonials. The laughter is being brought about by the discovery of these press agents—even most of our fashion journals are involved in this particular discovery—that real, thick, deep-country tweeds are just the thing for the city streets. The tweeds are only part of the deluge. With the tweeds are to go mammoth crochetings, and turtleneck sweaters, and lots more hand-knit detail, and all of it is, we are informed, to be worn to lunch at places like Voisin. Cable-knit knee-length socks, and heavily patterned tights, and boots that are knee-high are to tag along to lunch, too (you aren't supposed to park them in the foyer with the poodle, either), to say nothing of brogues and ghillies. The French apparently are believing all that they read about this; here comes St. Laurent with high, high zippered boots for us (I daren't ask if they have been waterproofed, for trout fishing in the East River) to wear with tight pants and tunics that cup under the buttocks. Saint-Moritz, anyone? Certainly not New York, anyone. It's the Robin Hood look, that's what it is. Those tall boots, I'll agree, are better than spattered nylons on days when our cabdrivers never miss a puddle, but the trim female leg is part of the American Heritage, and it should be sacrificed only when the weather is dire. And only outdoors.

Visiting the best of the English custom houses is a fine antidote, because they have been experts at tweeds for years and know the difference between country living and town living. The Soho idea of burly tweeds, burly gloves, and heavy stockings for lunch at Claridge's leaves them bland and bleak, even though English theatres and English town houses are too underheated to be believed. And we, with our overabundance of steam heat everywhere, are to wear country tweeds indoors! Not for the British, either, is the notion that cut-steel buckles can make brogans of grained brown pigskin urban, or the notion that babushkas are Elegance. Most American women need someone like Halston of Bergdorf Goodman or like Adolfo to shape those scarf headdresses, for few American women can manage even a scarf as well as almost any Frenchwoman does. And not for British town life are those vast fringed stoles in mammoth plaids for the "muffled look," which I think needs a lot more muffling.

There is one good thing, I admit, about the to-do that has created the Robin Hood sort of fashions, and that is that it's part of the answer to the female demand for ease of movement and comfort. Therefore, the shift dress; therefore, the wool and matte jerseys that cling to and move with the body; therefore, overblouse tops that don't pull out and so don't have to be tucked in. Nothing was ever less appealing than the way women were perpetually tugging at tightly fitted, unyielding costumes when they stood up. But, as I was saying, there are limits—off-campus limits. The College Shops can't run the whole world. Still, anything that contributes life and color and *joie de vivre* can't be all bad. It's actually necessary, in fact, that some gimcrackery show up whenever high fashion is in a lull, as it is now. There are idea people in London—Mary Quant, for one—who are adding to our slender store of enjoyment, just as there are places here like Jax Beverly Hills, like Jam Today (which has stuff by Gussie & Becky, utilizing cotton bedspread materials and the kind of Spanish shawls women used to drape over pianos), like Lilly Pulitzer of Palm Beach (with her up-to-date muu-muus, which even matrons are fond of). And there are, from everywhere, millions of little-girl printed-cotton nighties (well, they look like



NOW BATHE IN CHANEL Nº 5

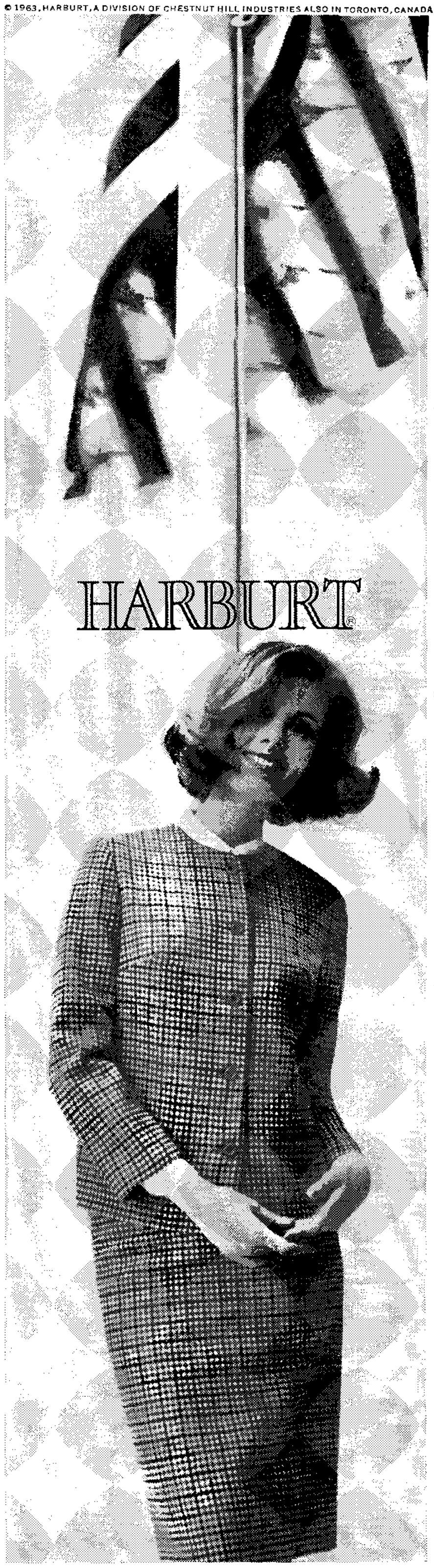
OIL
FOR THE BATH
Nº5
CHANEL

NEW OIL FOR THE BATH AWAKENS THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF YOUR SKIN...GIVES IT A FRESH NEW LOOK!

CHANEL

OIL FOR THE BATH 3 OZ. 5.00. EAU DE COLOGNE FROM 3.50. BATH POWDER 5.00. SOAP 4.50 © 1963 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

© 1963, HARBURT, A DIVISION OF CHESTNUT HILL INDUSTRIES ALSO IN TORONTO, CANADA



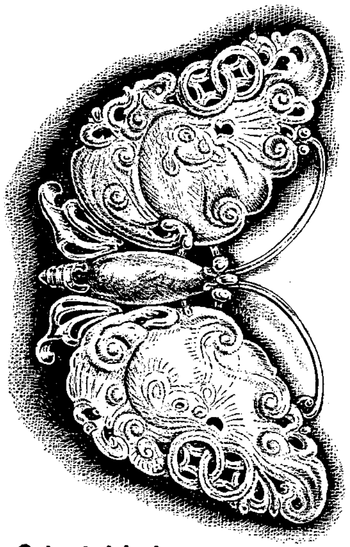
WHEN so much devotion is felt for certain clothes, there's a reason. These American classics are so true to themselves that not one seam, button or dart should ever be anything but what it is. Wool suit with contrasting piping on jacket. Brown, green or russet. Sizes 8 to 18. About $36. At B. Altman & Co., New York and branches, or write, Harburt, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18.

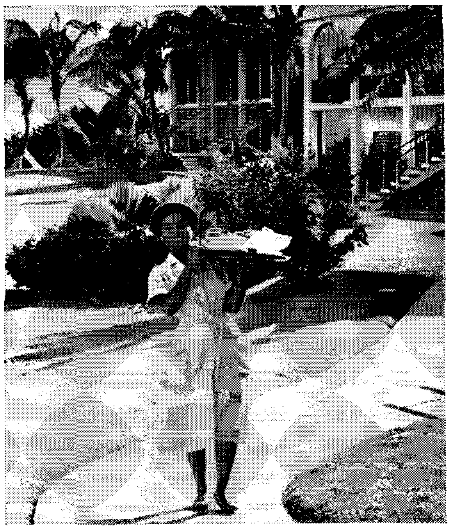
nighties) to be worn in public, though not by anyone chary of the public eye.

There is—in complete contrast—nothing beatnik or county in the clothes I've seen lately in the London establishments. The English still have a long way to go in doing cocktail and theatre dresses, but the tweed dresses I saw were Something, particularly at Michael, in Carlos Place. Such as long, easily curving jackets, some blown out a bit in back but fitted in front, with the models finished off by black kid gloves and high heels, thank the Lord. I liked his tweed in a small tobacco-and-black check with the narrow skirt (most of the skirts are narrow) buttoned down one hip and his typical long overblouse, which has a brown-and-tobacco chou at the throat. A jade tweed of his is all curved seaming down the front; two navy buttons match the long navy overblouse. As do other London couturiers, Michael admires suits with wide lapels, abruptly turned up in back; one, of tweed in a bright green, has stencilled zebra patterns on the white cony of the overblouse, and the cowl front of the overblouse juts violently forward. The neck of another, in tan herringbone tweed, is filled in with a twisted white mink ascot, and a white mink turban sits down on the ears.

Which just goes to show that while we are (Help! Help!) discovering country tweeds for town, the English are softening up town tweeds with furs and not with the eccentric, parka type of furs. Sometimes this practice is to my dismay, but more often it is to my delight. In the dismay sector are the innumerable suits that have little turnover collars and are fastened trimly down the front with buttons. This is early College Shop, back in the twenties. The fact that the collars are often of seal or another fur doesn't eliminate my block about them, even when the suits are made by such skilled hands as Cavanagh and Hartnell. In the delight sector is a Hartnell—and I've never seen a better-looking costume—of hand-woven English tweed in vanilla ice cream. The long coat is reversible (the lining is brown-and-white Zorino, which is South American skunk, with stripes thinner than the ones we're used to), and the sleeveless dress has a belt of brown suède in back between the two buttons that flank the low waist. And there's a Hartnell cocktail dress (one, anyway) that anyone would accept—a débutante sort of short affair, of black velvet, with a bateau neck and an easy, circular skirt. Fur is present, all right—white mink, worked around

B Altman & Co


Oriental jade . . . carved and set in 14 karat gold, just one of the exquisite pins in our great jade collection. Altman fine jewelry, main floor, Fifth Avenue and a selection at our suburban stores. **110.00**
Others from **85.00** to **175.00**
prices plus 10% Federal tax


Indolence (STARTS WITH BREAKFAST AT ESTATE GOOD HOPE)

In the peace and privacy of your balcony, start a leisurely day at Estate Good Hope. This tiny, luxurious resort (a mere 22 rooms) is dedicated to relaxation. Swimming from one of the Caribbean's most beautiful beaches, leisurely sightseeing, free port shopping, and dining on exquisite island dishes . . . all can be part of *your* life this summer. Special rates now to Dec. 20. From $17.50 per person, double, including meals.

See travel agent or
N. Y. — CI 6-6820
Chicago — 922-4139
Dallas — RI 7-0932
Boston — 423-4888
Wash. — 347-4951

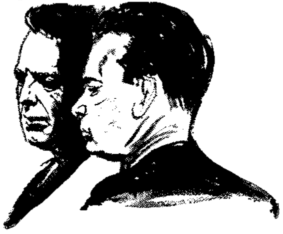
ESTATE
Good Hope
ST. CROIX
U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

A Gift of Time

There are more than a few dumb-bunnies around who think that doubling the length of a nightly television newscast is a matter of simple multiplication. (This is known as the rabbit complex). Happily for all, there are no such harebrains connected with NBC-TV's new "Huntley-Brinkley Report," which becomes a half-hour program on Monday evening, September 9.

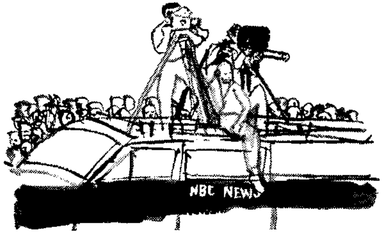
Broader and Deeper

The show's personnel can hardly wait for opening night, but all are quite aware that the obligation to use the added air-time wisely is an imposing one. Just as imposing, of course, is the track record of the new program's executive producer, Reuven Frank.



Frank's myriad producing credits for NBC-TV News include such items as "The Tunnel;" coverage of the 1956 and 1960 national conventions; and six seasons of the 15-minute-nightly "Huntley-Brinkley Report" (by far the most successful of all such programs on network television).

The doubled air-time will permit a broader, deeper treatment of the news than ever before. Now, in addition to reporting the day's top happenings, the program can analyze the background and significance of those happenings. On most evenings Frank expects to show two specially-prepared films (with a total running time of no more than 12 minutes). "These," he cautions, "won't be 'features.' That's a word that implies nostalgic trifles, twins' conventions and contrived humor. We will be a *news* program for 30 minutes."



Helping Frank in this aim will be a crew of 45, with five fully-staffed field production units based in Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, London and Tokyo. These, in turn, are backed up by 800 NBC News people all over the world.

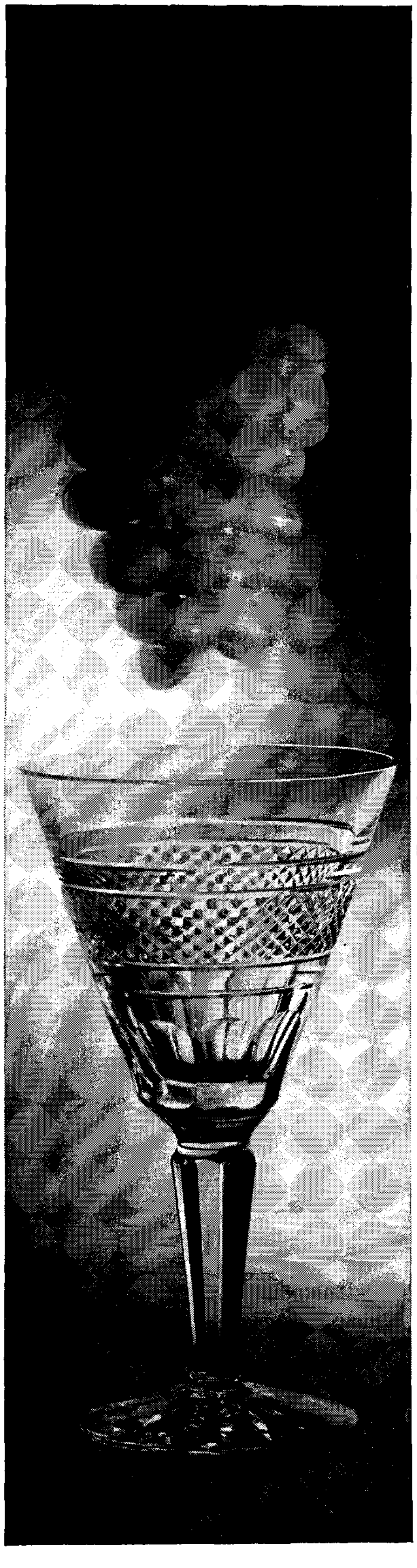
Chief correspondents on the forthcoming "Huntley-Brinkley Report"—and, remember, you heard it here—will be a couple of fellows named Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. On the expanded program, their celebrated "good-nights" will take no longer to say than usual, but before that point each evening, David and Chet will have had the "extra" time they've so long coveted.

Both men are highly respected journalists. Chet's studious view of world affairs is complemented neatly by the frequently wry approach of Brinkley, who once suggested that the fuss over changing the name of Boulder Dam to Hoover Dam could be quickly settled "if Herbert Hoover would only change his name to Herbert Boulder."

Our Home Planet

Expansion of the "Huntley-Brinkley Report" is but another development in NBC-TV's continued leadership in the news and informational sphere. Over the past five years, we've stepped up this type of programming by more than 70 per cent. On a planet as newsworthy as this one, it seems to us no other course has been possible. As for the few who would protest that "the world is too much with us," we respectfully offer this reminder: it's the only world in town.

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.



WINES & WATERFORD

What is it about Waterford that makes wines taste better? Is it the feel of the glass to the hand, the beauty of it to the eye, the sound of it to the ear, the touch of it to the lips? Yes. Drink of its beauty. Every piece is hand-blown, hand-cut and handmade in Waterford, Ireland. (Shown here, the Rossmore claret, $6.) At the best stores. Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

and around, beginning under the shoulder tips of the dress and expanding into below-the-elbows sleeves.

Fur is everywhere at Hardy Amies, too. All his tweed suits (mainly with easily curving long jackets and high, wide lapels) are accompanied by berets or turbans of the stuff. One suit in bright blue, with an outward apron fold in front to give it a slight A line, has white mink lapels and a white mink hat. Amies uses sequins and beading and hand crochets in conjunction with city tweeds, and when *he* uses them they look all right. The overblouse and lapels of a suit in blue and tobacco half-inch checks are paved with blue sequins and clusters of small tan wooden beads. An orange tweed costume involves—first of all—a dress with an upward-curving welt that makes the waistline high in front; the broad-backed coat has elbow-length sleeves of bright-red (mind you, the costume is *orange*) looped yarn garnished with bright-red wooden beads. For the theatre, more tweed and beading make a costume with beads in miniature anemone designs on the top of the sleeveless dress and the lapels of the coat. But what we always think of as London is embodied (though it's been given an updated zip) in a non-fur, non-beaded outfit in an exaggerated Prince-de-Galles black-and-white plaid. The skirt is narrow in back, and there are pockets behind the side-pleated apron in front; the jacket is chubby.

What stirred me at Cavanagh was the multitude of simple dresses of black wool crêpe with flamboyant wool or tweed coats over them. One coat, of a mohair tweed in a savage black-and-white plaid, has a diagonally worked back with a real swing to it. A black worsted dress is topped by a full-length cape, of an equally barbaric red-and-black plaid mohair, that is given a really oval shape by deep pleats in back of the shoulders. When I think now of all the years we sniffed at the British because of their love of pale pinks and blues and lilacs in wools! And what did we do? Five years ago, we began wearing pale pinks and blues the year around because Balenciaga and Ben Zuckerman told us to. But Cavanagh goes boldly on. Why, he's even got a dress and jacket in bright-red tweed, plus a loose, circular overcoat in a very bright pink that is perilously close to the red.

There are English people who tell me that, just the same, British tweeds are rather too conventional for the custom trade, and they insist that these

This Christmas, our Collector's Item celebrates the timeless spirit of Hojager Windmill. The artist captures the story-book romance of the windmill, beloved in Danish folk tales. The Christmas plate has been produced every year since 1908, in limited editions. Traditional blue and white Royal Copenhagen Porcelain. Pierced for hanging. 7¼" in diameter, $11. Mail orders invited . . . add 75¢ postage.

Write for free 1963
Christmas Gift Portfolio.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK
Scarsdale Millburn Manhasset

". . . félicitations"
GASTON DE LAGRANGE
VSOP
VSOP
COGNAC
Fine Champagne

CELEBRATED AMONG CONNOISSEURS
FOR GENERATIONS

COGNAC GASTON
DE LAGRANGE
84 PROOF

IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. NEW YORK

SWEATERS & SOCKS
MADE IN ENGLAND

Byford

NEW YORK 350 FIFTH AVENUE **LONDON** 18, BOLTON STREET, W. 1

SHERBROOKE
designs this coat,
for an all-weather life
in Crompton Wide Wale Corduroy
with Everglaze Minicare® performance.
Laminated with Scott Apparel Foam.®
Antelope, olive, cranberry.
Sizes 8-18. About $40.
At Bonwit Teller, NY & Branches
H. S. Pogue, Cincinnati
Bon Marche, Seattle
Dayton Co., Minneapolis
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY18
Crompton Corduroy

MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA

women want more excitement at those (i.e., custom) prices. So the designers, this story continues, go to France (as Michael is likely to do) or Italy for something special. My impression, though, is that whenever I saw in London a tweed that knocked my eye out, it mostly turned out that it came from Bernat Klein, in Scotland. Cavanagh and Amies buy wools from him, I hear, and even Chanel, way over the Channel in Paris.

Sybil Connolly, of Dublin, goes serenely on with the suits and coats of smooth-finished Irish tweed that were curvy long before Givenchy suddenly rediscovered the tailored princesse line this season. Unlike the English, however, she has a real knack for dreamy evening things that are not saccharine—finely shirred Irish linen (almost as thin as batiste) worked in infinitesimal tucks to make simple, short, fitted dance dresses; white Irish hand-crocheted lace mounted on white taffeta to make neatly shaped, slightly flared dresses; a silk-and-wool moire (eighty per cent silk), which she uses for long, graceful formal dresses. Being Irish, she may be overimaginative, but she swears this moire derives from a process invented in the fifteenth century. All I know is that the fabric is just plain gorgeous. She and other Irish talents will be represented here early in October, when Lord & Taylor goes all out for Ireland.

And now, if you don't mind, I intend to spend my country winter in the familiar pilfered fliers' flight jacket, plus pants, plus brogues or boots. But I also intend to step into heated taxis in New York wearing a thin wool Trigère dress with a tweed coat, the latter of which I shall doff the instant I have darted across the sidewalk into an overheated shop, restaurant, or apartment.
—Lois Long

•

Neenah, Wis., Aug. 18—(UPI)—A 27-year-old boy realized a fisherman's dream the other day. He caught a fish as tall as himself—a 40-inch Muskie weighing 13 pounds.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

In three years, he'll be in the prime of life.

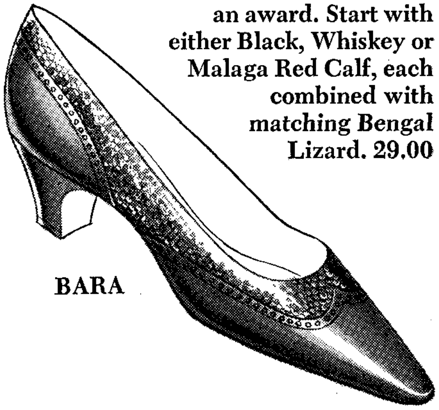
•

The banks characterized stockholder information as "red tape" and "unnecessary paper work." Too much knowledge for stockholders might lead to public criticism and irreverent discussion of management policies, they said.—*The Times.*

And blaspheming.

Bally
of Switzerland
SHOE SALON

Why taxi when you can go
in high style and ease in
this town trotteur? Its
low, set-back heel earns
an award. Start with
either Black, Whiskey or
Malaga Red Calf, each
combined with
matching Bengal
Lizard. 29.00

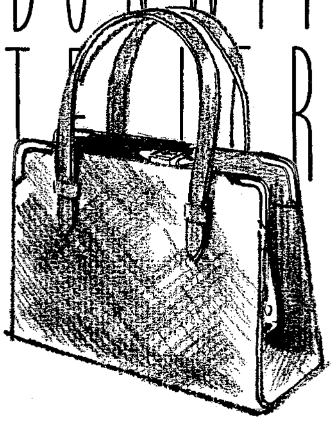


BARA

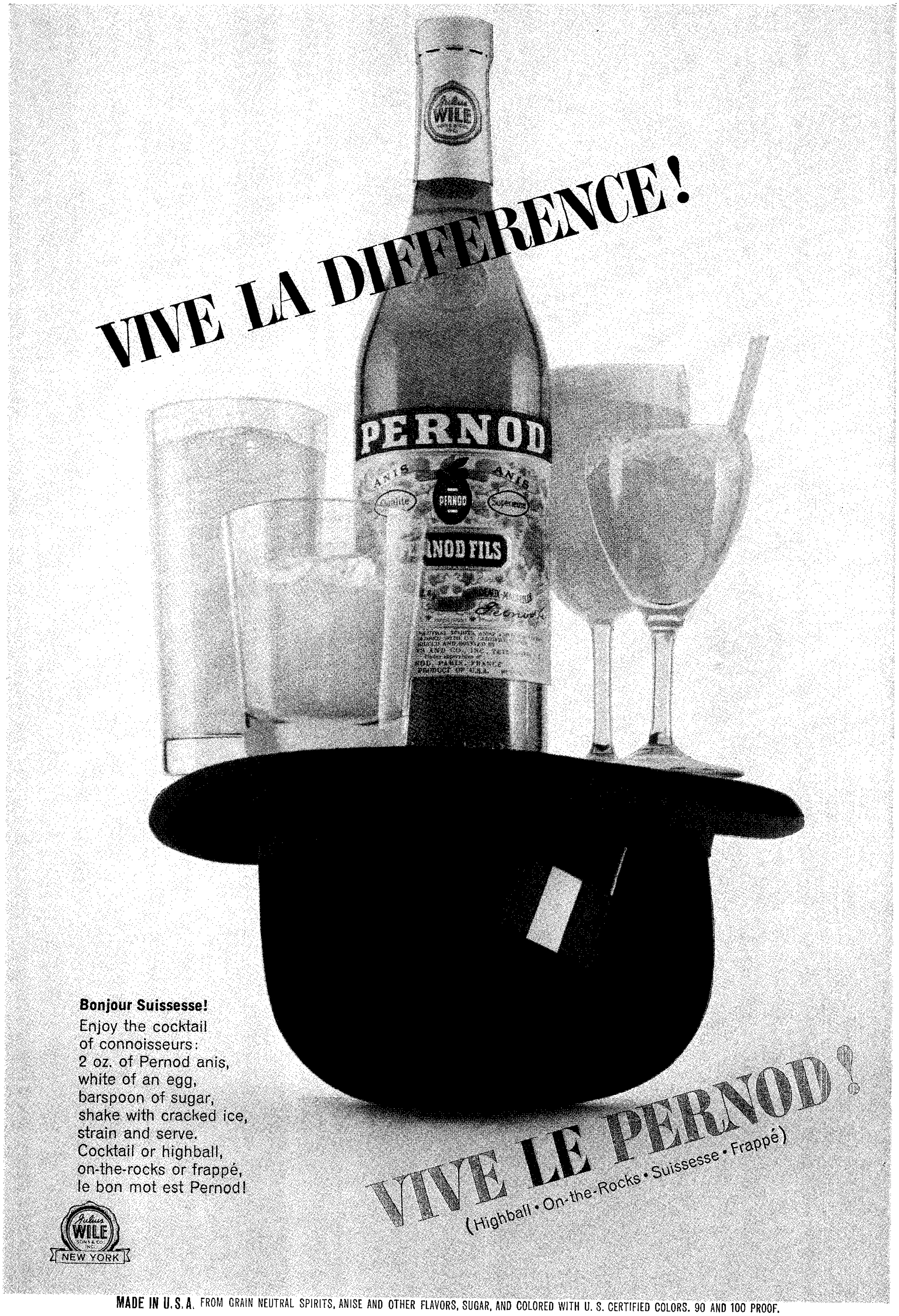
Bally
673 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.
At 61st Street

Mail orders, add 50¢ for P.P. & Ins. Sorry, no C.O.D.

BONWIT TELLER



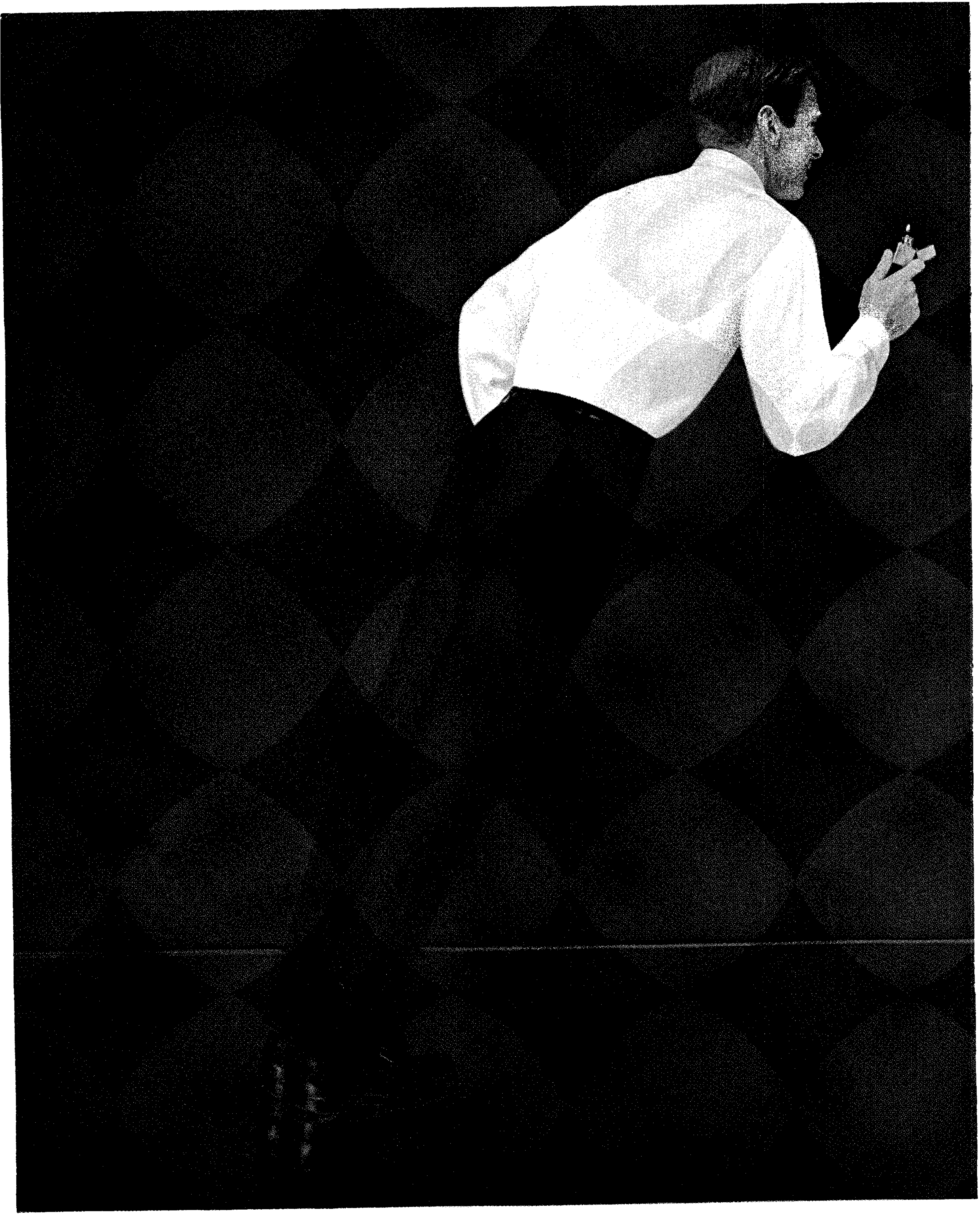
Frame Up
Bonwit's handbag classic
by Coblentz, handsomely
cornered by gold-hued
metal frames. In black saffian goatskin; also black,
brown or navy calf. 43.00
plus fed. tax Mail and
phone orders filled.
Handbags
BONWIT TELLER
All Stores

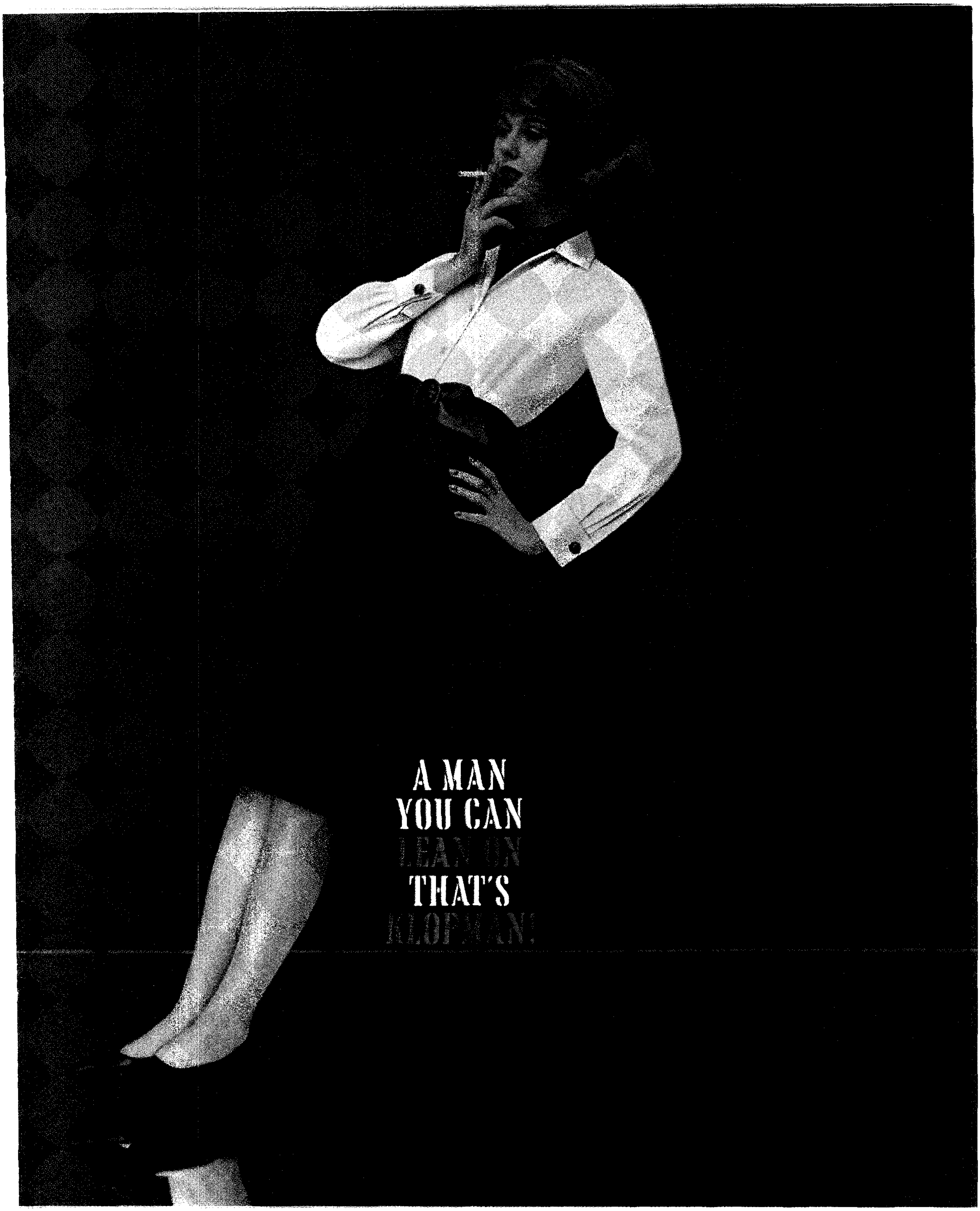

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!
WILE
PERNOD
ANIS
ANIS
Qualité
Supérieure
PERNOD
PERNOD FILS
VIVE LE PERNOD!
(Highball • On-the-Rocks • Suissesse • Frappé)
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Bonjour Suissesse!

Enjoy the cocktail
of connoisseurs:
2 oz. of Pernod anis,
white of an egg,
barspoon of sugar,
shake with cracked ice,
strain and serve.
Cocktail or highball,
on-the-rocks or frappé,
le bon mot est Pernod!

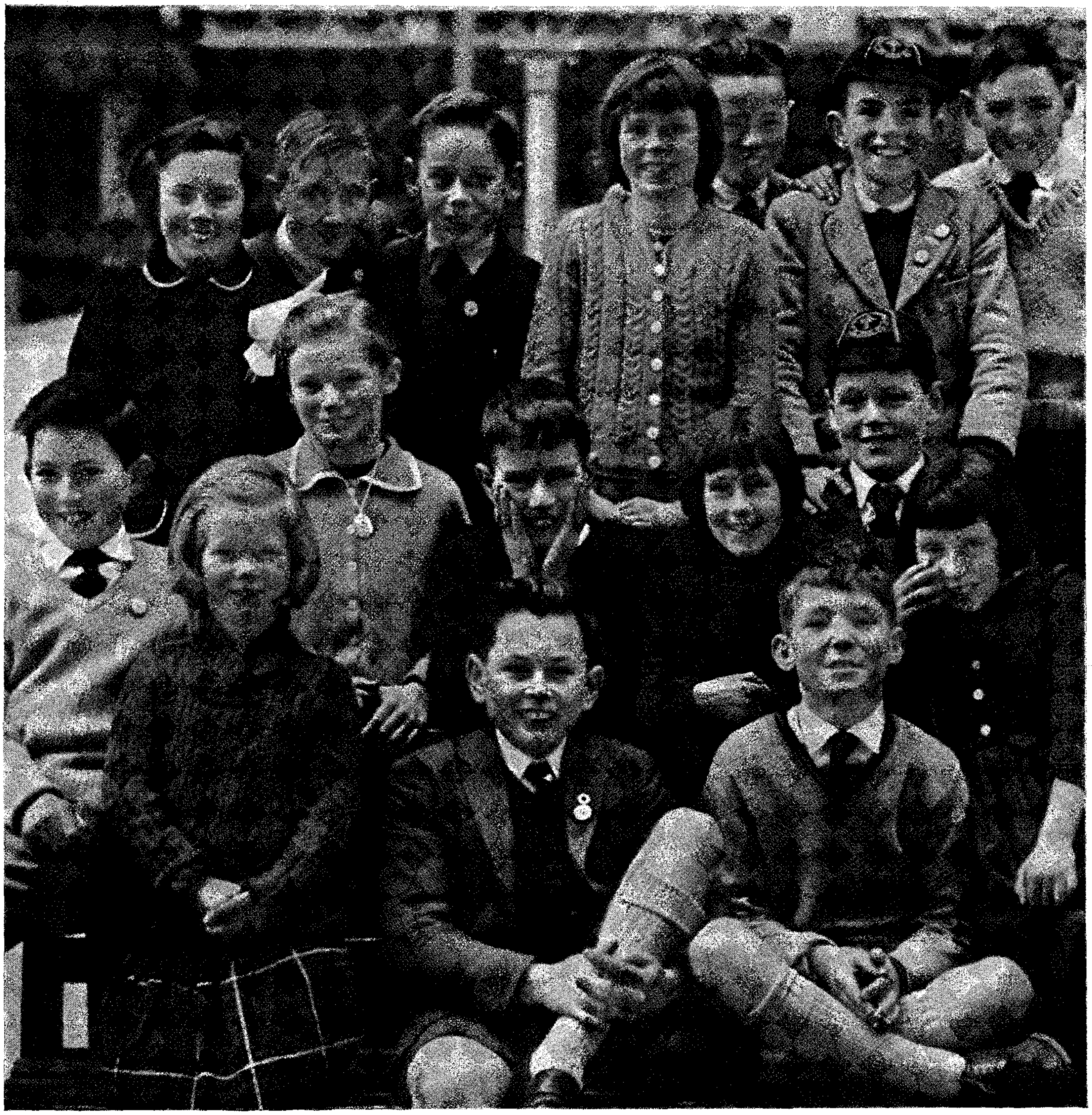
MADE IN U.S.A. FROM GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, ANISE AND OTHER FLAVORS, SUGAR, AND COLORED WITH U. S. CERTIFIED COLORS. 90 AND 100 PROOF.





VAN HEUSEN and **LADY VAN HEUSEN** both choose Klopman 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER and 35% COMBED COTTON broadcloth for these shirts. Now he and she can work through the day, meet at the end of it; their shirts look as fresh as they started out. Virtues Klopman weaves in deliberately. The sort of thing you take for granted. Not us. It's our business. The Van Heusen shirt for men comes in many collar styles. $5.95 White, blue, tan, linen, sky blue, ivory, mint, maize. Wherever fine men's shirts are sold. The Lady Van Heusen French-cuff shirt in sixteen different fashion colors. Sizes 8 to 18, About $6. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, Sakowitz Bros., Houston, Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, Famous Barr, St. Louis. Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc., 450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, New York. A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

*Du Pont *reg. trademark*



Photograph by Marvin Koner

Capture the bright smiles of Ireland

Fly Irish to Europe. Stop over in Ireland for no extra air fare, and save money by choosing our Silver Shamrock economy service instead of paying the first class fare.

Be sure to bring plenty of film when you visit Ireland. There's a picture at every bend in the road. Faces lit with laughter, white cottages and purple heather, nearly 3,000 castles, flower-clad mountains, Bronze Age cairns, 1,000 lakes and rivers set like jewels in the unbelievable green sod. Some things your camera can't record: the exciting little theatres, the joy of catching a 20-pound salmon or golfing on championship courses, the comfortable feeling of knowing you're among friends wherever you go in Ireland.

Come soon. Ask your Travel Agent to book your flight on the Shamrock Jets of Irish International. It's less than six flying hours to Ireland; you'll glow every minute of the way, wrapped in the hospitality of an all-Irish crew. When you're ready to see the rest of Europe, the Irish jetprop fleet will wing you from Dublin to any of 25 cities in Britain and on the Continent.

IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES AER LINGUS

572 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y., PLaza 7-9200
OFFICES ALSO IN BOSTON, CHICAGO, CLEVELAND, DALLAS, DETROIT, LOS ANGELES, PHILADELPHIA, SAN FRANCISCO, TORONTO AND WASHINGTON, D.C.

LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 27

WITH Parliament in recess and the newspapers forced to fill their columns with such riveting items as the damage that this appalling August's storms have done to the harvest, the political lull seems almost eerie after the loud, confused sounds and shocks of the early summer. Politics connected with those events are still looming large in the background, however. The by-election result in Stratford on Avon—the seat left vacant by the departure of Mr. Profumo—had been awaited with especial interest as providing a tolerably fair reckoning of the havoc that the affair might have caused amid the Conservative corn. Though the havoc turned out to be worse than anybody had expected, the reasons given by the winner and the losers for the rather badly trampled scene had nothing to do with the notorious resignation. Most of the journalists who went down to survey the hustings reported that the constituents did not appear to care a rap about the private life of their former Member, who was extremely popular there, and all the candidates announced early, and stuck to it, that they would keep the Profumo affair out of their campaigns and fight simply on the Government record—clearly not a comforting reflection for the Conservatives, as it turned out. Their man, Mr. Angus Maude, retained the seat, but with a majority so savagely cut down from Mr. Profumo's lead of over fourteen thousand in 1959 that only a narrow swath of three thousand-odd votes separated him from the Labour candidate. The astonishing drop, which even the Cassandras of the public-opinion polls did not prophesy correctly, will make this staunch, traditional Tory seat a precariously wobbling marginal one in the general election, and has finished off, in most people's view, any idea that Mr. Macmillan might be contemplating a quick appeal to the country this autumn. If Britain, when it does vote, turns out to be thinking broadly along the lines that Stratford thought the other day, the Labour Party will be sent rejoicing into power with a majority of over three hundred seats in the House of Commons. As Conservatives anxiously discussing the result point out with truth,

[Year Round Blazer]
with "Orlon"

This classic navy blazer, always in good taste, establishes the new fiber blend of 55% "Orlon"* acrylic and 45% wool. The fabric maintains its fresh look and feel. Softly tailored and comfortable enough to wear the year round. Suitable for sport or dress occasions. *price:* $45.00.

*Du Pont's registered trademark.

Available at these fine stores:
DePinna University Shop, New York ■ Sir George Ltd., New York ■ Walker-Florio, New York ■ Ed Miller's Town & Country, Hempstead ■ Root's, Summit ■ English Shop, New Canaan ■ Yale Co-op, New Haven ■ Arthur L. Johnson, Boston ■ Harvey Ltd., Providence & Clayton ■ Lewis & Thomas Saltz, Washington, D. C. ■ Ed Michtom, Charlottesville ■ Raby Jordan Ltd., Lynchburg ■ Rosenblum's, Jacksonville ■ Julian's, Chapel Hill ■ Shillito's New Haven Shop, Cincinnati ■ Captain's Quarters, Rocky River, Ohio ■ Jack Harper, State College ■ Brittany Ltd., Chicago ■ Bermuda Sports Shops, Milwaukee ■ Jack Henry, Kansas City ■ Boyd's, St. Louis ■ Brent's, Amarillo ■ Top Drawer, New Orleans ■ Norton-Ditto Surrey Shop, Houston ■ Frank Bros., San Antonio ■ Rothschield's Varsity Shop, Oklahoma City ■ Orbach's, Tulsa ■ Harold's, Norman & Stillwater ■ Gano-Downs Kent Shop, Denver ■ Lew Ritter, Westwood Village

Linett

OR WRITE: LINETT, 85 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N.Y., ALGONQUIN 5-8230.

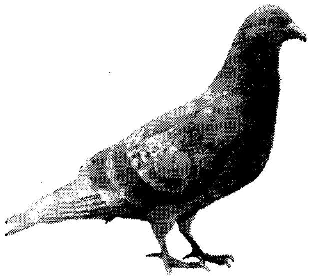
urban or suburban...
swing along with
Serbin

Prima Ballerina Shift... in a print of graceful beauty! Accented with its solid-toned collar, sleeves and sash. So lush in silky-soft Setaron®... 50% silk; 50% polyester. Highly crease-resistant and spot-resistant. Cranberry, blue, green, or gold... Fully lined. Sizes 8-18 .... **$30.**
Slightly higher on west coast.

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

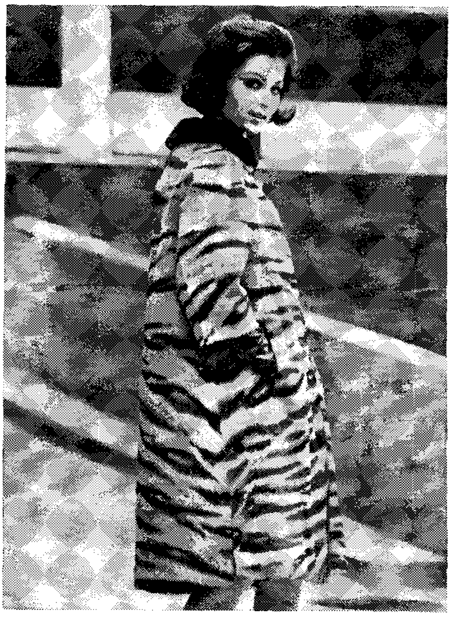
however, their candidate this time had a highly competent young Liberal in the fight to take a slice of the votes (the Liberals had not contested Stratford since 1950), as well as a first-rate Labour opponent, who was an actor known to many for his handsome appearances in the televised serial of "Lorna Doone." Furthermore—though this can hardly be a consoling thought to Tories, either—the constituency has almost imperceptibly been changing its electoral structure year by year, as so many rural areas in Britain are in the process of doing. Young married commuters from Birmingham and Coventry have spread out into the lush Warwickshire countryside, and new housing estates march on the outskirts of the picturesque village huddles of whitewashed walls and thatch that seem to have "Tory Voter" written on them in rambler roses. If the scandal of the summer did not affect the issue, neither did the nuclear-test-ban agreement, which had been expected to raise Conservative morale and prospects. It may be that the hidden damage of the Profumo business was greater than anyone imagined. There are those who think, though, that if it had never happened and Mr. Profumo had retired for less unhappy reasons, the Conservative vote would have recorded much the same dour message of dwindled confidence in the Government that other recent by-elections have returned, though one of the national polls has been persistently showing a rise of public opinion in its favor.

Meanwhile, the strange cast of characters assembled in the Stephen Ward case continues to shed disturbing light on various sections of public life that shaken citizens had previously not questioned. It was disquieting, for instance, to very many people that witnesses at Ward's trial were allowed to contradict their own earlier evidence cheerfully without apparent fear of being nailed forthwith for perjury, alleging that ugly police pressure had made them say what they said in the first place. To judge by the talk still going around, there is much contemptuous feeling over the fact that figures from the underworld but, conspicuously, none from the high-society world that Ward kept on hopefully citing were called into the witness box, making many wonder whether the law does not indeed show different angles of its impartial countenance to the poor and to the powerful. Then the Court of Criminal Appeal, without any explanation, quietly and speedily quashed the prison sentence



if you're a bird that likes to walk... the heart of Manhattan is only steps from the famous hotel ASTOR

Singles from $9, doubles from $14, suites from $25 (dbl.). See your Travel Agent, or write or call The Hotel Astor on Times Square, N.Y. JUdson 6-3000.
ANTHONY M. REY
VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER



Hamlet's ghostly Kronborg Castle still stands in Denmark, only 25 miles out of Copenhagen. But, here in the heart of the city, our royal family of furs will be holding court awaiting your arrival.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
COPENHAGEN'S LEADING FURRIERS SINCE 1869

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Excellence
Grows
With
Experience

Okina (right) and Ko-Omote (left) are two faces you will probably see when you see Noh theater, the classic and dramatic art of Japan. The mask of Ko-Omote is a young girl . . . Okina is an old man's face. Both have centuries of experience on the stage.

And, wherever you go in Japan, you will see Nippon Kangyo Bank and Nippon Express Company. Together they have over a century of experience in making a trip to Japan an excellent trip.

Nippon Kangyo Bank (NKB) is devoted to the art of banking—their executives know that excellence grows with experience. They are scrupulously exact in handling the finances and foreign exchange business of their clients. Nippon Express Company (NEC) are famous experts in all the wonders of travel to and from Japan. They simply know how to make travel more comfortable and enjoyable. Every major city in Japan has representative branches and offices of these esteemed institutions.

NIPPON KANGYO BANK

Nippon Kangyo Bank, the leading commercial bank of Japan, has thorough experience in every aspect of the foreign exchange business. In Japan 128 branches are conveniently located in every major city; overseas, Nippon Kangyo Bank is in active correspondence with more than 1,200 banking houses.

Head Office: Hibiya, Tokyo, Japan
New York Agency: 40 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y., U.S.A.
London Office: 1 Royal Exchange Ave., London, E.C.3, England
Taipei Branch: 35 Po-Ai Road, Taipei, Taiwan

NIPPON EXPRESS CO.

Nippon Express Co. is one of Japan's most active organizations in tourism. NEC has over 360 travel information offices, and about 4,100 branches for overland freight service throughout Japan . . . AND is linked to a world-wide network for international forwarding and travel.

Head Office: Kanda-Hatagocho, Tokyo, Japan
NIPPON EXPRESS U.S.A., INC.: 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y. / 39 Geary Street, San Francisco 8, Calif. / 650 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles 17, Calif.

Donald Davies

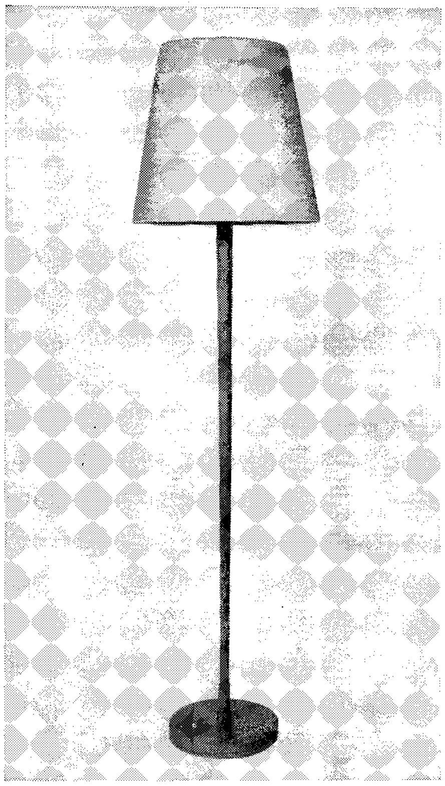
of Dublin creates a new kind of shirtdress for the **Country Clothes Shop** alone—cardigan shift with snug cap. Basketweave Irish wool in purple-brown, red or blue checks, 8 to 16. 55.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor

passed on one of Miss Keeler's colored men friends for assaulting her. Though it was stated that new evidence had emerged, none of the evidence was imparted to the public—which lawyers, together with ordinary citizens who insist on the famous principle of English law that justice should be seen to be done, apparently find perturbing. A few of the most urgent questions raised on the tangled fringes of the Profumo affair will certainly be asked soon after Parliament returns in October. At the moment, these doubts and suspicions are contributing to the mounting feeling of something's being wrong somewhere, which, far more than Mr. Profumo, was probably the major reason for Stratford's abstentions and desertions from the Government.

ONE thing that never dies down in the August doldrums is the London theatre season. It continues with new openings and all the established successes packed by holiday audiences that are stiffened by foreign tourists, who are here in moist hordes, wandering around the sights in their camera-looped raincoats. Two of the hits are imports from outside the West End with no particularly starry names hitched to them. The play that Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley made out of her novel "A Severed Head" is now at the Criterion, played by the excellent Old Vic repertory company from Bristol, where it was first given. As you may remember if you read the book, the plot concerns a London wine merchant in the prosperous Martini belt, his wife and his young mistress, his amiable brother, his wife's American psychiatrist, the psychiatrist's enigmatic anthropologist sister, and the endless permutations of sexual relationships that they keep on working out among themselves, including incest. "Don't forget, she is only my half sister," the caught-out psychiatrist—very plummily and amusingly played by Paul Eddington—says to the distracted wine merchant, who, a short time back, has been comfortably concentrating on his own straightforward little affair without a care in the world. The taut, funny Iris Murdoch dialogue and situations transplant brilliantly to the stage, which is doubtless J. B. Priestley's good stagecraft taking charge of the collaboration. The play is extremely well acted by Robert Hardy, as the dazed husband tottering from adultery to self-knowledge by painful stages; by Heather Chasen, as the golden gaby of a wife; and by Sheila Burrell, as the anthro-



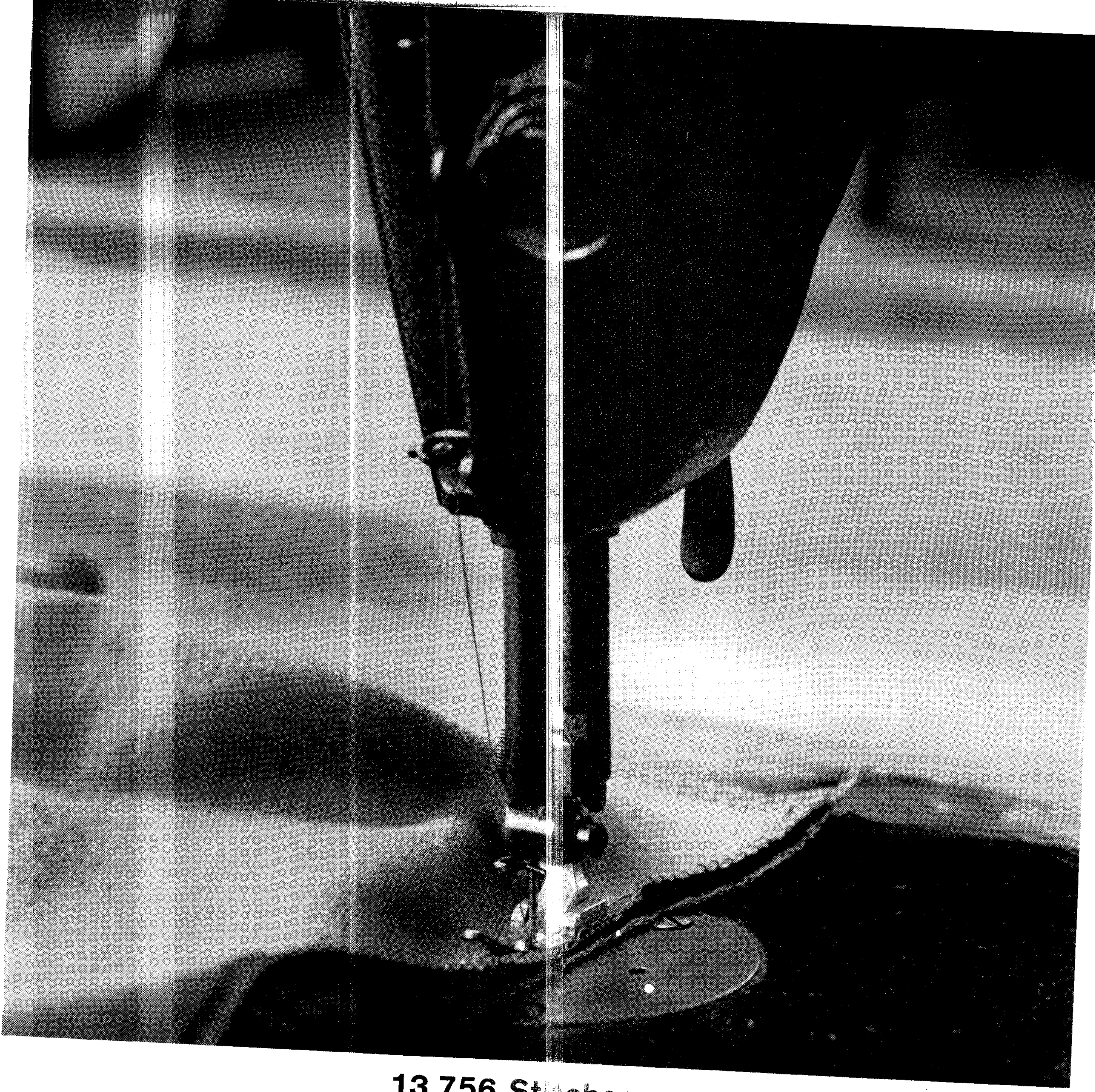
SKINNY.

But what a shape. For a floor lamp, that is. From stem to well-weighted base it's solid teak (or walnut). The only other adornment: an unadorned natural linen shade. The vital statistics? Overall height, 59". Shade diameter, 14". 3-way socket. A great buy at $48.
1964 BROCHURE FOR THE ASKING.
Mail orders and browsers are invited.

GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-1, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd St.)
N.Y.C. 21, UN 1-8955, Open Thurs. till 8.

Tuscan ENGLAND'S MOST FASHIONABLE BONE CHINA

WHITECLIFFE—5 piece place setting, about $12
Send 25¢ for complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
23rd and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

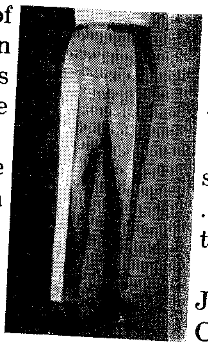


13,756 Stitches

Would you like to know how to count the number of stitches in a pair of slacks? It's easy. By the inch. In Jaymar Slacks, for example, all seams run 10 stitches to the inch. In the waistline there are also 10. In the crotch, there are 11. The pockets get 12.

All together, this means there are about 1,300 more stitches in a pair of Jaymar Slacks than you'll find in most any other similarly priced slack.

And—at each different stress point (the places where your slacks always seem to "give" first) Jaymar designers assign seven specially spun types of thread.



Why such meticulous craftsmanship? To make absolutely certain that your slacks do not begin to lose their good looks after three or four months of hard wear. And that they do not start to sag after six or seven.

Jaymar 365'er Slacks of 70% "Orlon"* and 30% worsted fabric are available at fine men's stores everywhere . . . stores who care . . . who offer men's clothing made by the people who care:

Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Ind., makers of JAYMAR, YMM,® TMM† Slacks and JAYMAR Casual Walk Shorts.

JAYMAR SLACKS with Orlon®

JAYMAR SLACKS ARE AVAILABLE AT **WOODWARD & LOTHROP,** WASHINGTON, D.C. • **LANSBURGH'S,** WASHINGTON, D.C. • **HAMBURGER'S,** BALTIMORE, MD. • **RICH'S,** ATLANTA, GA. • **GIMBELS,** PITTSBURGH, PA. • **POMEROY'S INC.,** READING, PA. • **THE WM. F. GABLE CO.,** ALTOONA, PA. and other fine stores everywhere.

*"Orlon" is DuPont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber.

†T.M. Reg. App. for.

THE NEW YORK SAVINGS BANK
THE BANK FOR SAVINGS

THE NEWYORK SAVINGS BANK
THE BANK FOR SAVINGS

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS

Now two great savings banks join to form New York's newest billion-dollar bank!

Better! The New York Bank for Savings has a high dividend rate with a record of uninterrupted dividends to depositors for 144 years. $1 opens an account. Three types to choose from. Plus a host of "bargain extra" services.

Bigger! Assets over a billion dollars. 388,000 depositors. The 4th largest savings bank in the U.S. Open an account today. Just mail coupon below.

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

The New York Bank For Savings, Dept. NY-7
Park Ave. So. at 22nd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
Please open a savings account in my name, as checked. Enclosed for deposit is $________

☐ Individual Account
☐ Joint Account with
☐ Trust Account for

Name________________________
Address________________________
City____________Zone______State_____

Lexington at 46th/6th Ave. at 49th/Park Ave. So. at 22nd/8th Ave. at 14th/Broadway at 50th/Broadway at 86th/Third Ave. at 72nd/Lexington at 78th

pologist who performs the symbolic ritual decapitation—of a primitive doll figure—that gives the play its title.

The best, as it is the hardest to describe, of the entertainments in London continues to be the moving, hilarious, and bitter statement on the First World War and the pity of war—Theatre Workshop's "Oh, What a Lovely War," which moved into Wyndham's from its home ground of the Theatre Royal, Stratford. Nobody but Joan Littlewood, its redoubtable director, could have banged together the ingredients of this extraordinary tract, which takes the loose framework of a scruffy Pierrot concert party appearing on some English seaside platform in the remaining days of summer peace in 1914 in which to build up—out of the raw material of the period, such as the old war songs, and with a hundred touches of humor and tenderness for the anonymous Tommies who did not live to write their memoirs and a devastating indictment of the generals who did—a sort of Impressionist picture of history. Miss Littlewood has used the device of a perpetually moving luminous strip high up backstage, which keeps on reeling out the frightful figures of the Allied and enemy dead in the Western Front offensives over the heads of the Tommy-*poilu*-general Pierrots and the Pierrettes, who appear as Red Cross nurses walking beside stretchers or as society hostesses back in dear old London or as bosomy music-hall singers handing out white feathers over the footlights. Though one would expect the older people in the audiences to find the show moving, its effect on the young seems to be also a knockout. In the theatre bar, there is a splendid collection of recruiting posters of the period, sternly inciting a whole generation to imbecile extinction for King, country, and the girls they left behind them.

THE film of "Tom Jones," at the shabby old London Pavilion, in Piccadilly Circus, which is due to disappear when the long-heralded Circus reconstruction gets under way, is the product of a fairly new company formed by Tony Richardson, who directed it, and John Osborne. It is a great, sprawling, boisterous film that is out to unbutton the elegant embroidered waistcoat in which such elaborate productions usually encase the eighteenth century, and show it dirty, cruel, yahooish, leching, and guzzling, as well as stylish. The soft color photography is beautiful in the many shots of the English countryside, seen through a haze of perpetual high summer, across which

Chipp
Clothiers *Furnishers*

IDLEWILD DEPARTURE

Odd Coats

Our fall sport coat collection features soft shades of Shetland yarns woven into twenty different designs for handsome coats with fastidious tailoring.

Chippworth Power Loomed Shetland $60.00
Chipp Power Loomed Shetland 85.00
Chipp Hand Loomed Shetland 95.00
Flannel Blazers from 45.00

Write for fall brochure
and travel itinerary

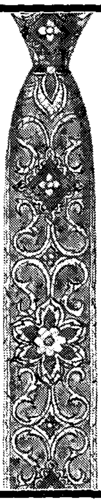
Chipp
14 East 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

130 East 57th St., New York



SOME kiNd of A NUT

Some folks have called it madness to go to the trouble of pattern designing, silk screen making and hand printing just to achieve a non-pedestrian look in ties. Perhaps—but that's the only way we know how. This tie in fine cotton is from our Tapestry Collection in jewel tones with uncommon border effect. $2.50 at B. ALTMAN & CO., New York; R.H. STEARNS, Boston; MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago; STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia.

TAYLOR TIES

for store near you, write: 40 E. 34th St., N.Y.C.

PHOTOGRAPH: BARCLAY
CHAIRS: RAYMOR

The ChairMen Go Back-To-Fall In Phi Bates Imperial Classics *Phi Bates Imperial Classics are authentically lasted and traditionally crafted for undergrads and alumni alike. The ChairMen wear two perennial favorites: left, the plain toe cordovan; right, the stout-hearted wingtip of the finest, long wearing hand antiqued calf. Both are about $25. Other Phi Bates from $19.95 at all fine stores. Bates Shoe Company, Webster, Massachusetts.*

the
"Very"
Velvets

So very everything . . . the party-belle, the piquant-dancer, the DePinna-meow! Important cotton velveteen shaped our own way . . . top, black furrowed-white; below, cherry with double white organdy collar and cuffs. By Nancy Kay. Sizes 7-14. Each, **11.00**

FOR CHERUBS ONLY • THIRD FLOOR

Mail-phone PL 7-9000
add 45c beyond
del. area.

FIFTH AVE.
AT 52nd ST.

dePinna

NEW YORK · WESTCHESTER
MIAMI BEACH · FORT LAUDERDALE

Mr. Richardson moves his beef-fed characters at a gallop. In one scene of midnight alarms and chasings, he has speeded up the film, so that everybody streaks jerkily in and out of beds and windows like old Keystone comics with the cops after them. In the distinguished cast, Albert Finney, whom Americans will see on Broadway this autumn in Osborne's "Luther," plays Tom with great charm, and Hugh Griffith is superb as Squire Western, roaring, gnawing pheasant bones, and tumbling his tenants' daughters in the hayfield with gusto. One of the best scenes in the film, incidentally, dwells wittily on the quasi-sexual nature of eating—the supper party at which Tom entertains Mrs. Waters, a lady of uncertainly pinned virtue and clothing (played by Joyce Redman), whom he has met in distress on the road. Never removing their measuring eyes from each other, the pair languorously sup oysters from the shells, sink their teeth thoughtfully into chicken thighs, and juicily devour pears as a prelude to devouring each other—a fine little piece of acting on both sides.

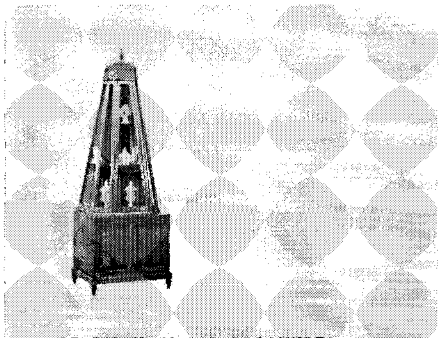
THE art show that has drawn steady crowds and made news is the double billing at the Marlborough New London Gallery of the work of Henry Moore and Francis Bacon—a fascinating juxtaposition. It is also one making slightly for claustrophobia. Several enormous new Moores that need to be seen against a bit of wild country and sky have somehow been brought into a very tight space, so that the latest of his series of huge, reclining bronze women (this time split into three sections—head and shoulders, vertebrae, and monumental knees) looks as though she must have been walled up here like a medieval erring wife when the little gallery was built. The work still appears noble to a visitor who is practically in her spatial lap. The Moore show also includes a majestic, nearly seven-foot-high arch formed, it seems, of a man's rib cage and thighbones, as well as cases of perfectly beautiful five- or six-inch bronze figure studies, as graceful and mesmerizing as early Hindu sculpture, and a whole arkful of bleached, palm-sized animals, which seem to be a new departure. To pass into the second basement cavern, where the Bacons are hung, is like walking out of Moore's Yorkshire air into a close, brilliantly lit operating theatre where a hopeless piece of surgery has already been performed on humanity, the patient being generally sprawled alone in the center of the painter's

SMALL CRAFT WARNING!

Ship ahoy! On course for Rappaport's model sailboat regatta. September 14th, 2 p.m. Conservatory Lake, Central Park. Boys, girls, 17 or under cast off now for our store to pick up your entry blank personally. Six races, handsome silver cups to winners. If your sailboat is on a cruise or in drydock we've a fine selection in all price ranges. Anchors aweigh. Hurry in. Entries close September 13th.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
our address since 1892

Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)



LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N. Y. C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 25¢, Dept. N, **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**

B.H.F. **GOLF at Buck Hill**

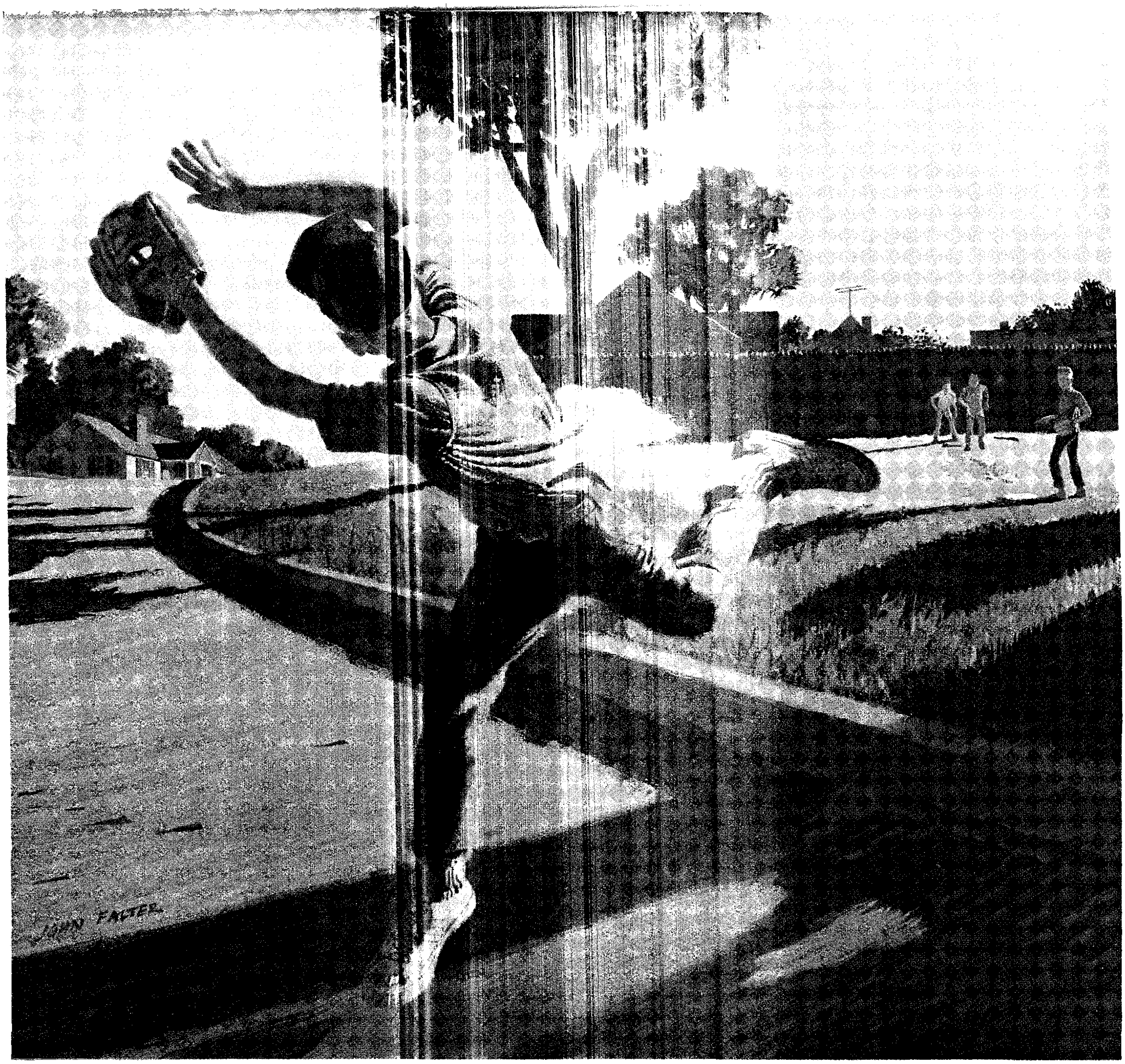
PAR EXCELLENCE—on a sporty 27-hole course with features that make it unique and enjoyable for all players. Electric golf cars. Tennis, swimming, riding and other sports. Cocktail Lounges. Attractive accommodations.

Advance Reservations Necessary

Only 3 Hours
from New York
and Philadelphia

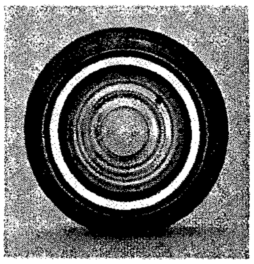
New York
Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza
CIrcle 5-5620
Phila. PE 5-2433

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA'S LARGEST RESORT ESTATE
Buck Hill Falls, Penna.



The Ultimate Tire ..Engineered to Meet the Unexpected

(..worth its price in stopping power alone)



The street ahead is clear. You drive relaxed. Suddenly, unexpectedly, a youngster bolts out in front of you, determined to grab off a towering fly ball. You react . . . hit the horn and stamp the brake pedal. Now it's up to your tires. This is the kind of situation the new U. S. Royal Master is engineered to meet. It has 28 percent more tread rubber than ordinary tires. A body that's 48 percent stronger. Plies, 18 percent thicker. Tread, 20 percent deeper. The new U. S. Royal Master is marked with the distinctive "red circle of security." Doesn't your family deserve the added margin of protection this great tire offers?

U.S. ROYAL MASTER®

PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

behind every great look—
a great fabric by
ALAMAC

HOST COATS BY AFTER SIX FORMALS

SHIP'N SHORE spends a lovely evening at home. Chooses Alamac Orlon® acrylic and wool knit to do it up right in a soft little blouse. The beauty of shape made even prettier with embroidery. Tile blue, cranberry, olive or black. Sizes 30 to 38. $5. At fine stores everywhere. Fabric by Alamac Knitting Mills, Inc., 1412 Broadway, New York 18.

canvas and mind. In a B.B.C. television interview last year that has been reprinted in the catalogue, Mr. Bacon told the interviewer, with what seemed like rare candor, "The way I work now is accidental and becomes more and more accidental." Most of this new series of paintings of beings with gas-mask snouts and raw-looking flesh indeed suggest painful street accidents run over by life, some with their own plasma or shadows oozing horribly from their feet. The texture of the paint conveying Bacon's extraordinary personal limbo to the spectator's nervous system is, accidental or not, always marvellous.

ONE should perhaps mention the weather again, for it is the local news about which everyone is talking. After the hardest winter anyone can remember, we have had a miserably cold, gray summer, with frequent thunderstorms tipping buckets on the wretched holidaymakers grimly sitting it out in their parked cars along the gale-swept beaches. Even those who cannily went looking for the sun on the Continent were frequently disappointed, since much of Europe, it seems, was in the same chilly, waterlogged boat. There is now an exceptional rush by those who have plenty of time and money in hand to book themselves on boats to somebody else's guaranteed tropic climate next January.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE CLAMDIGGERS

When, in dawnlight,
the waters of the inlet
glow rose
and the clamdiggers show
black silhouettes
against the sky,
it is light itself
they seem to be raking
from the depths, with each
tug of their arms
drawing the deeper
dyes of the sun
in ribbons of ripples.
It is as if
some hand spread a fan
with unhurrying
fingers, each panel
both a continuance
and a completion,
until on the white
parchment the red
ring of the sun
finally appears,
offering its stillness
wholly to be perceived.

—GENE BARO

Grand Bahama Hotel – the resort that becomes a love affair!

Believe us, there's no such thing as one visit to Grand Bahama. Maybe it's the goombay beat of native drums that calls you back. It could be the sea and the sun and the miles and miles of snow-white beach. It could be the romance of names like Witch's Light Bar, Set An' b' Damned Room, or Turtle Walk Lounge. Or it could be the scenic 18-hole golf course, the private marina with its fleet of fishing and sailing boats, or the international Treasure Lane of duty-free shops.

Whatever it is, don't come unless you plan to return. For no one ever yet has come to Grand Bahama who didn't fall in love!

6 days, 5 nights

And a trip to Grand Bahama costs less than you might think. Six golden days, five tropical nights, including room, all breakfasts and dinners. per person, double occupancy **$75.00**

GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB A Jack Tar RESORT
WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS

See your travel agent. In New York City call PL 5-2087, or write Department Q-163 Box 59-2375, International Airport, Miami, Florida

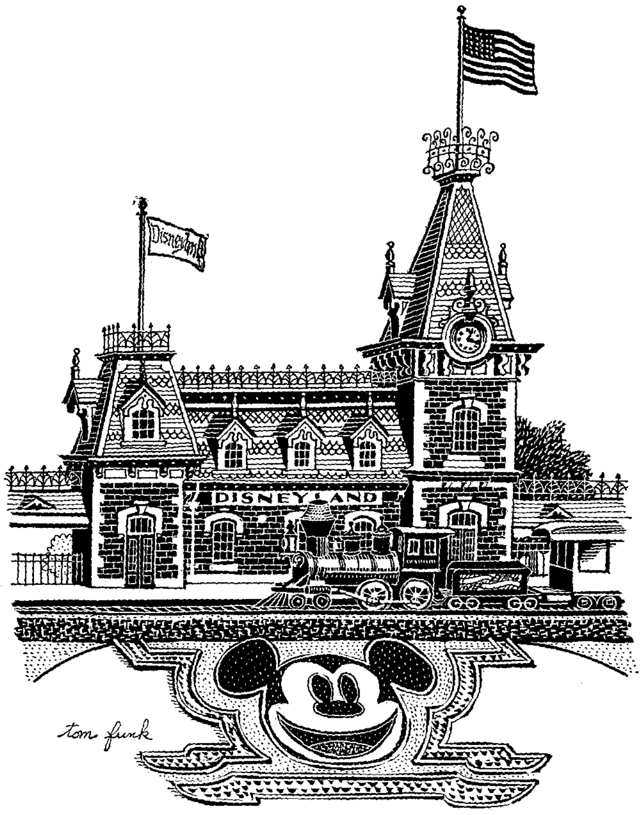
Please send Grand Bahama packet of colorful descriptive literature. I'm particularly interested in (It's all available!):

☐ Boat Service, 160' luxury liner running exclusively to Grand Bahama Hotel from Florida
☐ Supervised Children's Activities
☐ Golf, 18-hole tournament course
☐ Deep Sea Fishing
☐ Bargain Shopping
☐ Sailing
☐ Skeet and Trap
☐ Skin Diving
☐ Bowling
☐ Swimming
☐ Tennis

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ **Zone** ______
State ______

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE ENGINEERING OF EASE



ONE day last year in Los Angeles, as I was about to step aboard a helicopter that would take me to Disneyland with my teen-aged son and daughter, these two, smiling wanly, nodded toward a tourist poster that gave equal billing to our destination and to Forest Lawn cemetery. Their gesture reminded me that in earlier years they had wasted hundreds of child-hours vainly urging me to bring them on this very pilgrimage, and that now they were too old to be taken in by sooty whimseys of a sort that they had already met back home, at Freedomland—although they were not yet old enough either to regress synthetically on demand and were too polite to express open misgivings. We wedged into our helicopter, puttered over twenty-seven flat miles of sunburned ranch-type suburbs, and, as our craft descended to meet a waiting station wagon, cast dubious eyes on our Mecca—a sixty-five-acre oval of composition roofs and random-looking greenery, walled off from a swarming, prairie-sized parking lot and from a surrounding mesh of motel-lined boulevards by a high, encircling embankment along whose top ran antique trains. Thereafter, for three bright days and theatrically illuminated evenings my son, my daughter, and I all delighted in Disneyland like small children. Only later, flying away, did we begin to wonder why.

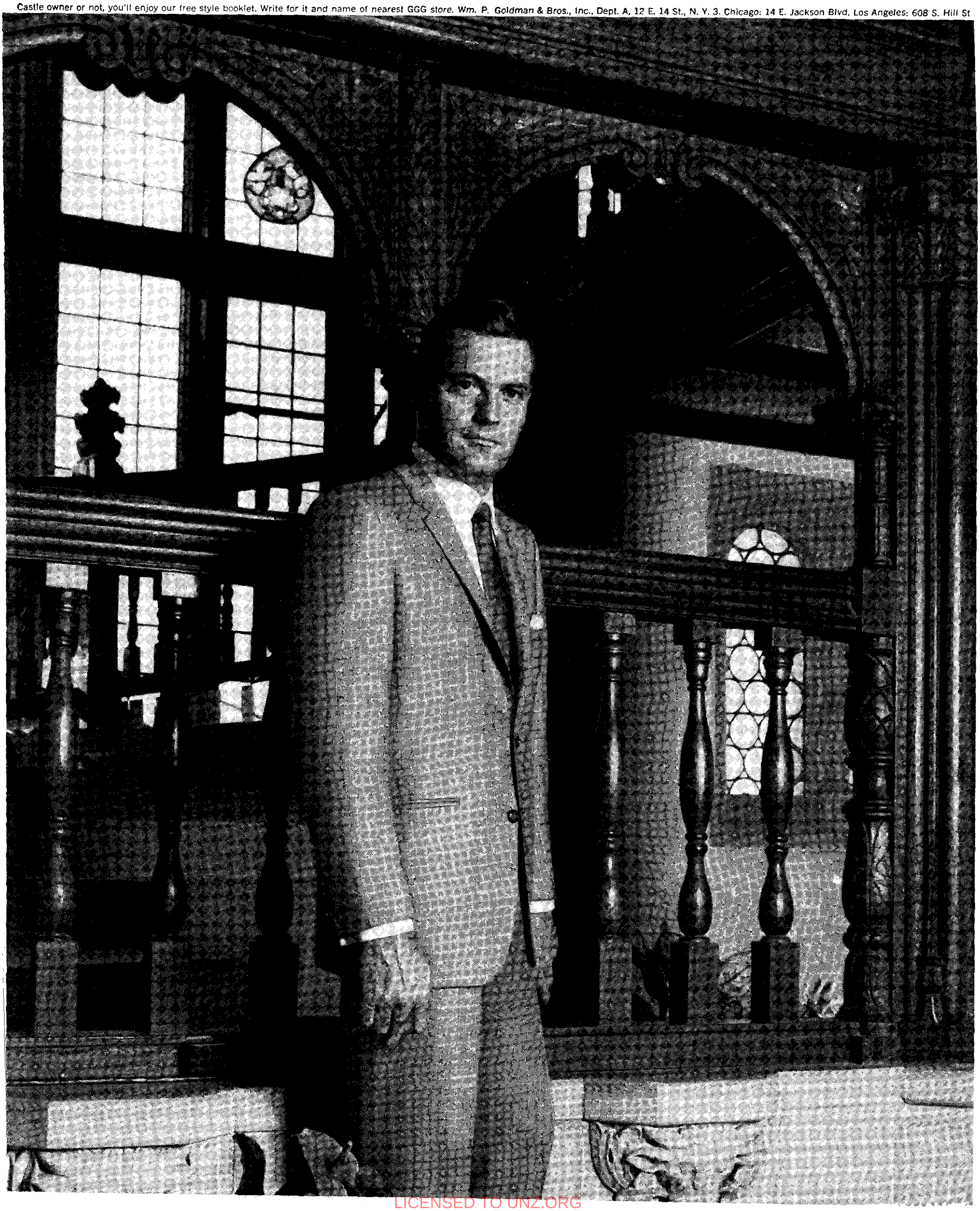
Trying to account for the uncritical euphoria that had possessed us, we agreed that only a superficial part of our pleasure derived from the obvious—the inventiveness, the sumptuousness, and the unexpected lack of vulgarity with which Walt Disney has furnished the five contiguous, pie-slice amusement areas (Fantasyland, Tomorrowland, Frontierland, Adventureland, and Main Street 1900) that have risen on the site of former orange groves as the protean cartoonist's three-dimensional tour de force. Our willingness, not to say eagerness, to suspend our disbelief was produced, we felt, mainly by peripheral data of the sort that may vaguely be defined as "atmosphere." It was, we decided, the same atmosphere of ease, cheer, and immaculacy that occasionally attends a hit musical. Unconfined by a proscenium arch, it became quite eerie, lending a somnambulistic, early-Dali touch to this restyled, Simonized Coney Island, which, in spite of its crowds, glistens in innocence not only of discarded popcorn boxes and cigarette packs but also of any least film of pavement dust or fading paint or unpolished brightwork, and in which one feels guilt at dropping a cigarette butt, and relief at seeing it whisked instantly into a stylish little dustpan by a juvenile lead elegantly costumed as a period street-cleaner. Similarly, the speed with which the dismaying-looking queues before the more popular rides melted once we joined them gave an impression of competence approaching omnipotence, and rendered infectious the stylized exuberance displayed by the youthful attendants. The result of it all seemed to be a transfiguration of the traditionally unruly carnival mob, including ourselves, into a decorous assemblage that might have been hired from Central Casting to glide through Edwardian garden-party scenes in a lush Technicolor movie.

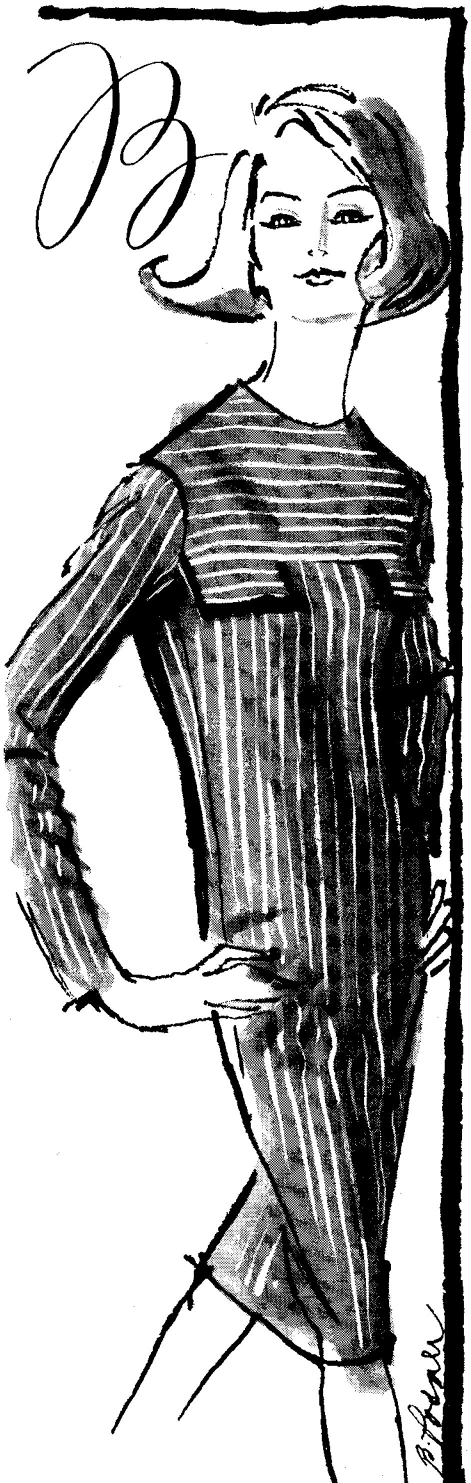
After our trip to Disneyland, my mind returned sometimes to my vision of that crowd, not just partaking of the carefully controlled atmosphere but docilely contributing to it, and this led to some perhaps extravagant speculation about benignly megalomaniacal cartoonists who, unable to abide tyrannical reality, resourcefully turn aside its menace by inventing their own worlds and divesting them of any but the most frivolous implications. Whereas most cartoonists, lacking the economic resources of a Nero, a William Randolph Hearst, or a Sir George Reresby Sitwell, are unable to amplify their fantasies into anything so ambitious as a Golden House, a San Simeon, or a Renishaw, I reflected that Disney (whose brother and chief business associate, Roy, has a sound understanding of banking principles) has since 1928 managed to arm his assault on the impersonal universe with ever more expensively contrived choreography, color, stereo, and wide-screen gimmickry—these efforts reaching their climax, I now perceived, in Disneyland, where, in this most elaborate of the Master's animated productions, his live public has been fitted into the cartoon frame to play an aesthetic as well as an economic role. I recalled that once, many years earlier, I had met and talked with Disney, and that on that occasion he had impressed me as matter-of-fact to the point of folksiness. Now it struck me that this was simply further proof of eccentric artfulness.

EARLIER this year, when various errands recalled me to the Coast, I travelled by way of southern California and reserved some time for restudying Disneyland in the light of my hypothesis. Checking into the Disneyland Hotel, a Bauhaus-style structur that makes only minimal concessions t fantasy, on a Friday afternoon, I wa met by the park's publicity director, diminutive former Hollywood pre agent named Edward Meck, with who I had been in touch earlier. Havi warned me that "Disneyland is a fi name place," Meck dutifully begge be called Eddie and told me that had made appointments for me v some backstage executives who w describe what he called "the enginee of the ease and cheer factors." He promised that an assistant of his w give me a sort of strolling lectu

Not everyone who wears **GGG** clothes owns a castle.

Castle owner or not, you'll enjoy our free style booklet. Write for it and name of nearest GGG store. Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. A, 12 E. 14 St., N. Y. 3. Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd. Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St





Menswear, naturally feminine

Great combination, this natural line done in the strict impeccability of gray and white striped double wool knit. With leather thong to belt if you wish. By Weber and Frank, 8 to 16, **29.95**

Misses' Dresses, 3rd Floor
At all 4 branch stores

Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th
New York 22, N. Y. • EL 5-5900

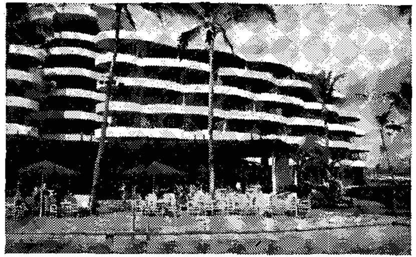
the cleaning operations the following morning before the grounds opened.

As Meck drove me, through heroic traffic, to the far side of Disney's permanent fairgrounds, he added to my character analysis of his employer by saying, "The first thing you have to understand is that this whole place *is* Walt. There's no general manager with delegated responsibility. There's just Walt and a six-man operating committee, whose members handle construction, operations, finance, marketing, merchandising, and general services. One qualification those on the committee had to have to get their jobs was lack of background in outdoor entertainment. The way I hear it, back in the thirties, when Walt's daughters were little, he gradually decided that the children's playground didn't exist that wasn't either a bore or an aggravation to him—and, he supposed, to all other parents. His first remedial action was to install some railroad tracks and a miniature antique locomotive in his garden in Bel Air; the descendants of that locomotive are pulling the trains on top of the embankment—we call it the berm—that circles the park. Anyway, his wariness of traditional playgrounds persists, and I guess his aim of pleasing adults as well as children has proved sound, because grownup admissions outnumber child admissions almost four to one, and half our business is made up of repeats."

I asked if Mr. Disney, or Walt, spent much time in the park, and Eddie said, "He certainly does—though this week he's tied up with something over in Burbank, which is the home of the other two-thirds of his operation, Walt Disney Productions studios and W.E.D. Enterprises. 'W.E.D.' stands for 'Walter Elias Disney,' and among the Enterprises are the things his art directors dream up for the park's engineers and accountants to cope with. But you never know when you'll bump into Walt prowling around the park in an old sweater, checking on whether a dead light bulb he reported a week earlier has been replaced, or timing the rides, or complaining that a 'Ride Not Operating Today' sign is inartistically lettered, or plotting what to tear down next and what to put up instead. For instance—when you were here last year, did you see that outdoor floor show in the Tahitian Terrace?"

I said I had, recalling a mass of energetic Polynesians emerging from viny caves behind a raging waterfall to wriggle authentically and juggle torches under a gigantic banyan tree for the edi-

MAUI



SHERATON-MAUI HOTEL

The lure of an island paradise and the luxury of a spectacular resort-hotel built down the side of magnificent Black Rock to miles of sunlit Kaanapali Beach. Lanai suites, garden cottages, veranda guest rooms. Championship golf course and patio swimming pool. Haute cuisine in the Discovery Room at the top of the rock. **For reservations, call your favorite Travel Agent or call your nearest Sheraton Hotel.**

HAWAII

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining ... and just a stroll to your theatre.

After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors

MATINEE DANCING
THURSDAY and SATURDAY from 1:30 P.M.
SUNDAY continuous from 3:30 P.M. all day

Looking for an enjoyable way to spend an afternoon in town? Afternoon dancing is "in"...and the town's smartest spot for a magic matinee of the newest and best in dancing is ROSELAND...with 2 great bands delighting the world's smartest dancers.

All Included In One Modest Admission Charge—
NO EXTRAS! NO TICKETS! NO HOSTESSES!

Roseland
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM • DANCE CITY • TERRACE RESTAURANT ROSE ROOM BAR

CONTINUOUS DANCING TO 2 GREAT BANDS NIGHTLY EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY & SATURDAY • SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30 P.M.
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

PINCH BY HAIG & HAIG, LTD., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

HAIG & HAIG
PINCH

Keep the Pinch under glass, if lightness is all you want for your money.

Pinch refuses to follow the fad for lightness too far. So Pinch never loses character. With Pinch, you pay more; you get more of a Scotch. You get the fullness of body, the richness of character, the presence, that good Scotch was meant to have.

But then, what else would you expect from Pinch? Our distillery has been at it for more than 300 years. (People who prize Scotch pay the price for Pinch®) $8 90 4/5 Qt. N.Y.Price:

Price elsewhere higher or lower depending on local taxes, etc.

"Be happy, Linda," he said huskily, "but remember, I'll never stop loving you." She bit her lip. "George and I will always value your friendship," she murmured, a flush mounting above the collar of her shirtdress, a cotton classic in Cos Cob's new Junior Petite line. Sizes 3-13. Look for Cos Cob at fine stores everywhere.

COS COB

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. • A DIVISION OF OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.

fication of patrons sipping soft drinks (Disneyland offers no non-soft ones) at tables on half-moon terraces.

"Well," Meck went on, as he negotiated a perilous left-hand turn from one speedway into another, "one day Walt wandered in there and happened to sit down at a table in the top tier where the tree branches obscured the waterfall. So he marched out and ordered that the top of the tree be raised four feet. As you may or may not have suspected when you saw it, the Tahitian Terrace tree isn't one that God made. It has plastic leaves and real bark glued to sculptured plaster limbs with a heavy concrete and steel trunk, and sectioning the trunk to insert a four-foot extension was quite a job of tree surgery. Anyway, it was done, and Walt sat down to inspect it. Finally, he said, 'Now the proportions are off. Extend the limbs and foliage until it all balances.' This went on until he was happy." Meck maneuvered his car off the highway and through an underpass in the embankment, pulling up in a parking area bounded by the backs of false façades, by assorted buildings, and by leafy groves of what he assured me were real trees, which had been planted as screens, in the manner of Eastern parkway landscaping. "Pretty soon, Walt's going to add onto the Tahitian thing a place called the 'Enchanted Tiki Room'—a tiki, you may know, is a carved Polynesian figure—which will be full of tikis and of what he calls 'audioanimatronic' talking birds and flowers, all of which will talk, sing, and move according to electronic impulses," he said.

"Any *real* talking birds?" I asked.

"No," Meck said. "That would be the easy way."

Immediately before us were a number of un-Disneyish-looking buildings, the most distinctive being a gabled two-story stucco affair, part of which, Meck said, leading me toward it, had been the residence of the park site's aboriginal citrus farmer and all of which was now the administration building. Inside, all office doors were ajar, and all officers were visible, in shirtsleeves, waving to Meck and crying fraternal greetings as we filed by. Meck introduced two executives who were to try to explain to me how the customers' illusions of Oriental ease were maintained—Dick Nunis, Director of Operations, and Ed Ettinger, Director of Marketing (a term that evidently referred mainly to ticket sales and promotion). Both men reminded me of alert young Western city-planner types, full of pep, dreams, and data.

"It *is* a policy to make life easier for

The well schooled rider.

Miller's invariably has the correct answer for **young riders** when it comes to equipping them with **everything** from Britches to Bridles. Now, at **back-to-school time,** let Miller's give your youngsters that educated look at **surprisingly modest prices.** Prompt attention to mail and phone orders and, of course, knowledgeable sales assistance to **help you in every way.**

Send 50¢ for our catalog 97 — 136 pages of riding clothes, saddlery and accessories for all the family.

MILLER'S

123 EAST 24 ST. N.Y. 10 • OR 7/0800

The definitive portrait is by Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men.

HOT DOG! *It's a foot long. A Feature of* our suppers now being served from 3 p.m. to 1 a.m. Also famous omelets, casseroles, Texas chili, and the Frozen Hot chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th Street, New York City. TE 8-3531

serendipity 3

At last-

you can spend three weeks touring Europe and pay only $350 for your BOAC round-trip fare!

On BOAC's new low-cost 21-day Excursion Fare Plan you can spend three full weeks in Europe on the vacation you've often dreamed of, but perhaps couldn't quite manage until now. Read about these fares, then send in the coupon below for complete details. And see your Travel Agent.

The new Excursion Fares are effective from October 1st, 1963 through April 30th, 1964. These are the unhurried, low-cost months in Europe, when roads, hotels and restaurants are uncrowded, the "natives" relaxed and friendly after their own vacations, and the low, off-season hotel rates are in effect. You can spend a full three weeks touring Europe, but you have to spend at least fourteen days in Europe before you can come home. Here are some sample Excursion Fares, Economy Class round-trip aboard a BOAC Rolls-Royce 707: New York—London, $350.00; New York—Glasgow (the gateway to the Highlands), $323.00; New York—Manchester (close to Wales, the Lake District and the Shakespeare country), $337.40; Chicago— London, $425.00; San Francisco—London, $638.10.

Based upon the new Excursion Fares, you can now spend three whole weeks touring Europe on BOAC's wonderfully low-priced off-season Val-U-Tours. Your tour price includes literally everything: air fare, hotels, all meals, the works: The price? A fantastically low $652 from New York for 21 days touring no less than ten European countries. And that is just one example of four superb BOAC Val-U-Tours.

Are you a member of a group? If so, you can save even more money, and you spend just about as long as you like in Europe. All it takes is twenty five qualified members of an approved club, society, fraternal group or religious organization. And the only condition is that you all travel to and from the United States as a group. Here are some sample Group bargain fares: New York—London, $310; New York—Rome $402.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

British Overseas Airways Corp.
Dept. BE-4,
530 Fifth Ave., New York 36 • MU 7-1600
Please send me complete details of your Group Fares ☐, European Val-U-Tours ☐.

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

City__________Zone____State________

776A

Why
this sweater?
Why
not another?

Because this one is far and away the favorite on the fairways. A Haymaker styled with outdoor ways and an open weave . . . a sweater in fine, tee-time inclined boucle alpaca. Available in white, light blue, paprika or beige; in sizes 36 to 40. $18

Haymaker cotton oxford shirt in white and assorted colors; 30-36, $5. Mail orders will require an additional 35¢ for postage.

SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY
ST. LOUIS 1, MISSOURI

the guests—'guests' being the local word for customers," Ettinger told me. "How it's done has been worked out mainly by trial and error, but the rule is to figure out what could worry anybody, and remove it. So, first of all, outside the gate we have enough parking-lot attendants to guide cars from the entrance to any one of fourteen thousand spaces, and tractor trains from the distant spaces to the main gate, and a small picnic area, and a kennel where guests leave their pets. Inside, there's an elaborate diaper-changing station and bottle-warming kitchen for babies. Things like that. And less obvious things, too—for instance, there's around a million dollars' worth of floral planting on the grounds, but Walt thinks that barriers and 'Don't Walk on the Flowers' signs are offensive, so the gardeners are accustomed to replacing eight hundred thousand plants a year without batting an eye. And although balloons and such are for sale, the venders keep their mouths shut, because Walt can't stand hucksters badgering him."

I remarked that I'd been especially impressed by the speed with which my offspring and I had moved through the queues, and Nunis said, "Yes, waiting lines bother Walt, too. One rule of his is that if people *have* to be inconvenienced, you should try to get their minds off it. So we borrowed a leaf from the old English custom of busking, and the several hundred thousand a year we spend for live entertainers includes a good chunk for strolling Swiss and Mexican bands and Keystone Cops and others assigned to serenading people standing in line. On the same principle, the ride entrances are placed so that there will be a view of interesting nearby goings on. There is also the random sort of interesting visual detail, such as the little Italian wrought-iron garden benches with twelve-tone paint jobs, which, if you were not waiting in line, you would notice only out of the corner of your eye. It costs a little extra, but then Walt's conception of money isn't quite the same as his accountants'—or anybody else's."

Nunis added hurriedly, "Not that there's any *waste*. Or that the lines don't actually move along, either. Besides just being nice to have, fast lines mean greater capacity, which means greater earning power. Safety, courtesy, and capacity are the ride operators' bywords, in that order. Since we refuse to skimp on ride time to increase capacity, we work on cutting down the dispatch interval. Putting the lines in mazes outside the loading platforms

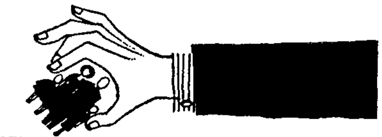
dunhill

It's a Radio!
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED BY Wm Teacher & Sons
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm TEACHER & SONS, LTD.
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

Never a lost weekend with our exclusive bottled portable radio. Nine transistors with quality components give it fine full sound and selectivity. Unique gift for the "drinking" man. 50.00

Outside our delivery area add 35¢
Add sales tax where required

ALFRED DUNHILL OF LONDON
Fifth Avenue at 50th St., N.Y., MU 4-7600
Philadelphia • Chicago • Beverly Hills • San Francisco



RELOCATING *in an Unfamiliar City?* Tell us all your family's requirements and we'll find exactly your house—in any major city or prime suburb of the U.S., the Caribbean Islands, Europe or elsewhere. Acting as your deputy, Homerica safeguards your interests. Ask Clark de Lima for details.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

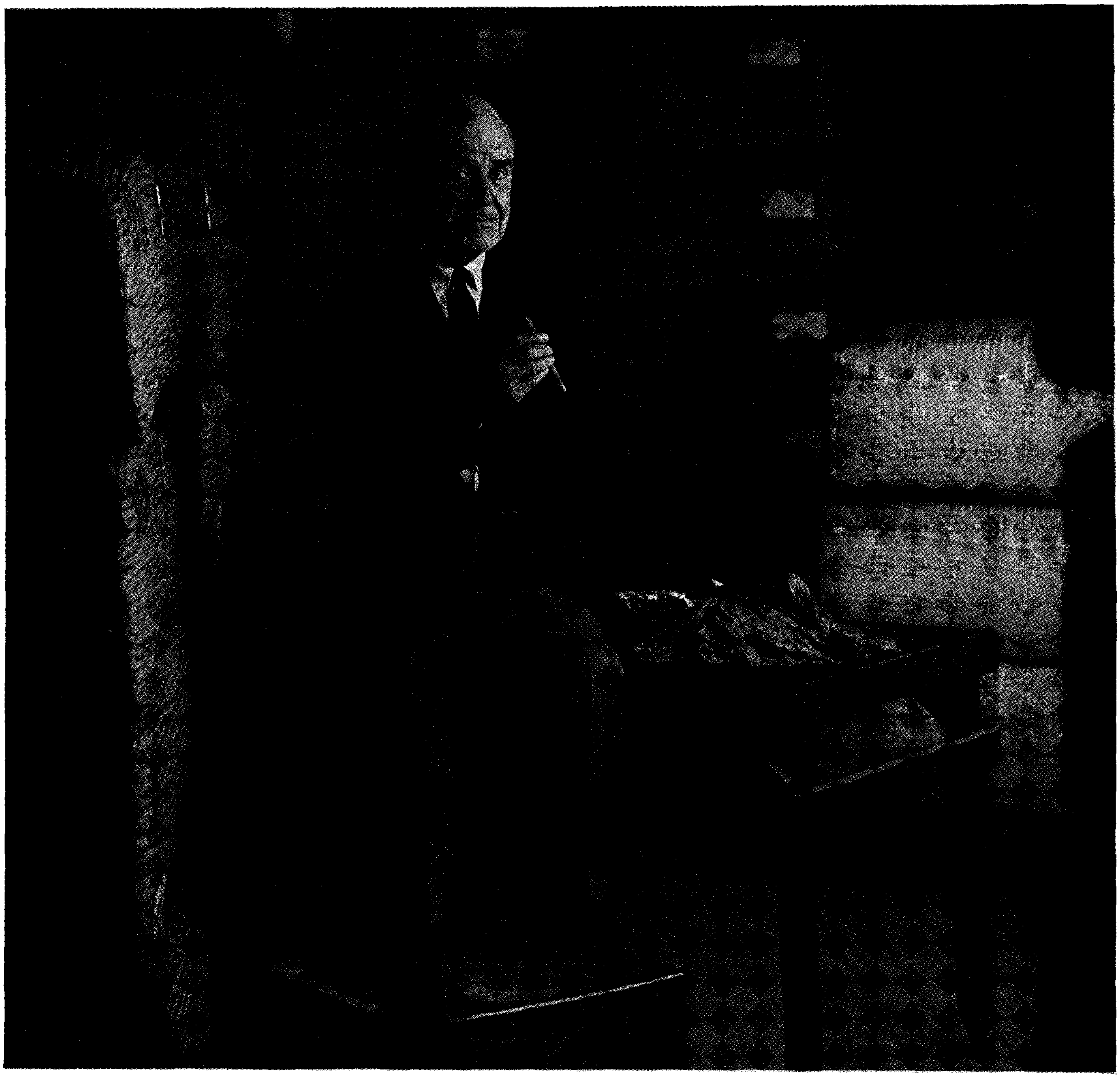
READY FOR FINE FURNITURE?

Indulge yourself. Any decorator, dealer, or architect can arrange a visit to one of our three showrooms where you can select from the world's finest in both traditional and modern.

KNAPP & TUBBS

WRITE FOR BROCHURE "B"

MERCHANDISE MART
CHICAGO 54
LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO



"Mr. Havana Cigar" is his own severest critic

Here you see Ralph Schuyler Williams... *"Mr. Havana Cigar,"* himself...creator of that masterpiece of the cigar maker's art, the incomparable Shakespeare *Habana.*

Recognized as an outstanding authority on fine Havana cigars, Mr. Williams has for his domain today the bonded warehouses of Factory No. 1, Tampa, with their vast store of prized vintage Havana tobaccos.

With a critical eye and expert hand, born of almost a half century's experience as cigar importer, merchant and tobacco blender, Mr. Williams oversees every step in the crafting of the Shakespeare *Habana.* And only when he is completely satisfied that it is equal in every way to the erstwhile imported Cuban cigar will he give it his stamp of approval.

To the true Havana cigar *aficionado,* the rich flavor and delicate aroma of the Shakespeare *Habana* are a source of pure joy. Alas, however, its supply is necessarily limited. Cigars of such exceptional character require a high order of craftsmanship and can be produced only in comparatively small quantities. Hence you will find it only at those exclusive tobacconists selected as qualified purveyors by "Mr. Havana Cigar," himself.

From the trim elegant Belvedere, to the lordly aluminum-encased Monarch, Shakespeare *Habana* cigars are presented in a full symphony of wrapper selection, from the mellow, mild emerald-green "claro" to the heady redolent English Market "maduro."

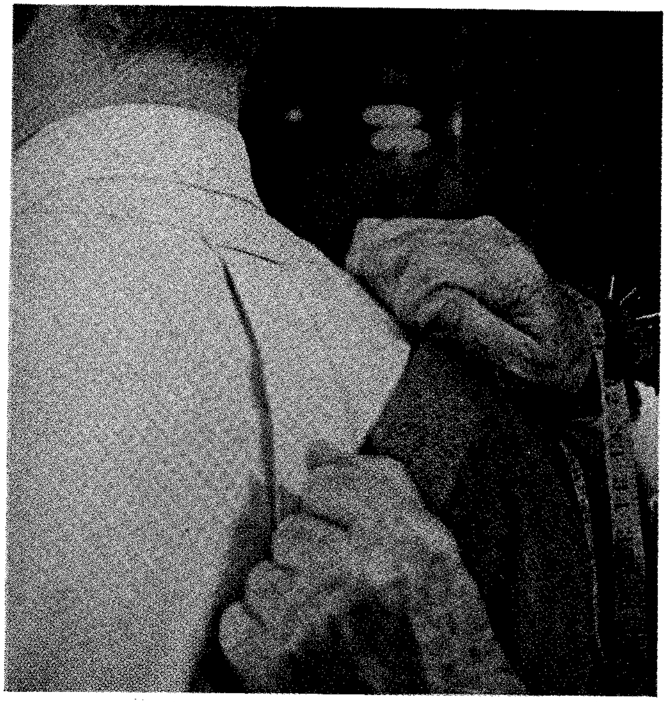
At important tobacconists, clubs and hotels from coast to coast and at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London in *Seleccion Suprema.* Or write to: Gradiaz, Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.

SHAKESPEARE

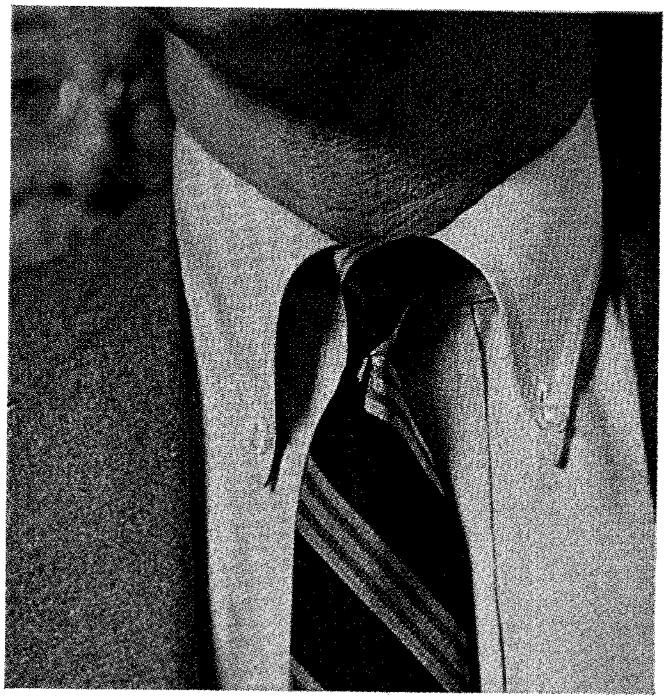
HABANA

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS

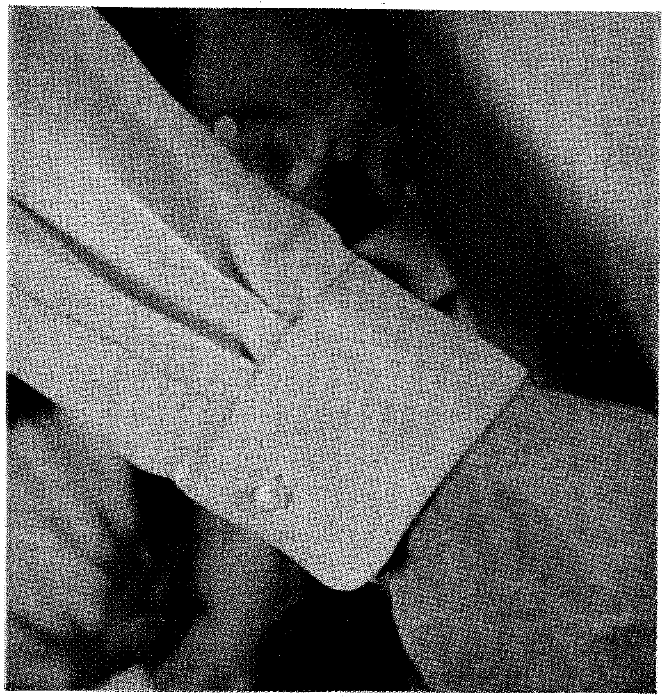
©1963 GANT SHIRTMAKERS



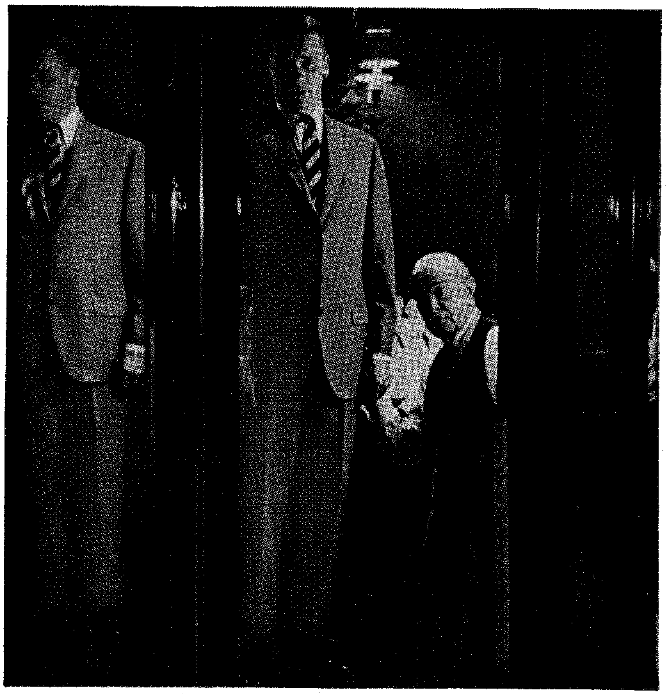
the Gant oxford . . .



button-down . . .



gives élan . . .



to the business suit

Flair, fit, show — three inimitable superiorities deftly needled into the warp and woof of Gant oxford button-downs. All "visibles" that distinguish Gant; give elan to the business suit. Gant oxfords in solid colors or stripes. From $6.50. At discerning stores; for one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS

helps to get the crowds shaped up for boarding, but a bigger help is the idea of counting off an exact carload in advance and getting it in position to board before the vehicle arrives. When we first opened the Jungle River Cruise, with eight boats making a seven-minute trip, we could handle only eight hundred people an hour. Walt decided the ride wasn't long enough, so we extended the river loop by a third, adding two minutes to the trip. But at the same time we introduced the mazes, installed an extra loading platform and four more boats, and encouraged the boatmen to speed their passengers on and off with a line of good-natured patter—and it takes artful phrasing to avoid provoking people into repartee that might in turn lead to further dawdling. Well, the capacity now is two thousand people an hour. It's as expensive as a ride here can get—fifty cents, or five times the price of some other rides—and its capacity gross now is theoretically a thousand dollars an hour, although most people buy books of tickets that let them take various rides for reduced prices."

A thousand dollars an hour didn't seem exorbitant for the Jungle River Cruise, which I recalled as a tongue-in-cheek "Heart of Darkness" journey aboard a racketing, canopied launch that careered erratically along a twisting, jungle-choked watercourse inhabited by restless elephants, crocodiles, rhinos, and hippos, all plastic but all so persuasively sculptured and animated that disbelief retreated into pleasurable near-hysteria. At the helm of the boat, an amiably raving white hunter prevented the melodrama from driving his charges over the line into real hysteria by resorting to such occasional low comedy as crying, "We're going to have to shoot these rapids," while he drew a revolver and fired into a burbling cascade. During my visit to Disneyland with my son and daughter, our fascination with the River Cruise's wildly attenuated distinctions between true and false—the more impressive rocks and trees, in spite of their perfection, as often as not turned out to be genuine—had drawn us back to it again, and a related curiosity had sent us on still a third trip (at night, an even better time for it), to try to determine how much of the helmsman's spiel was a set piece and how much was ad-libbed. This last bit of research indicated that about ten per cent of the recitation was unrehearsed—probably about par for such other masters of spontaneity as the casts of "The Premise" and "Second City." I now

COAT SHOWN: 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER, 35% COTTON (A DU PONT RECOMMENDED BLEND). *DU PONT'S REG. TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR CLOTHES.

3 HOURS AGO IT POURED.
EVEN RAIN DOESN'T WRINKLE "DACRON"® & COTTON

Rain or shine, this coat will keep you well-pressed, well-dressed. Because it's 65% "Dacron" and 35% cotton, wrinkles haven't a chance. It dries smooth and neat, ready to go anywhere. Black, olive, brown or tan with colorful plaid body lining. About $32.50 at fine stores. "Nautilus", tailored by RAINFAIR

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

you can sense it in the fabric

DAN MILLSTEIN authors the most elegant fiction story of the year with "Shandra." The posh-est pet in fashion's fabric kingdom. And who gave it the naturalistic markings, the rich highlights? Creslan acrylic. Shandra by Sidney Blumenthal is a blend of *60% Creslan acrylic fiber, 40% modacrylic.* In white. 6-16. About $100.

CYANAMID

Creslan®
LUXURY ACRYLIC FIBER

LORD & TAYLOR, N.Y. • BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO • NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS

recalled, too, that as we boarded the launch, a dock attendant had amused us (and, though it hadn't occurred to me at the time, achieved an economic purpose) by advising us darkly, "Don't be shy about crowding together, folks. Things may get rough in those crocodile-infested waters ahead, so there'll probably be plenty of room on the way back," and, at the end of the ride, had sped us on our way by crying, "Don't panic, folks—a fire's broken out in the stern, but the launch can't possibly sink for ten seconds yet."

To Ettinger and Nunis, I now posed an unguestlike question: Was I right in assuming that Disneyland made money? A little hesitantly, Ettinger answered, "Well, yes. Last year, with more than five million visitors, our operating costs were something under sixteen million dollars. Depreciation was a little over two and a half million. We grossed twenty million. So the net profit, before taxes and miscellaneous charges, was about a million and a half."

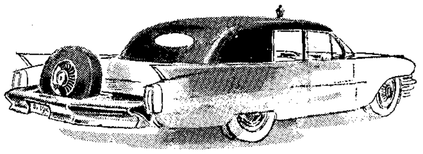
"We don't hoard it, though," Nunis said. "We opened in 1955 with a seventeen-million-dollar layout, and since then expansion has cost twenty-five million. And the additions Walt is making right now will bring the total to more than fifty million—though I don't think money is exactly the point."

Ettinger explained, "We have a good time."

SUCH cheerfulness, and its inculcation, was the theme dealt with by my next authority, a bright, professorially informal man whom Meck introduced as Van France, "president of the University of Disneyland." Passing over the implications of this title for the moment, I told France I was curious to know how much of the park attendants' improbable attractiveness of appearance and manner was the product of calculated effort. "Ah, you're talking about what we call 'the natural look,' " he answered. "No bright nail polish, no bouffants. No heavy perfume or jewelry, no unshined shoes. No low spirits. No corny raffishness, yet the ability to call the boss by his first name without flinching. That's a natural look that doesn't grow quite as naturally as everybody likes to think. But Walt wants it, and so you'd say that we don't hire for jobs here so much as we cast for parts, especially for the onstage roles—ticket-takers, ride operators, tour guides. We have a year-round cadre of about twelve hundred, and the total jumps to almost four thousand between mid-June and mid-September, when we're open from 9 A.M. to midnight and go into two

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.

FOR TOWN OR TRAVEL
Our dacron®
and cotton
drip dry blouse.
Blue/grey or red/grey stripes
on a white background.
Short sleeves.
Sizes 8-16 **9.00.**
(PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR SHIPPING)
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22


CUSTOM BODY WORK
AUTOMOBILE COACHWORK of DISTINCTION
GEIGEL
CORPORATION
11-26, 46th Road
Long Island City-1-NY
EXeter 2-2339

Nothing like them in
all the world...America's
3 great resort-motor hotels
CABAÑA
PALO ALTO • ATLANTA • DALLAS

Great Sopranos of Our Time

María Callas

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf

Birgit Nilsson

Victoria de los Angeles

Joan Sutherland

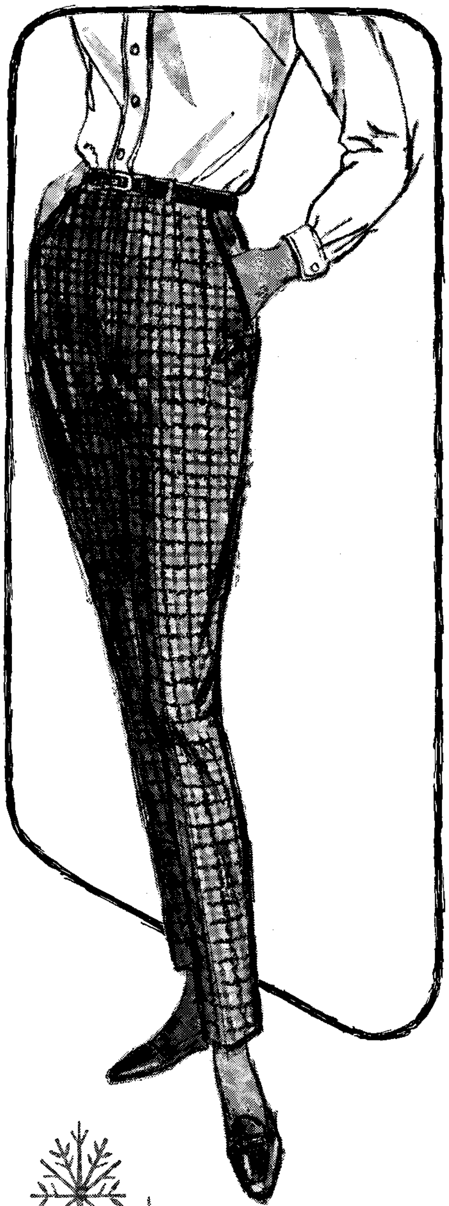
Regine Crespin

Angel

These, and all of Angel's Great Sopranos of Our Time albums, are specially priced this month. Reductions of 25% ***at participating dealers.***

No less than six of the most glorious singers of our day are to be heard on a fabulous new Angel disk: Victoria de los Angeles, Maria Callas, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Regine Crespin, Birgit Nilsson and Joan Sutherland. Some of the most beloved, spine-tingling operatic arias of all time are here for your constant pleasure. But this is just an introduction to the Angel sorority of the great sopranos of our time. There are scores of other wondrous Angel albums in which great sopranos are heard at their most thrilling best. Your favorite dealer has them on prominent display this month.

In addition to this new release, Angel album (S) 36135, you may want to hear Schwarzkopf sing in *Der Rosenkavalier* (S) 3563 D/L, or with Sutherland in *Don Giovanni* (S) 3605 D/L. And, in Angel album 3508 B/L, Callas sings in Puccini's *Tosca.* Victoria de los Angeles is *Madame Butterfly* in Angel's (S) 3604 C/L, and she sings *Carmen* in (S) 3613 C/L. Birgit Nilsson sings Beethoven, Weber and Mozart in Angel album (S) 35719. And Regine Crespin is The Voice of Wagner on (S) 35832.



One of the pleasures of Autumn . . . wool slacks, so beautifully made that their structural detailing is a pleasure in itself. Fully lined, of course, with suede edging on all pockets. These shepherd checks are warm and lively . . . Wild Olive, Blue, Burgundy, Camel/Burgundy, Camel/Green. Sizes 8 to 16. About $18 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

In New York: 1407 Broadway

shifts. Attendance on a good day during the summer jumps from four or five thousand—our average the rest of the year, when we're only open from ten to six, with Mondays and Tuesdays off—to fifty thousand. Luckily, we're in an area where we have a good many colleges to draw on for manpower, and we can arrange part-time and vacation jobs to help a lot of youngsters work their way through school. They arrive cheerful, and the problem is to keep them cheerful. In the early days, we gave everybody a manual called 'You Can Create Happiness,' which hammered away at the 'I'm not laying bricks I'm building a cathedral' sort of thing. Looking back on it, I'm amazed at how well it went over. We've become more sophisticated since then, however. Here, you can look at some of these manuals at your leisure and see the kind of thing we try." He wheeled around in his chair, collected a handful of magazine-sized publications from a shelf, and passed them over to me.

"Of course," he went on, "a boy repeating the Jungle Cruise spiel a dozen or so times each shift is going to be tempted to sag at moments, no matter how much we encourage him to ad-lib. But we have bowling and ski clubs and studio tours and a special house organ for airing gripes, and things stay fairly happy. One thing that helps is that the pay is good—a college student operating a ride may make as much as eighty-five dollars a week—and so is the prestige. Last year, when we announced we were starting summer hiring, ten thousand applicants lined up at the gate. And the place *is* fun. Ever since the grand opening, when our capacity was only fifteen thousand, and thirty thousand bona-fide dignitaries turned up, each with a bona-fide invitation or a perfect forgery, there haven't been many dull moments. Every time we start settling down, Walt gets a new inspiration for taking the place apart and putting it back together again—right now he's adding a big new bayou ride, a New Orleans sector, and a haunted mansion, all of which require moving a huge hunk of the berm. Our people decide that going to work anywhere else would be just too colorless."

Meck now reappeared, with the suggestion that I take a look at the wardrobe department, since it made a large contribution to the immaculate appearance of the help. In a two-story warehouse a few steps away, the wardrobe mistress, a handsome blond woman named Lella Easton, showed me her design studio, her costume reference library (it leaned heavily on old *Na-*

Brimming with rich autumnal flowers
and foliage on
our softest combed broadcloth.
Our own MATHER collar.
Long shirttails.
Precisely stitched.
Harvest Colours.
8 to 16 about eight dollars

at Hutzler Brothers Co.
Valleybrook Shop, Baltimore, Md.
Ruth Reynolds Village Shop, Toledo, Ohio
and other prominent stores, or write:

Mather Shirts Ltd.
232 Madison Avenue • New York 16, N.Y.

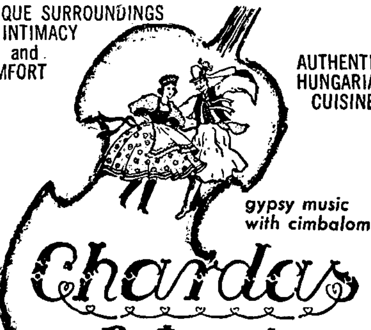
Stratton Mountain Inn
At the Base of Stratton Mountain, Vermont
A pleasant drive over modern highways

YEAR 'ROUND PLEASURE HAVEN
Offers vacationers a variety of recreational facilities in a picturesque, Swiss-inspired setting. Ideal for travelling men.
- Swimming • Golfing • Tennis
- Riding • Fishing • Hunting
- Scenic Foliage • Chair Lifts Adjacent

Luxurious Guest Rooms or Rustic Bunk Rooms. Gourmet Cuisine. Choice of American, European or Family Plans.
Write or call: Dave Boise
Stratton Mountain Inn
Stratton, Vermont (Area Code 802) **VAlley 4-5571**
(Off Rt. 30 from all points)

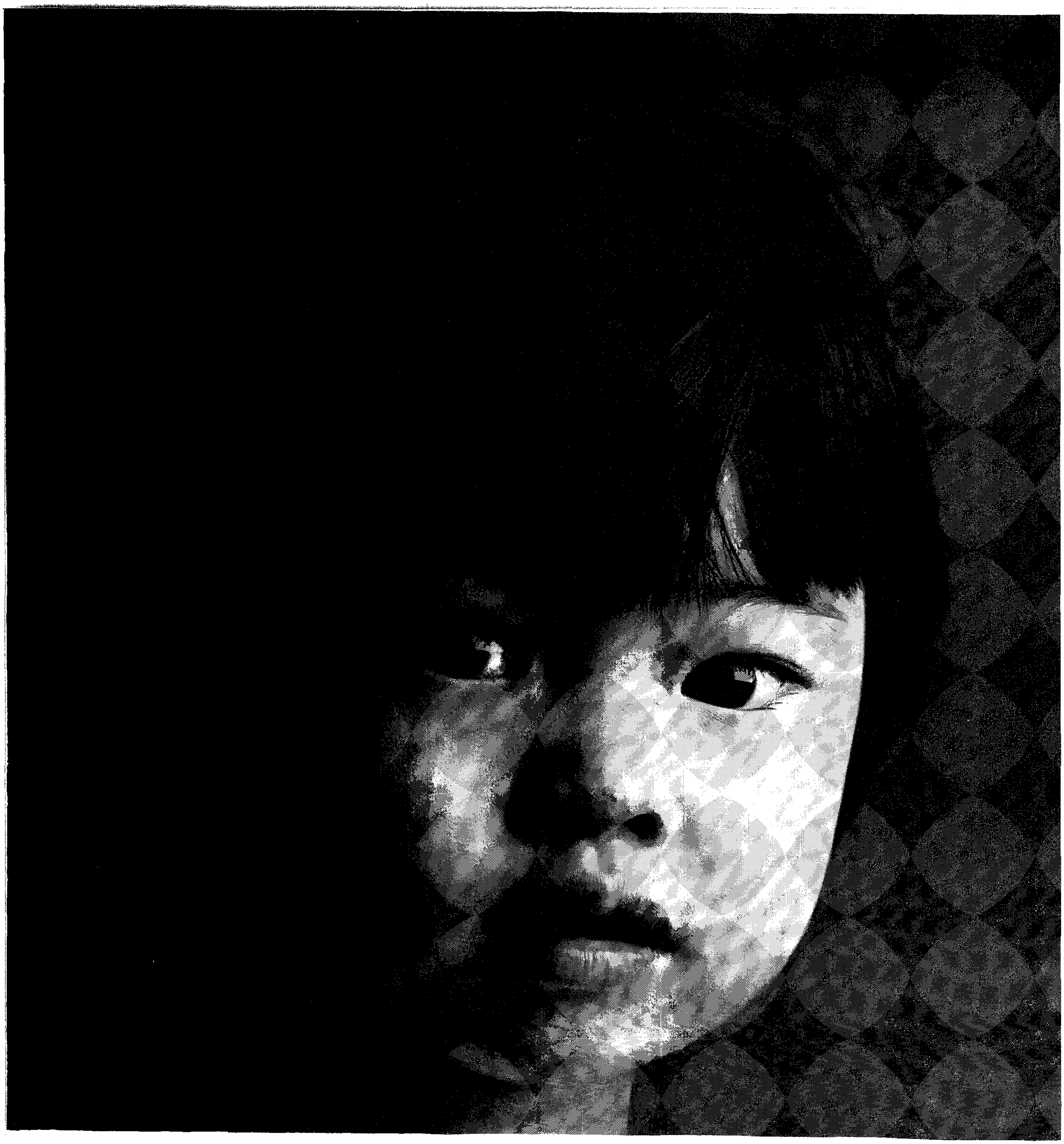
UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS
OF INTIMACY
and
COMFORT

AUTHENTIC
HUNGARIAN
CUISINE



gypsy music with cimbalom

Chardas
Restaurant
307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • Parking • Closed Mon.



If she can speak fluent Chinese, why can't you?

She learned it at her mother's knee. Began in the usual way with 媽 媽 (Mama, of course) and now at four, she chatters like a bird, while Chinese is still Greek to you. Until you go to Berlitz.

In a matter of months you can out-converse this little girl. Tell her mother a few things, too. That quickly.

How? Well first, Berlitz lessons are generally private. You get more concentrated teaching time than even a mother could spare. Second, you're an adult now. You understand language and learning concepts and you have a wide vocabulary in your native tongue.

The Berlitz method makes use of your adult abilities to teach you to speak a new language. The way you learned English as a child. Without verb drills, translations or academic atmosphere. Just lots and lots of conversation.

You may want to do business in Hong Kong—or read 孔 夫 子 in the original. Or be fascinating in French or spout Zen in Zulu. Berlitz will teach you to speak any language in the world. Now. Just look us up in your local directory. It's enrollment week.

Baltimore, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, East Orange, Houston, Los Angeles, Manhasset, Mexico City; Miami, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Montreal, New York (Rockefeller Center; Wall Street), Pasadena, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, San Juan, San Mateo, Seattle, Stamford, Toronto, Washington D.C., White Plains.

Berlitz
FOR LANGUAGES

If I were a Jolly Roger...

I'd set sail for the waters off the coast of Montauk. I hear tell of treasures to last ye a lifetime. Silken sanded shores, shimmering strands of gold flowing from the sun, a sky the color of sapphires and an ocean that's sparkling with the treasures from beneath. 'Tis the place any Jolly Roger dreams of. ***And for first-rate mates...*** *Gurney's Inn... a treasure on the brink o' the beach. Nine acres of breath-taking seascape set among the windswept dunes, where the foamy waves break on the shining shore.*

Gurney's Inn

Your own ocean-front cottages with private bath, telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio, and living room. Exceptional cuisine served in a manner fit for the captain of any ship, in a jeweled setting, overlooking a panoramic view of surf, sand and wide sky. You'll find that Gurney's Inn is Montauk's proudest treasure of all. Modified American Plan: May 24th through the end of October—Remainder of the year on the Continental Plan... Color brochure and tariff schedule on request: write Dept. Jolly

Gurney's Inn . . . Ocean front cottages & hostelry on the brink o' the beach at Montauk, L.I. • 516 MO 8-2345 • Ownership-management: Joyce & Nick Monte.

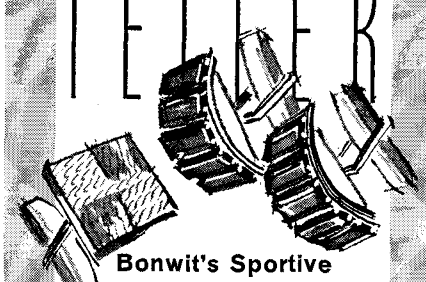
tional Geographics), her sewing room, her castoffs-for-charity room, and, finally, what appeared to be several acres of racks and hangers bearing immaculate costumes—twenty thousand of them, she said, of two hundred different designs, with matching moccasins, silver boots, straw hats, conductor's caps, outsize plastic heads, and so on. Three changes of costume are issued to each onstage performer, Mrs. Easton said, and these are expected to be turned in for cleaning at least twice a week, daily in some job classifications—and, of course, at once when wrinkles or spots become visible.

LATER, alone in my glass hotel room, I dipped into the reading matter that France had given me. The first brochure I picked up was entitled "A Proposed Program for the University of Disneyland." It began, in a morbid mood of self-examination: " 'Disneyland will never be completed.' We've certainly lived up to that promise. But what about the people who operate it? Are we growing with the show, or just getting older? . . . Is it possible that what we have gained through experience we have lost through habit, and that what we have gained through organization we have lost in enthusiasm?" But then the anonymous writer, shaking off his depression, revealed that "the University of Disneyland" was a euphemism for the park's training program ("The word 'training' has a nauseating effect on some people") and continued:

> The University of Disneyland should be a pioneering force which will create new leaders for what quite possibly is one of the most wide-open fields in the world today, outdoor show business [and] outdoor family recreation. . . . We have negotiated an agreement with Orange Coast College to establish a special training program leading to a special certificate in Management for the Outdoor Entertainment Industries. . . . Tuesdays, 3:30 to 6:30 at campus: Communications, Humanities (Psychology, Philosophy, Physiology), Business Skills, Personnel Relations. . . . The company policy of reimbursement for books and tuition [will] apply.

The booklet also dealt with new safety-indoctrination measures; current research to determine optimum physical, emotional, and personality "profiles" for ticket-sellers and operators of specific rides; rules for improving everybody's "communications;" and a harrowing new scheme for making upper-stratum management people meet professional counsellors at regular breakfast conferences on "dynamics of group emotions, the art of listening, expressing and interpreting feelings and emotions, and in

BONWIT TELLER



Bonwit's Sportive Cufflinks

Important jewelry look now, and ours alone...tailored cufflinks, one of bold baguette fake stones: sapphire, emerald or ruby; or of rhinestones, 8.00 The other, in square gold-color metal blocks, 5.00 Each plus fed. tax. By Vogue. Mail and phone orders. Jewelry

BONWIT TELLER
All Stores

DURANTE: A LEGACY.

THE NEW JIMMY DURANTE
SEPTEMBER SONG

Warner Bros. Records, the first name in sound

Informal portraits by Aspen photographer
Ferenc Berko

•

Mr. Berko will be in the South, East & West during September, October & November, 1963.

For appointments and information call 303-925-3398 or 3282 or write P.O. Box 360, Aspen, Colorado.

The classic look has been most masterfully perpetuated in a timeless collection of shirts designed by Douglas MacDaid of Princeton and New Haven, exclusively for Wren Shirts Ltd. This one, in particular, is superbly tailored of 100% premium combed oxford in classic stripes of blue, loden, black or red, $6.50. Other Wren Shirts from $5.95 at the finest stores, or write to Wren Shirts Ltd., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

Wren
Shirts Ltd. *390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.*

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KR KAYSER-ROTH

general dealing with problems around them as well as their own."

Lending a touch of verisimilitude to the improbable concept of a University of Disneyland, the next publication I picked up proved to be a veritable college-humor magazine, entitled *Backstage Disneyland.* It was rife with dressing-room gossip and laboriously captioned snapshots of employees (Ride operator shown answering phone. Caption: "Walt who?"), cheerful letters to the editor ("It is requested that immediate steps be taken to prevent reoccurrence of ducks sleeping on our many ferocious wild animals throughout our park"), whimsey ("Coming in Future Issue: We Sneaked Our Poodles Into Disneyland"), and such morale-building filler material as a report that Disneyland schedules a hundred and eight hours of live special entertainment daily—the equivalent of fifty-four two-hour Broadway shows—that its lighting involves four hundred and eighty miles of wiring and 49,878 bulbs, that its labor negotiators deal with forty-two unions and councils on contracts that cover three hundred and sixteen job classifications, which do not include ticket-takers, ride operators, or white-collar people, and that it consumes two million gallons of water a year and stores seventeen million more in its lakes and ponds.

I got up and fetched a drink of water, and then resumed my reading with "Guide for Ticket Sellers," a detailed and, for all I knew, definitive treatise on this branch of economics, complete with a glossary of localisms (" 'Guest,' as you know, is our name for those who pay to visit us, just as you are a 'Hostess' who graciously receives them") and an exegesis of various rituals:

Sales Procedure

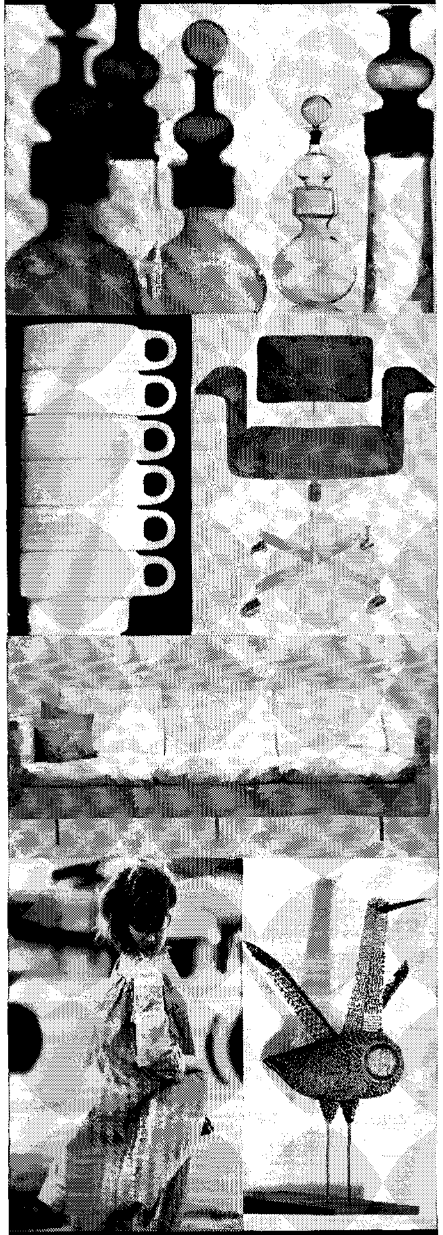
It's a rather basic trait to feel a twinge of sadness at parting with our hard-earned money, regardless of the pleasure we may have from the experience. And, so it is with our Disneyland guests. For this reason it is especially important that you help the guest purchase the right admissions for his party, and that the transaction be conducted in the friendly and pleasant Disneyland style.

Welcome each guest with a warm and friendly "Good morning," "Good afternoon," or "Good evening."

Be natural. Have a nice lilt to your greeting. There isn't anything much worse than a forced, brittle phrase.

At last, I got to the basic-training text, which was titled "You're on Stage at Disneyland." Flipping the pages, I read such phrases as "We're friendly people. . . . We're hosts and hostesses. . . . Disneyland is *our* place. . . . We entertain guests." Then, illuminating all the rest with the sweet light of rea-

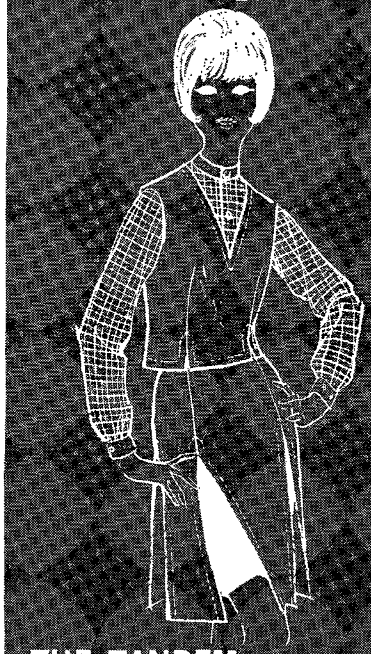
D/R INTERNATIONAL, INC.
53 East 57th Street
New York 22, N.Y.
HA 1-2578
OPENING IN THE FALL



DR INTERNATIONAL INC.
866 Lexington Ave. at 65th
New York 22, N.Y.
RH 4-8995

DESIGN RESEARCH INC.
57 Brattle Street
Cambridge 38, Mass.
UN 4-6550

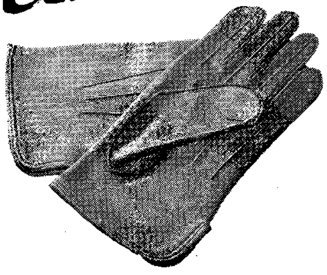
the village store



THE TANDEM . . .
For those sporting ladies who wish to look feminine and beguiling while indulging in le sport, this novel raiment has the grace of a skirt and the ease of bermudas. In black olive or charcoal grey flannel with surprise red burmudas, 6-16. **13.00.** Matching flannel jerkin 6-16. **9.00.** Oxford tatersall bartender shirt in red or olive, 8-16. **7.00. Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Post. 50¢. Catalog on request.

NEW YORK CITY, 822 Lexington Ave., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Bean's Sure Grip Gunning Glove



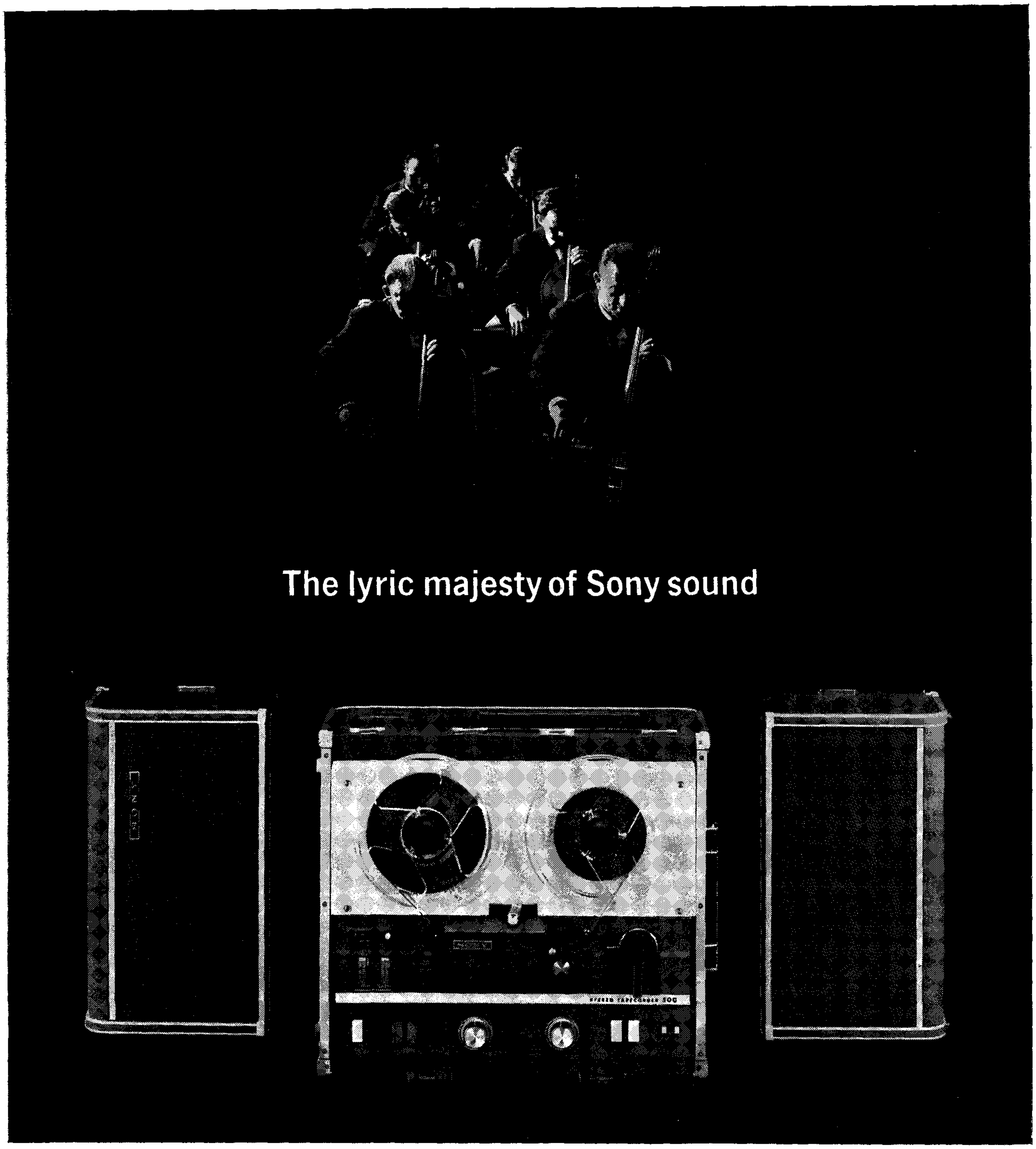
Lightweight deerskin, strong, soft and flexible. Outseam sewn with welts on palm and thumb that grip better than bare hand. For gunning or driving they cannot be beaten. Sizes: Men's 7½ to 12. Ladies' 6 to 9. Price: Ladies' $5.85. Men's $5.95 postpaid. Send for Free Fall Catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc., **349 Main St., Freeport, Maine**
Mfrs. Hunting and Camping Specialties

SPRITZER + FUHRMANN
Jewelers of the Caribbean...

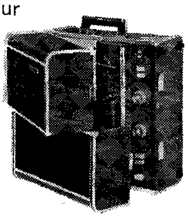
are now in New York.
Unrivalled for quality and values in jewelry, fine watches, beaded bags and gifts.

5 East 57th Street (at Fifth Avenue) 7th Floor



A magnificent new stereophonic high fidelity tape system; precise, versatile, complete in itself, the **Sony Sterecorder 500,** with the revolutionary lid-integrating speakers, may be purchased for less than $399.50 complete with two F-87 cardioid dynamic microphones.

Outstanding operational features distinguish the amazing new Sony Sterecorder 500: ■ Acoustical cone suspension speakers ■ Speakers combine to form carrying case lid ■ 4-track stereo and monophonic recording and playback ■ Vertical or horizontal operation ■ Microphone and line mixing ■ Sound on sound ■ Two V.U. meters ■ Hysteresis-Synchronous drive motor ■ Dynamically balanced capstan flywheel ■ Pause control ■ Contour switch ■ Automatic shut-off ■ Automatic tape lifters ■ FM stereo inputs ■ Multiplex Ready!



SONY SUPERSCOPE® *The Tapeway to Stereo*

Sony tape recorders, the most complete line of quality recording equipment in the world, start at less than $79.50.
For literature or name of nearest dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. K, Sun Valley, Calif. *In New York, visit the Sony Salon, 585 Fifth Avenue.*

The Definite Shift

Permanent small pinpleats running down the front and back give this shift a less casual air than most. It has an on-purpose, cared-for look . . . still easy, but more defined. (And quite as effective exiting as entering.) The Dacron polyester and rayon blend is crisply uncrushable. Pewter Grey, Leather, or Amber. Sizes 6 to 16.

About twenty-five dollars at good stores and college shops.

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

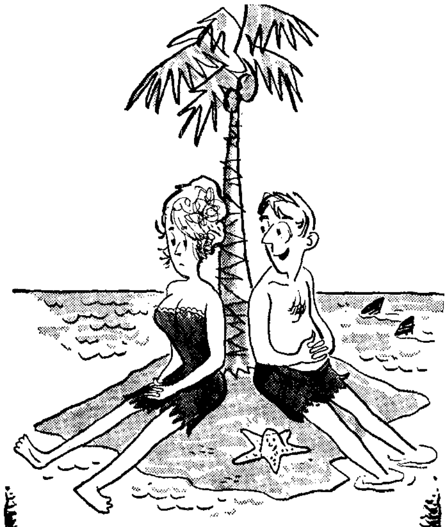
©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

son, came a passage headed "You're in Show Business":

> Show business is fun and fulfilling and rewarding. But it is also an exacting endeavor which requires the toughest form of personal discipline. Your attitude and your every action affect the happiness of our guests. So, to be blunt about it, you can't go on stage unless you are set to give a pleasant, happy performance. . . .
>
> At Disneyland we get tired, but never bored, and even if it is a rough day, we appear happy. You've got to have an honest smile. It's got to come from within. And to accomplish this you've got to develop a sense of humor and a genuine interest in people. If nothing else helps, remember that you get paid for smiling. . . . The Guest pays us to make him happy.

THE next morning, a spontaneously smiling, scrubbed, conservatively tonsured, immaculately dressed, uncannily natural, and apparently humorous and anthropophiliac night watchman let me through the pass gate a little before opening time. It was an overcast morning—unusual for Disneyland—but as I marched into the Main Street 1900 plaza, bound for my seminar on outdoor-entertainment-park cleaning, I had a feeling that it wasn't just sunlight that was missing from this particular prospect as I recalled it from my previous year's visit. The area's barely caricatured McKinley-era store fronts, opera house, and refreshment parlors shone as freshly as ever on both sides of its horsecar tracks, but something essential was gone. Then I realized that it was the milling crowd. A spotless place that is also vacant is no marvel. At the gingerbread Town Hall, after having made sure that the lovely, pallid, period-costumed receptionist wasn't a wax dummy placed in the antique setting to fool me (there is just such a deception in the antique movie box office a few steps away), I asked her for directions, and was told to enter a doorway nearby. There I met an unmistakably live and contemporary young woman, who introduced herself as Gwen Welch, secretary to Eddie Meck's assistant, a former newspaperman named Charlie Ridgway, and told me that Mr. Ridgway would join me for my cleaning lecture in a minute.

"I hope the weatherman is right about real rain not being very likely," Mrs. Welch said, gazing apprehensively out of the window. "We *need* it, of course, but four thousand Boy Scouts are coming, some from as far away as San Diego, and the last real rain we had was on Boy Scout Day a year ago." I noted that Mrs. Welch, too, had an attractive smile, and when I complimented her on her choice of a place in



"Please let me see that Castaways' brochure again."

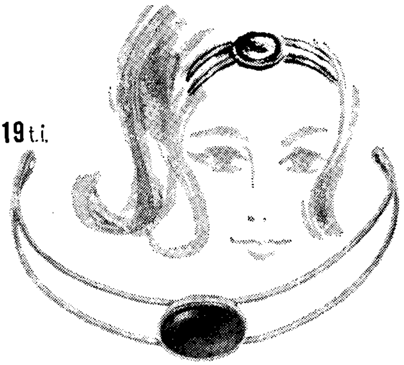
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT ABOUT THE

Castaways

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

"America's Most FUNderful Resort-Motel"

NEW YORK OFFICE
WI 7-4262



$19 t.i.

CIRCLET

sterling silver set with jade

flexes easily into headband or necklace

cinruss creations
956 Hamilton Street, Allentown, Pa.

Restaurant
VOISIN
30 East 65th Street

Open every day for luncheon, cocktails, dinner

Reservations, Michel: LE 5-3800

Peck & Peck

Photographed by Jane Arnold in San Remo on the Italian Riviera

Dyed-in-the-wool for the Peck & Peck Girl:

Hadley cashmere and a matchmate skirt

Beautiful way to pair separates—with the unbroken line of a one-colour look. Here, understated simplicity in Hadley's new dressmaker cashmere—its only detail, a tiny cable-edged collar. Hunting Rose, Cheshire Cheese or Heather Purple. 34 to 40, 28.00 Matchmate colours in a slimline wool skirt, loomed for Peck & Peck alone. 8 to 18, 17.00

Peck & Peck—Fifth Avenue, New York

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

huehnergarth

Investment tip

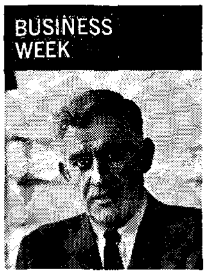
Don't call the SEC. We got this tip from over a thousand respected partners and officers in the country's leading investment banking firms. We had Crossley, S-D Surveys, Inc. ask these knowledgeable gentlemen this question: "In your opinion, does corporate advertising favorably affect the sale or stability of a company's securities?" 1,188 partners and officers replied. 1,046—that's more than 88%, if you please—said "Yes." They believed that corporate advertising *does* have a favorable effect upon stock prices.

Naturally, we were pleased to hear this (since so many of our advertisers run corporate advertising). But we pressed our luck. We also asked them, "Among the seven leading general business and news magazines, which would you consider most effective in bringing such advertising to the attention of individual investors and institutional buyers of securities?" 1,299 partners and officers replied, and 55.2%—the largest percentage of all—named BUSINESS WEEK.

Oh, yes, the tip. Invest that advertising dollar in BUSINESS WEEK.

You advertise in BUSINESS WEEK when you want to inform management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine



which to make her career, she answered thoughtfully, "Yes, it's a nice place if you like perfection."

Ridgway, a dark, sensible-looking young man, emerged from an inner sanctum with a rain slicker over one arm, invited me to call him Charlie, and suggested that we get going before the Boy Scouts did. "I've been researching the cleanup operations for you and surprising even myself," he said as we began our stroll toward a plaza at the street's farther end. He waved a hand toward a gaily colored, faintly caricatured eighteen-ninetyish trash can on the sidewalk, and continued, "The man in charge of grounds maintenance, Chuck Boyajian, tells me he has two hundred and fifteen men working around the clock to pick up as much as thirty tons of debris a day—most of it, happily, from plastic liners of these trash receptacles, all three hundred of which rely on simply looking inviting, without any 'Don't Litter' signs to stir up defiance. What isn't thrown into them is picked up as it falls by onstage janitors—four of them at a time in just this area, which is only a couple of hundred yards long and sixty feet wide. They're also charged with scraping up chewing gum with special razor-blade rakes before it gets so deeply embedded in the pavement that only acid will get it out. Then, as soon as the park closes at night, a fleet of sidewalk vacuums and street-cleaning machines takes over, along with brigades of dustmen to wash and wipe down awnings and umbrellas, and people who polish up the brass and chrome on the surreys, motorbuses, trolleys, trains, boats, bobsleds, sky ride, monorail, spaceship, carrousel, and what have you, all over the park. I believe we have eighty-odd rides, and the equipment is polished almost every day, in line with what Chuck says is the old wives' correct reasoning that constant fussing saves major rehabilitation."

He swept an arm inclusively around the façades near us and went on, "I also learned that Walt and his art directors worked out a very precise pattern of more than two hundred specific color shades for just these store fronts along here, which are completely repainted once every two years. And during the years in between, and more often if scuffing occurs, the ground-level portions are repainted from a second complete color chart to match the faded upper portions."

We reached the plaza, with its entrances into the park's four other major subdivisions—each an Erewhon devoted to a particular Elsewhere in time or space, each representing a rework-

Write or phone for our new Fall-Winter Maternity Booklet and our new Layette-Nursery Furniture Booklet.

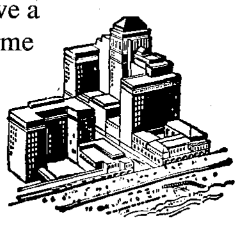
S. F. A's evening brocade for mothers-to-be, 65.00

Our cocktail-and-on dress of rayon brocade is in two parts. A simple sleeveless shell top and beneath, a long stemmy back-slit skirt with a stretch waist and button adjustments. In beige and gold, 6 to 14 sizes. Maternity Shop.

Saks Fifth Avenue

CONCERN

Will you have a wonderful time here? We couldn't care more!



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 73 Years
For Reservations: Ask operator for 609-344-5131 collect

ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
"Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley" gay singing from 7:30 p.m.
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

AUCTION: EVERY THURSDAY
FURNITURE, DECORATIVE & ART OBJECTS
Exhibitions Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday
PLAZA ART GALLERIES, INC.
406 EAST 79th STREET
N.Y.C. 21—TR 9-1800

ing by Disney of an old Disney theme, in the manner of Picasso returning to mulled-over material. We turned into the rain forest of Adventureland, and Ridgway led me to the open-front counter of a fairly lavish shooting gallery, whose several hundred targets, representing big game of the African veldt, were at that moment being touched up by two painters using six paint cans. "*This* place gets repainted every morning," Ridgway said. Nearby were a magnificent, real sixty-foot magnolia tree, which Ridgway told me had recently been trucked in, and the Swiss Family Robinson tree, much larger and more interesting, with swinging stairs, an elaborate if primitive water system, and period-furnished apartments perched like nests among what Ridgway said were three hundred thousand plastic leaves and fifty thousand plastic blooms, all, according to my guide, the recipients of frequent washdowns by janitors with garden hoses.

As we strolled from Adventureland into Frontierland, next door, I noticed regional variations in the trash cans; in Adventureland they resembled bamboo animal cages, and in Frontierland they mimicked giant redwood stumps. Amplified jungle bird song, which had filled. the air a minute before, was now replaced by homely noises emanating from the Old West false fronts—snores from a hotel, yells from a dentist's office—near the terminus of the Nature's Wonderland Mine Train (which I remembered as an excursion through a wilderness of giant cacti, pouncing bobcats, and anthropomorphically menacing boulders). The sound effects reminded Ridgway that it takes four technicians two and a half hours every morning to walk through the grounds and clean, turn on, and check hundreds of audio-tape outlets. A passing greeting (non-amplified) from a grizzled frontiersman (non-plastic) who sported a sheriff's badge prompted Ridgway to explain another sort of cleansing service, provided by representatives of the park security force such as the putative sheriff. These men are charged with, among other things, discreetly tailing any rowdy-looking groups or individuals who come through the gate, and discreetly bouncing those whose manners get too untidy. Now Frontierland's major waterway came in sight, just beyond a trading post, and lying at their moorings in it were a Mississippi paddle-wheel boat called the Mark Twain and an assortment of other craft, including a full-rigged windjammer, keelboats, rafts, and Indian canoes. At the moment, the only boat in motion was an

THE CLASSIC LOOK. Even before you look at the label, you recognize the quiet authority of an Alan Paine. Made in Great Britain, these superb sweaters are *so assuredly right, so casually correct:* 100% pure cashmeres, pure lambswools, authentic Shetlands, luxurious 4-ply camelhairs and the original club-trim tennis classics. No wonder a man feels he *belongs* in an Alan Paine. A wide selection of styles in an inimitable range of exclusive colors. Prices start at under fifteen dollars.

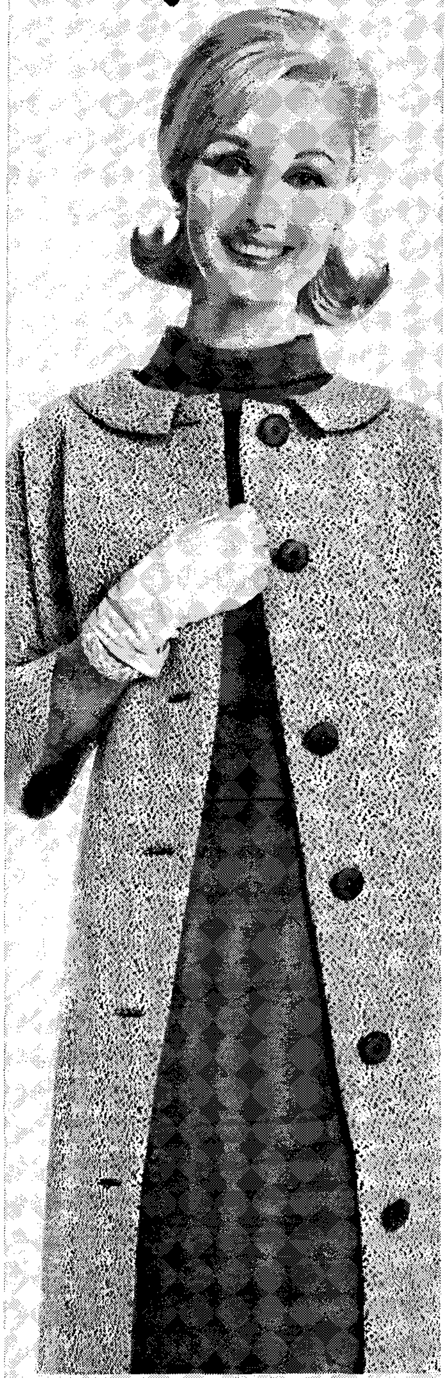
Alan Paine

Alan Paine sweaters are available at these fine stores:

Anaheim, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Atlanta, Ga.	Muse's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Beverly Hills, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Boston, Mass.	R. H. Stearns Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. Hengerer Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Belk Bros. Co.
Charlottesville, Va.	Ed Michtom's
Chicago & Detroit	Capper & Capper
Chicago, Ill.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Dallas, Texas	Jas. K. Wilson Co.
Denver, Colo.	May—D. & F.
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Durham, N. C.	College Shop
Greensboro, N. C.	Gene Lashley
Greenwich, Conn.	Kepple & Kepple
Hanover, N. H.	James Campion
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co., Inc.
High Point, N. C.	Collier Ellis and Company
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Iowa City, Iowa	Moe Whitebook's
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest & Geneva, Ill.	Robertson's Men Shop
Lexington, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.	Rodes, Downtown & Mall
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Phil A. Halle
Milwaukee, Wis.	T. A. Chapman Co.
Minneapolis & St. Paul	Hubert W. White
Newark, N. J.	Hahne & Company
New York & Branches	Wallachs
New York & Branches	Bloomingdale's
Oxford, Ohio	Jack's Corner Store
Palm Springs, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Panorama City, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Pasadena, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker London Shop
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Princeton, N. J.	Langrock's
Raleigh, N. C.	Norman's Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Salt Lake City, Utah	Arthur Frank
San Antonio, Texas	Frank Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.	City of Paris
San Francisco, Calif.	Roos/Atkins
Seattle, Wash. & Pebble Beach, Calif.	Littler
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel
Waterville, Me.	Dunham's of Maine
Wellesley, Mass.	Ara's
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Norman Stockton

For other stores, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK

Zefkrome



MR. JULES creates a double knit ensemble of 100% Zefkrome® acrylic that travels trans-world with the greatest of ease. Crepe textured coat coordinated with a trim two-piece turtleneck dress. Sizes 8 to 16. About $70.
THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
DOW

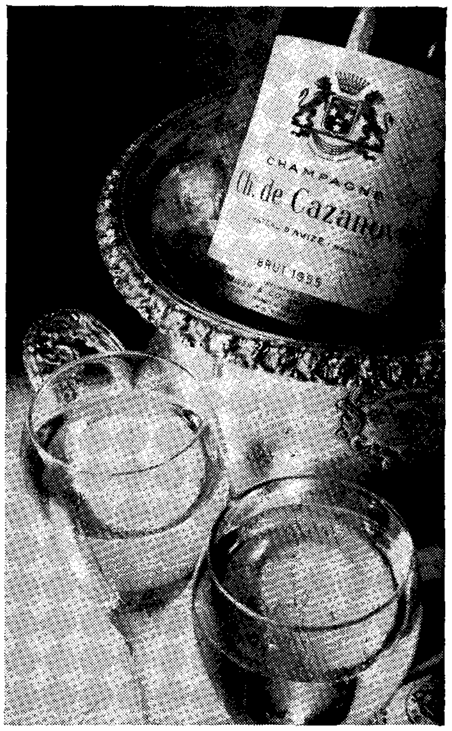
De Pinna, New York and Westchester
Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles
Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago
Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada
Davison Paxon (Georgian Room), Atlanta

anachronistically contemporary-looking skiff with two occupants, who were engaged in dipping outsize butterfly nets into the water and gracefully scooping out bits of soggy paper. "Marine janitors," Ridgway remarked of the men, and glanced at his watch. "Let's get over to the Matterhorn, where Sam Billings, one of the supervisors, said he'd meet us for a briefing on the water-maintenance operation," he said.

The Matterhorn's glacial brow was visible beyond the park's central plaza, where Sleeping Beauty's Castle marks the entrance to Fantasyland, and we now walked that way. What in any other amusement park would be a starkly skeletal roller coaster is here a track-borne bobsled excursion that goes up, around, through, and down a grotto-pocked, waterfall-washed, convincingly painted, one-one-hundredth-scale model—even at that as high as a Park Avenue apartment house—of the original great Alp. Approaching it, I studied the swans in the castle moat and guessed them to be real. Farther along, I recognized a ride called the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, which is basically nothing more than a standard carnival turntable equipped with independently revolving seats; in this case, however, the seats are placed in such wonderfully shiny cup-and-saucer sets as to give the guest (or so I recalled) the illusion of having been caught inside a disequilibrium sequence in an old Disney short subject.

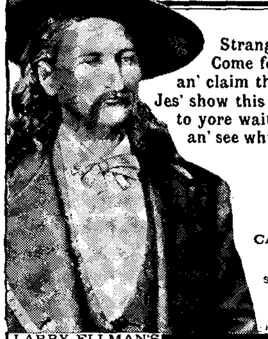
The park's opening time was approaching, and a receiving line of snappily uniformed attendants, preparing for the oncoming four thousand Boy Scouts, waved us across the bobsled terminal toward the base of the Matterhorn, where, with the savoir-faire of the Pied Piper himself, Ridgway led me through an inconspicuous fissure and into the bowels of the mountain. At first glance, these looked little different from the bowels of that Park Avenue apartment house—a concrete hallway into which opened concrete cells containing fuse boxes and pipes and valves—except that overhead all was a great hollow, with erratically angling steel girders and segments of a bobsled tunnel here and there, and catwalks radiating from a wire-mesh elevator column. Also, everything echoed with the shrilling of the taped windstorms that buffet the bobsled riders. Ridgway had asked a passing mechanic to find Sam Billings for us, and was explaining the control panel in one of the cellars—an electronic brain that keeps tabs on the whereabouts and velocity of every bobsled and shuts down the whole system

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
FOR THE MOST
EXQUISITE TASTE...
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

SURPRISE!



Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE
STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of
PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL
IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

STRAPARAMA®
The authority on Fine leather watchstraps. Made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All widths and lengths; all colors. Attached in one minute; for men and women. 2.50 to 10.00.
Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?
TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

FRENCH CLASSES STARTING SOON
ASK FOR FREE BULLETIN
FRENCH INSTITUTE
22 E. 60 St. • N.Y. 22
PL. 9-4747

if any sled starts to exceed the comfortably thrilling top speed of thirty miles an hour—when Billings, a husky middle-aged man in lumberjacket and battered hat, joined us and said he was ready to go.

Outside again, Billings drew our attention to a limpid aquamarine lake, whose surface reflections of the cubes and spheres and cones of the adjacent Tomorrowland mingled with subsurface outlines of coral gardens, enormous crustaceans, and tropical fish. The lake, whose far end was concealed by a large landscaped canopy, was the setting for my favorite of all the rides: a latter-day tunnel-of-love journey aboard fifty-six-foot "atomic" submarines with lots of portholes, for viewing, first, the animated sculptures of marine life now dimly perceptible, and, later—when, with much squawking of klaxons and gurgling of bubbles, the subs have dived into the canopied sector—a spookily illuminated graveyard of sunken pirate galleons, the icicled underside of the North Pole, a volcanic eruption shivering the ruins of a tiny Atlantis, a colony of sportive mermaids, and, finally, a vast and addled sea serpent, the whole a masterly progression into the ultimate depths of Disney make-believe.

"That's very clean water," Billings said. "I'll show you where we clean it."

He led us a few paces, through some shrubbery, to a castle wall, where he unlocked a secret door and brought us into an unsuspected courtyard burbling with large and active vats and spillways, valve wheels the size of parasols, fourteen-inch pipes, chemical tanks, and more electronic panels. "This is where we fix up the sub ride's water," he said. "It has to be forty times as clean as drinking water, which means a lot of chlorine. And the least trace of dirt would jam the machinery in the giant clams and squids, so the filtering is pretty fine, too. You know, we have to pump a good deal of water up from our wells to keep all these waterfalls and rivers and things going, and the water table in southern California isn't getting any higher." Here he glanced hopefully up at the sky, which was covered by an increasingly drizzly-looking overcast. "So what we do is to leave just enough holes in the concrete linings of the ponds and streams for the seepage to replenish our wells."

Filing through a secret passageway that penetrated a thick screen of shrubbery, we emerged into a hidden patio containing a shed, a panel of lockers, in which two thoroughly sunburned youths were stowing swim fins and scuba-diving gear, and, on some tracks emerg-

NOW
FOR
YOU . . .

a magazine
for women
of accomplishment

Now there's a distinctive new magazine for women who are interested in business, the professions, government and the working arts. *Realm* examines significant events . . . discusses business and finance . . . and, of course, explores the successful woman's own special realm of entertaining, travel, reading, fashion and grooming. Women of accomplishment will welcome *Realm*. *Realm* will welcome you. *First issue in October!*

Realm
The Magazine for Women of Accomplishment

SPECIAL PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER!

Realm, 1801 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois

Please enter my subscription to *Realm* for one year (12 issues) at the special pre-publication rate of $5.00. (Regular price: $7.00.) I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied.

NAME..
ADDRESS...
CITY......................ZONE.....STATE...............
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.
NY

THAT ITALIAN KNIT IN AMERICA

BORN IN MILAN..."Pengouin"...the purely original knitted suit from the renowned **AVOGOLF MILLS.** Almost hidden: the shirt-collared blouson, sleeveless for ease. Beautifully apparent: the scoop-neck jacket with trompe l'oeil cuffs, the slender skirt. Starkly black and white, or other combinations. Sizes 8 to 16. 135.00. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's Vendome Shop, Pittsburgh; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; and other fine stores.

Korrigan

70 W. 40 Street, New York, N.Y.

ing from what I took to be the underwater cavern's rear wall, a submarine with some of its plates off and a diesel engine exposed. The youths waved laconic greetings to Billings, who explained, "Those boys are expert machinists who, at five dollars and a half an hour, spend three hours every morning skin-diving the length of the submarines' tracks, inspecting the rails, checking the animating machinery in the sea life, collecting debris, and so on. You want to come in and check the mermaids with me?"

Ridgway and I both did, and we clambered after Billings through a small door into what for a moment seemed utter darkness. Presently, however, I discerned colored lights glowing from under the surface of water that lapped a few inches below my footing. The lights were trained on a brace of mermaids who swam in undulating circles, suspended by invisible wires from a revolving turntable near my feet. Billings bent over them critically. "These mermaids have given us some trouble," he said. "Because all the bleach in the water is hard on paint, we cast them in colored plastic that was not supposed to need—or to take—paint. Then the plastic faded, so we had to invent a paint to go on paintproof plastic."

Before Billings said goodbye, he told me he had come to Disneyland as a contractor during the initial construction period, in 1954 and 1955, and had simply never left. "Once anybody works here, you can't hardly drive them away," he said.

The remainder of my morning's travels involved the use of Ridgway's car, which took us from one far-flung part of the cleaning and maintenance complex to another, in warehouses hidden here and there among old orange groves outside the park's encircling berm. Everything was on a municipal scale: the paint shop (bake ovens, spray galleries, retouching salons, and miles of shelves for paint cans labelled neatly "Mr. Toad," "Alice," "Alice Restroom"); the carpenter shop (at the moment engaged in manufacturing antique whiskey kegs); the radio shop (repair facilities, studios for taping sound effects, and headquarters for a two-way communications network); something called the "staff shop," a major layout devoted to materializing the brain children of W.E.D. Enterprises' dreamers, where artisans were just now improving on nature with newly synthesized weatherproof bear pelts and elephant and octopus hides, their efforts spurred by a big blackboard

it's always an island festival at TRADER VIC'S
7 East 58th St.
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · SUPPER
Open daily including Sunday
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call
ELdorado 5-2600

NOW APPEARING
smothers brothers
CAROL SLOANE
Mister Kelly's
CHICAGO'S HOME FOR...
SHELLEY BERMAN
KINGSTON TRIO
WOODY ALLEN JULIE LONDON
MORT SAHL
JACKIE MASON

Delicacies of the Sea
Méditerranée
575 Park Ave. (at 63rd Street)
Open Daily, Templeton 8-6130

PETER'S BACKYARD RESTAURANT
STEAKS · CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER-SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

covered with notations of pending projects ("Rehabilitate Submarine No. 8," "Construct Two Tea Pots," and "Rehabilitate Snow White"); the machine shop (currently repairing, among other things, two trucks, a bobcat, and a pair of giant crabs, the exposed lever-and-pneumatic-tube viscera of these last being custom-made, according to a foreman, at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars each); the monorail shed (with a homemade repair car powered by a surplus Sherman tank engine); the roundhouse (servicing headquarters for Disney's four miniature nineteenth-century locomotives, a plush old passenger train, a Narragansett excursion special, and a modified Western freight train); and the pony farm (where the stables accommodate the blacksmith's and the harness maker's hundreds of pet parakeets and pigeons in addition to the park's two hundred draft horses, pack mules, and ponies, whose only hardship is following a schedule that forbids their being worked more than four hours a day, the result being that they tend to get fat and keel over before their time).

I had a luncheon engagement with Meck at the Red Wagon Inn, on the central plaza, and as Ridgway drove me back to the park, it began to drizzle. Just inside the entrance, my eye was caught by the most elegant topiary grove I had ever seen—a secluded one, well out of the public view. Cedar, boxwood, privet, and cypress had been grown and trained and trimmed into the most intricate likeness of almost any animal one might think of. I asked Ridgway about it, and he said, "I'm not exactly sure, but I think it's part of some project Walt is thinking of replacing a part of Fantasyland with." A topiary garden, it seemed to me, left no room for doubt about my pet theory on Disney's eccentricity, and at luncheon I ventured to outline my notion of Walt—as I now found myself calling him—as the last of the freewheeling aristocratic eccentrics to thrive in our petty do-it-yourself day. The idea shocked Meck, who retorted defensively, "Walt's an absolutely regular fellow." I smoothed things over by changing "eccentric" to "gadgeteer." After lunch, Meck gave me a handful of ride passes, and I said goodbye.

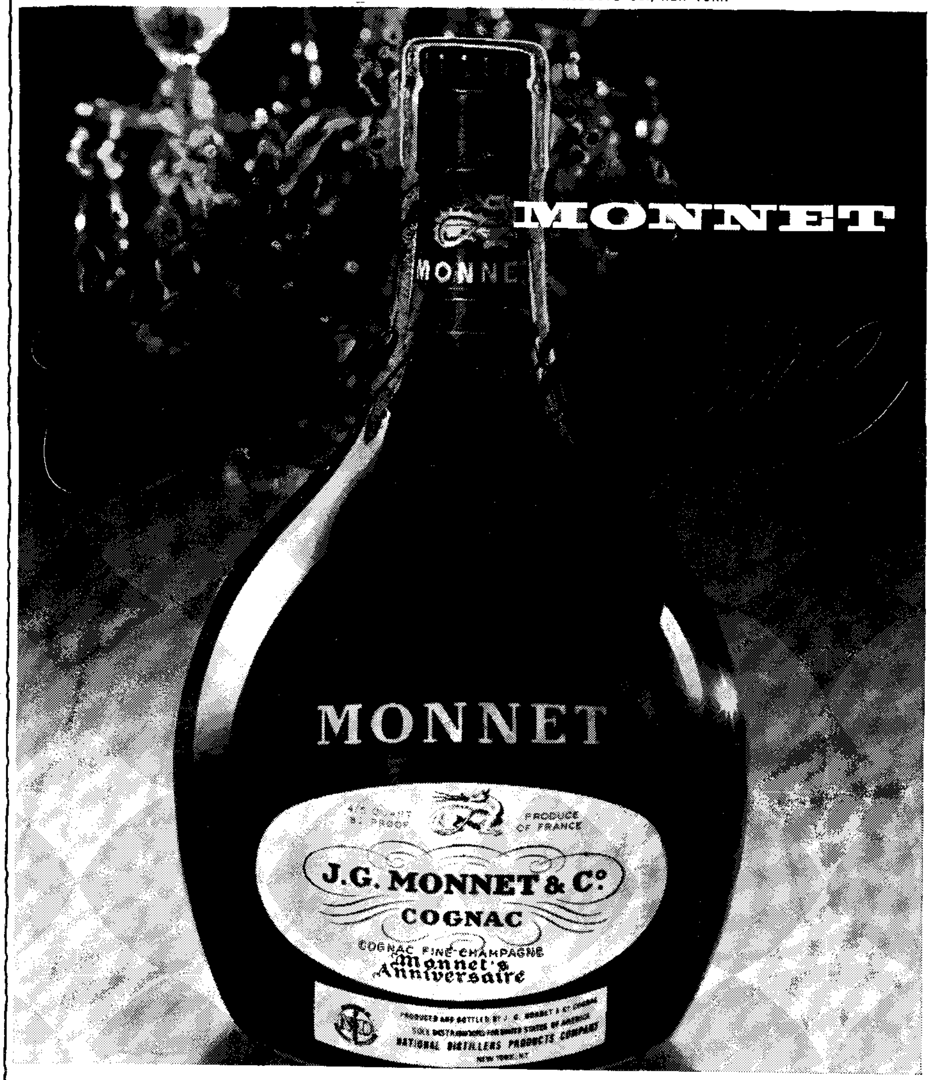
—Kevin Wallace

◆

Designer Adele Simpson plays it safe politically. She shows mohair stoles in Kennedy clan plaid, the Goldworm stripe and the Rockefeller check.—*Detroit News.*

You can wear them over a Freudian slip.

MONNET 3 STAR 84 PROOF • ANNIVERSAIRE 82 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK



A fabulous cognac...fabulously packaged

Monnet Anniversaire is said by many to be the finest cognac available today. Of an unusual softness and rare bouquet, this fine champagne cognac is for royal welcomes and great occasions. It makes a princely gift. The fabulous gift case is of natural wood, lined with red velvet.

J.G. MONNET & C°
COGNAC
MONNET

FOR ALL OCCASIONS TRY MONNET ★★★ STAR—DE LUXE QUALITY AT A 3 STAR PRICE

LOVE
makes her the prettiest
girl at the party in her
Crompton Cotton Velveteen jumper.
Burgundy only with contrasting pink blouse.
Sizes 7-12. About $13.
Sizes 3-6X. About $11.
At B. Altman & Co., New York
Filene's, Boston
Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY18
Crompton Velveteen

THE KISS

IT was a most beautiful morning. The white clouds, above this part of the Irish coast, seemed playful and benign. The waters of the river went over the weir like a flow of silk and emptied placidly, a short distance farther on, into the sea. The flowers on the far bank of the river were white and purple. Many small, brightly colored pleasure boats were tied up along the near bank, waiting for the tourists to get out of their beds.

The boy paid not the least attention to those real boats. Standing on a ramp leading into the river, he sailed his own boat. It was a short piece of rough timber, the front of which he had shaped very crudely into a sort of bow. He had put a nail in the bow and tied a long string to it. He would push his boat out into the water, and it would wobble its way toward where there was a slight pull from the current, and as it set off toward the weir he would pull the string and the boat would turn reluctantly, half drowned, back toward him. He was about nine years old, with brown, curly hair. He wore a shirt, short trousers, and sandals; the sandals were wet, and one of them had a broken strap.

Sometimes his boat was a great battleship. He would purse his lips and make big-gun sounds. Sometimes it was an ocean liner, tall and majestic, and he would make a deep siren sound from his chest. It was also a fussy tug, a river boat. It was anything he wanted it to be, and he thought it was wonderful.

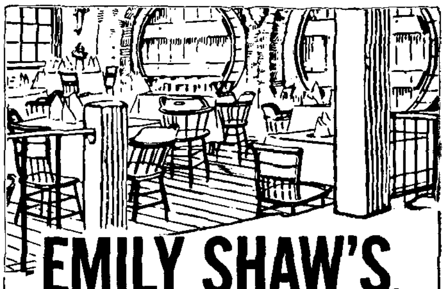
Then this girl came along by the riverside. She was six or so. She had fair hair and a short dress that showed her well-browned limbs, which were in the pudgy stage. She had blue eyes and fat wrists, and she was still inclined to bite one finger. She was pulling a wooden horse by a string over the uneven ground. It was on wobbly wheels, this horse, and was painted white, with red trimmings. When it toppled, she would stop and put it upright and go on again. She came to the ramp and stood there and watched the boy playing with the boat. "Hello, Jimmy," she said.

Jimmy gave her one glance over his shoulder. He wished her to go away. She knew this, but it didn't embarrass her. She just squatted down and watched him—boat in, boat out. Like Jimmy, she thought it was a beautiful boat.

"Nice boat," she said.

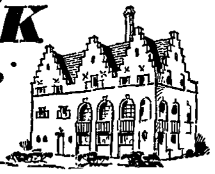
He raised one eyebrow to look at her. He didn't smile, but he was pleased that

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.
HARE AND HOUND
A delightful
animal print
of pure silk.
White background
with red or royal
animals
predominating.
Short sleeves.
Sizes 10-16 **15.00.**
(PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR SHIPPING)
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK-IN WINE CELLAR

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .
ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



SUEDES CLEANED & RECONDITIONED LEATHERS
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Cleaned, Reconditioned . . . Like New All Over
Again! Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Pick-Up Svc.
Send for Home Supply Of Miracle Leather Cleaner
"LEATHERCRAFTER"® $1.25 ppd.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA INC.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

she knew a beautiful thing when she saw it. "Huh," he said.

"Could you carry my horse across the river?" she asked. She asked this as if it were an impossible thing.

Jimmy considered it. He knew she thought that he couldn't possibly do such a thing, so he said, with scorn, "Of course! Bring the horse down to the dock."

She rose from her squatting, and very carefully pulled the horse to the edge of the ramp. She wished to show him that she could handle a horse well. As the boat was then in midstream, he had to turn it with finesse. He used the string gently, so that when the boat turned it didn't even go under the water. Like a master mariner, he brought it safely to port.

"You will have to back the horse onto the ship," he said. "Careful. You might swamp the boat and there is no insurance on her."

"I'll be careful," she said. She put her small red tongue between her teeth and held it there as she started backing the horse on board. The horse would take up a lot of room—nearly the whole width and length of the boat. She was conscious of a critical eye watching her, and when finally the horse stood on the boat she clapped her hands and said, "Now!"

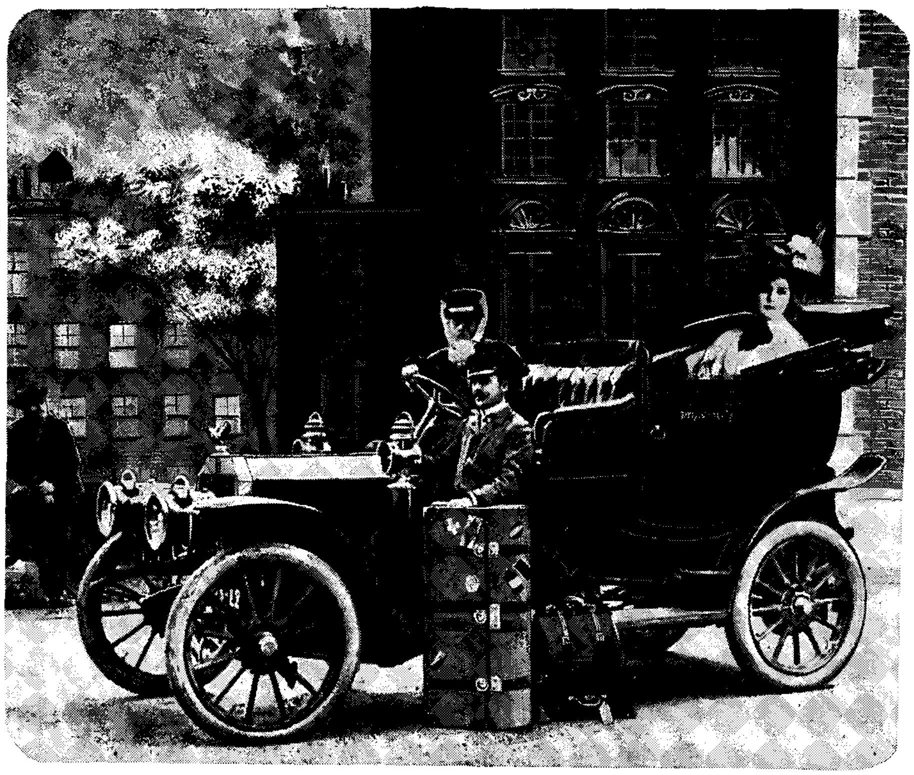
"That was easy," the boy said. "Now it is hard."

The weight of the horse was almost submerging the vessel, so he was very cautious. He gently eased the boat and its burden out into the water with his little finger, and as the flow of the stream caught the boat he loosed the guiding string with extreme care. They held their breath. The boat went out the full length of the string. It wobbled a bit. The girl bit at her finger.

"Crossing the rapids is the worst part," the boy said as he delicately began turning the boat and its burden around. Slowly it came around, little by little, and then, after a few terrible moments of anxiety, it started to come back to them. They were standing by, tense, as he brought it in. Finally, it scraped against the ramp. He bent down, pulled the horse onto the ramp, and then, standing up, he said, "Now you will have to pay!"

To his astonishment, the little girl clapped her hands and said, "Oh, Jimmy!" and stood on her toes and kissed him.

It was this sight the priest saw as he glanced up from his breviary. He thought it was a most wonderful sight. He was pleased with the morning, the summer sun, the flowers, and the green



Wait till you see our new "machine"

The one we meet you in at the New York airports, we mean.

It's a Rolls. With a built-in bar. And telephone. (Feel free to use both while our chauffeur busies himself collecting your luggage. And, of course, on the drive to Delmonico's Hotel. Where personalized service *really* begins!)

Here, you will rediscover—with pleasure—the joy of being catered to by a hotel staff trained in the grand tradition. By maids who take pride in their vocation—indeed, consider it a profession. By waiters who not only know what they *should* do—but do it with a *flair*. By clerks who will memorize your individual likes and dislikes—and *cater* to them.

This service in the grand tradition is certainly not a *new* idea. Just one that, regrettably, seems to have fallen into general disuse in this frenzied age of automation and ostentation. Except, of course, at Delmonico's. (It's *our* stock in trade.)

Which is the reason, we suppose, that we attract so discriminating a clientele. After all, Delmonico's is the New York counterpart of the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach.

(Your travel agent will reserve your room—and Rolls—if you wish. Or, you can write us direct.)

S. Joseph Tankoos, Jr., President
V. Alexander Polich, Vice-President & General Manager

DELMONICO'S
HOTEL

Park Avenue at 59th Street Cable Address: Elegance, New York
Represented nationally by Leonard Hicks, Jr. Inc.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. Mail the coupon below together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N15

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

leaves. The psalms of his office were in praise of the material works of God, and this sight to him was the climax of the morning. He was pleased he had come to the riverside.

Jimmy was about to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand where she had kissed him, when this tall figure of a priest dressed in black loomed over them. He was smiling. "Oh, this won't do," the priest said. "I saw you kissing Jimmy, Cecily. Now you will have to be married. You know that." He was marking his place in the breviary with the index finger of his right hand. He put this hand on Jimmy's head and his free hand on Cecily's head. "Now," he said, laughing, "you are married."

He was very pleased with his joke. He looked at their innocence and smiled, and then walked on, chuckling. It was a little time before he could erase the picture they made and get on with his office.

Jimmy was glaring at the little girl. His fists were clenched. "Now see what you have done," he said.

"What?" she asked.

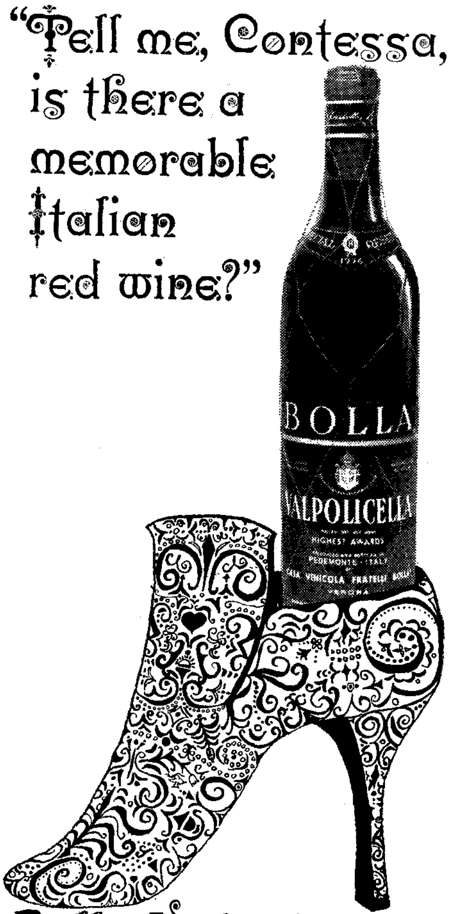
"Everything! Everything!" he shouted. "You have ruined everything!"

He saw her face starting to crumble. He bent down, took his boat, string and all, and fired it out into the river. He watched it as it went under the water and then popped up again and settled. It was near the weir. It went around and around and then it was gone. He felt sad. He felt it was the total end of a way of life.

"Come on!" he said roughly to the girl. She was biting her finger now. He snatched this hand from her mouth and took it in his own. Her finger was wet. He bent over and took the horse in his other hand. "Come on!" he said again, and walked off with her. She had to run to keep up with him.

He walked her from the riverside, up one street and into another street. He knew her house well. It was only a few doors from his own. The door of her house was open to the sun. The red tiles of the front step were polished. "Go in, now," he said, "and don't stir out again." She went in and stood, looking back at him. There were tears in her eyes. "And don't be biting your finger. You are not a cannibal," he added, and left her. She watched him go. Then she came out and sat on the step. She reached for the horse he had set down there, and cuddled it in her arms. She was bewildered.

JIMMY wondered where he would go first. Somewhere away from home he would have to go. It wouldn't do


"Tell me, Contessa, is there a memorable Italian red wine?"
BOLLA
VALPOLICELLA

Bolla Valpolicella
Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

MIRIAM MAKEBA
The CHAD MITCHELL Trio
STAN GETZ Quartet
Appearing Nightly BASIN STREET East
137 East 48th St. • PL 2-4444

near home. Everyone left home when a thing like this happened. He thought of places he had been with his father. They might know him, those shopkeepers. He headed for the shops. It was quite a walk. He had to stop now and again to pull the sandal with the broken strap up on his heel. Down into town and along the main street and across the bridge and down another few streets. He saw this shop where his father often took him. He went in. He liked the smell of it. Raisins and spices and fruit and at the back a closed-off place where his father would drink a glass of stout and Jimmy would have fizzy lemonade and a biscuit with currants in it; he would pull out the currants and eat them before he threw away the biscuit.

"Mr. Moran," he said to the shopkeeper.

Moran had to bend over the counter to see where the voice came from. "Ah, hello, Jimmy," he said. "Do you want a pint?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "I want a job."

"Oh! Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Moran and roared with laughter. "Hey, Dominic," he called to a man in a white apron. "Here's a fella after your job."

"Don't be laughing, Mr. Moran," said Jimmy, desperately.

"What do you want me to do?" Moran asked. "Now, look at the size of you. You couldn't reach the bottom shelf. God—you're a comic, Jimmy. Come back when you've grown four feet."

But Jimmy was gone. His face was red. He was digging his nails into his palms. Why wouldn't they understand? They shouldn't laugh.

The man in the hotel laughed. He called a lot of people to look at Jimmy and tell them what Jimmy had said. The man in the fun palace laughed. His laughter and the laughter of his clients followed Jimmy as he ran toward the sea.

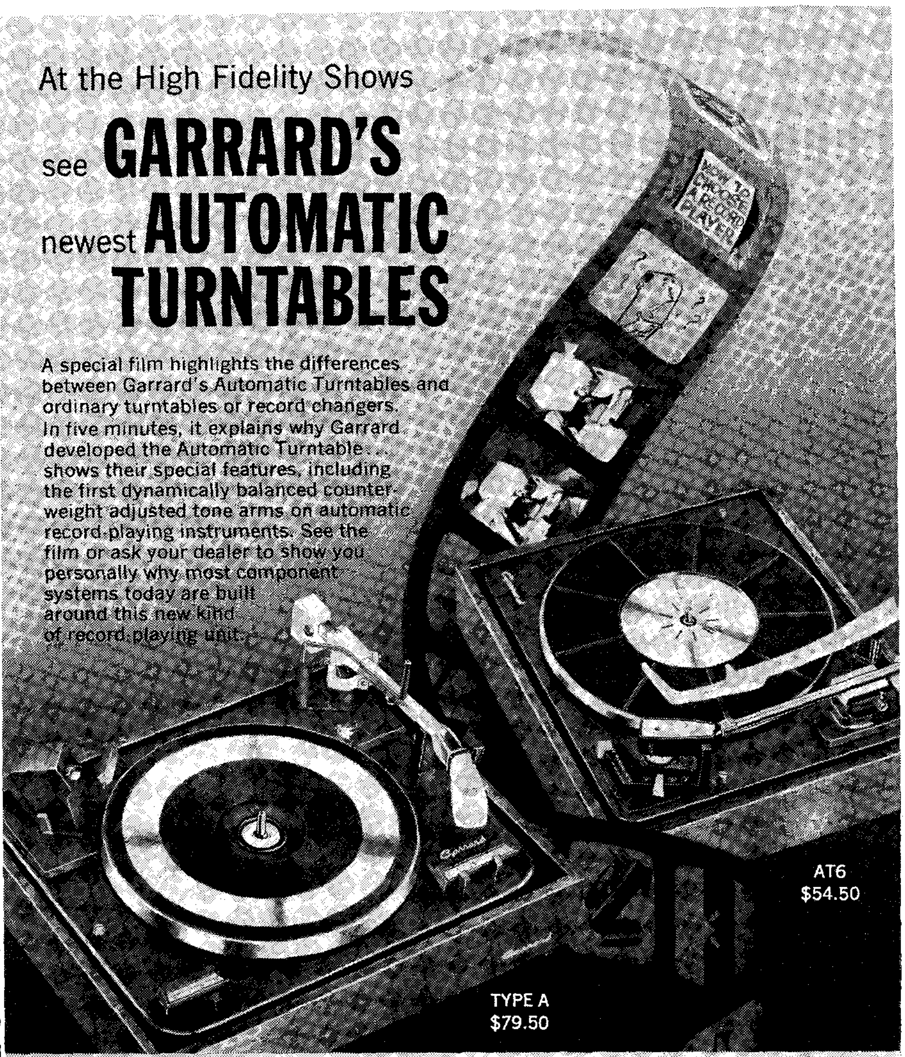
There he sat on the rocks. The tide was coming in, and he flung round stones at the sea. He felt really desperate. He understood, now, all the hardships of being grown up.

JIMMY's father's heart didn't return to its proper position until he saw the lonely figure on the stony beach. He left his bicycle on the promenade and walked down to him. He's alive, he was thinking. Imagine, he's alive! When Jimmy hadn't come home for lunch, he had begun searching for him; that was two hours ago. He had been thinking of getting the river dragged,

At the High Fidelity Shows

see **GARRARD'S**
newest **AUTOMATIC TURNTABLES**

A special film highlights the differences between Garrard's Automatic Turntables and ordinary turntables or record changers. In five minutes, it explains why Garrard developed the Automatic Turntable . . . shows their special features, including the first dynamically balanced counter-weight adjusted tone arms on automatic record-playing instruments. See the film or ask your dealer to show you personally why most component systems today are built around this new kind of record-playing unit.



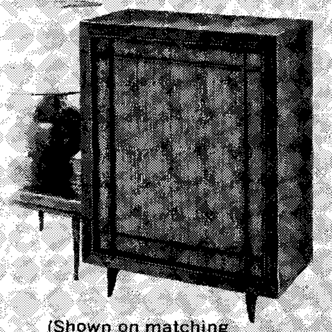
AT6
$54.50

TYPE A
$79.50

and hear

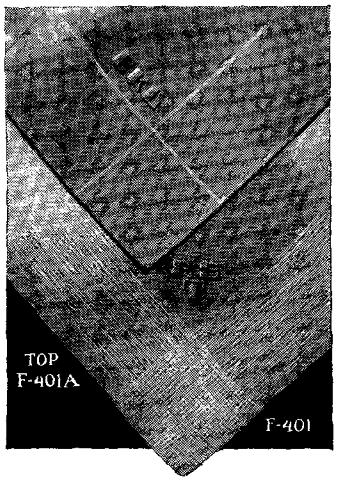
Wharfedale's newest
Achromatic Speaker System—
the **W90**

Musically incomparable Wharfedale Speaker Systems are priced from $69.50. The W90 illustrated is larger than a "compact," smaller than a "console." It includes six speakers in a magnificent, non-resonant, sand-filled enclosure. Oiled or polished walnut, $259.50. Utility Model, $244.50.



(Shown on matching Universal Mounting Base $9.95)

For Comparator Guide and list of dealers write Dept. GM-793, Garrard Sales Corp., Port Washington, N. Y.



TOP
F-401A

F-401

EVERY 'LOVED' MAN DESERVES...

Mosse's White Classic Irish Linen Handkerchiefs!

Full-bodied, excellent quality. Flawlessly hand-hemmed. Note the "Mosse touch" in the hand-embroidered monograms–white shaded in 6 tie colors: tan, brown, royal, black, grey, wine or all white.

SPECIAL – PRE-CHRISTMAS PRICES

Box of 6	*$17.85*
Box of 12	*35.50*

Charge accounts invited. No C.O.D.'s. Catalog on request.

mosse Linens

52 EAST 57 NEW YORK 22

Going places...

...as a two-piece dress.
As a wisp of a suit.
Versatile ensemble of Olian's
sheerest wool to take you
shopping, traveling or
out on the town. Crocheted
buttons add a dressy touch.
By Phillips in sizes 8-20
in black, royal blue, vicuna
and cranberry red.

$29^95

Woolf Brothers
KANSAS CITY • WICHITA • TULSA • COLUMBIA
Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas
Phil A. Halle, Memphis
Mail orders (add 45c postal charges) to:
1020 Walnut, Kansas City, Mo.,
or our store nearest you.

thinking of small bodies caught at the weir.

"Hello, Jimmy," he said, sitting beside him. Jimmy looked at him. His father's face was serious. This pleased Jimmy. "You didn't come home for your grub," his father said. "I was looking all over the place for you." He had heard about Jimmy's looking for a job. "Did something happen?"

"Yes," said Jimmy. "It was that silly Cecily. We're married."

"Oh," said his father. But he didn't laugh. Jimmy noticed that and put his hand on his father's knee, and after a pause, Jimmy's father put his own hand on the small one. "Married?" he said. "I see."

Jimmy told him about the priest. "So I had to go looking for a job," he said, "and go away from home."

"I see," said his father. "I see." But, again, he didn't laugh. "That's serious, right enough. It's a tough life."

"What am I going to do now?" Jimmy asked. "Nobody wants a boy to work for them. I'm too small."

"The best thing we can do is to go and see that priest," said Jimmy's father.

"Will that do any good?" Jimmy asked.

"You never know," said his father. "Come on."

He put him on the bar of the bicycle, and they went into town and over to the house of the priest. I hope, Jimmy's father was thinking, that he will understand the feelings of a small boy.

"Will he be able to do anything?" Jimmy asked, as they stood at the front door.

"They have great power," said Jimmy's father, ringing the bell.

The priest's housekeeper showed them into a room lined with books. Jimmy was very nervous. The priest came in. He smiled when he saw Jimmy. "Ah, Jimmy," he said. "Hello, Joe, what ails you?"

"I believe," Joe said slowly, "that you married my son to Cecily this morning." Don't laugh now, Father, he thought, because you are the one that started it.

Jimmy was watching the priest closely. The priest didn't laugh. He nodded, and sat down in a leather-covered chair. Joining his fingers together to cover his mouth, he said, "Ah!"

"So Jimmy did the right thing," said his father. "He went looking everywhere for a job to support Cecily."

"Hmm," said the priest. "Cecily would be an expensive wife."

"You should see her eating ice cream," said Jimmy.

"I see," said the priest. "Tell me,

Toddler Petti-Pants
by Her Majesty

Of nylon tricot with a fleecy kitten on pocket, nylon lace trim. Red or white. Toddler sizes 2 to 3x, $1.50. At Sakowitz, Houston, and fine stores everywhere.
HER MAJESTY, 130 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK

One of the 7 wonderful
inns of the world
Cherry Hill Inn
Modern, with old-fashioned overtones in design and hospitality. 300 rooms, fine food and cocktails. 15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia 4 miles from N.J. Tpk., Exit 4.
Write for color brochure
Rt. 38 at Haddonfield Road, Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: 609 NO 2-7200
Fred R. Clausen, General Manager

Prof. D'Ar_________met
Odol® in Rome and
rediscovered it in Toledo.
THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL

新雅酒家
The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Carte Blanche, Diner's and American Express
SUN YAH

did you go into her house at all since you were married."

"I did not," said Jimmy.

"You mean you didn't go into her house and have a meal or anything?"

"I did not," said Jimmy scornfully.

"Ah, then it's all off," said the priest.

"It is?" said Jimmy.

"Certainly," said the priest. "If you don't go and live in the same house as Cecily, it's all off."

"I'll never go near her again as long as I live," said Jimmy.

"That's a pity," said the priest. "I thought you were a nice couple."

"She's a silly girl," said Jimmy.

"Incompatibility," said the priest. "So you are as free as a bird again, Jimmy."

"I'm glad! I'm glad! I'm glad!" said Jimmy.

The priest and his father wondered at the fervent way he spoke.

"Thank you, Father," said Joe. "You are very kind."

"No," said the priest. "I'm very silly." Jimmy was running into the hall toward the door. "They were such a pretty picture. I meant no harm. That silly joke, and it gives a boy many hours of worry. Who would think it?"

He watched father and son go out the door. Jimmy was a different boy from the one who had stood in the room with the books. He was chattering now, joggling about on the bar of the bicycle. Joe waved at the priest, and then they were gone.

Joe thought how relieved his wife would be to see Jimmy. He thought of the change that had come over his son. He wondered if he would remember this when he was grown up. He himself would never forget it. He wondered if, somehow, it was his fault. He wondered if he was responsible for something buried deep in the mind of his son that had caused this simple joke of the priest to bring such terror. He wondered if his son would ever understand what had happened.

Jimmy was honking from his chest as if he were the horn of a motorcar.

—WALTER MACKEN

•

TIME INC. BOOKS, INFORMATION

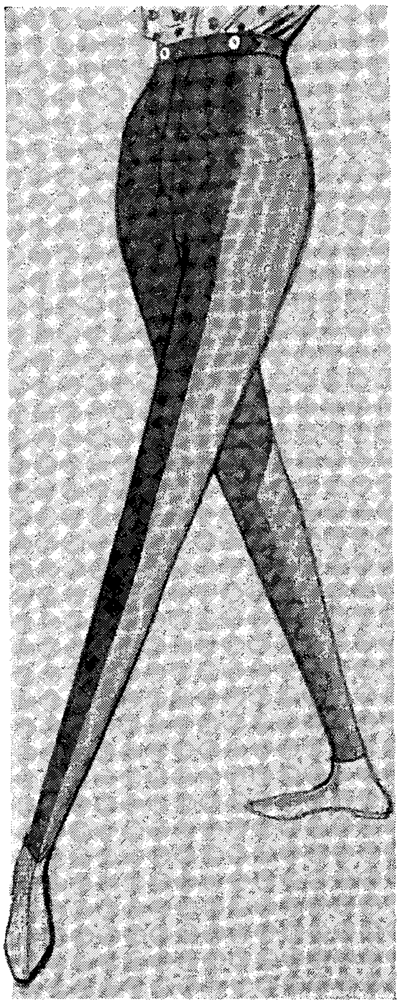
DEAR BOOKBUYER:

Many thanks for your recent book order. I wish we could fill it at once, but improvements now under way in our procedures will mean a delay in shipping.

Ben Atwood
Book Fulfillment Manager

—*Note received by a man who ordered a book from Time Inc. Books.*

Got any nice retrogressions under way?



Fleischman introduces the most wonderful, washable Stretch Pants in 77% DACRON® polyester, 23% cotton. Tailored to Fleischman perfection in average and long lengths, they're yours in Spruce Green, Scarlet, Military Blue or Black. About $16. Sizes 8 to 16.

I. MAGNIN & CO.
West Coast
WOOLF BROS.,
Kansas City
JULIUS GARFINCKEL,
Washington, D. C.

Look Closely, this is Fortrel:

. . . the Celanese polyester fiber. It lets this warm snowsuit take sledding and snowballing in stride. A toss in the washer, a drip or tumble dry—and it's ready for fun again. Tidykin's suit of Dan River's Fortrel polyester and cotton poplin (with acrylic pile-lined jacket and Celacloud acetate quilted pants). Pink, blue with knit hat, scarf. Toddler 1-4. About $20 at B. Altman & Co., New York & branches; Filene's, Boston; Sage-Allen & Co., Inc., Hartford.

Fortrel® the fiber that keeps its promise™ Celanese® POLYESTER FIBER

Celanese® Celacloud™ Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

for the American Scene:

Wamsutta®

& Creighton

Take a good relaxed look at this Ivy League classic! The fabric is Wamsutta Homesteader, new, textured 100% cotton, in a muted grass cloth look with a paisley overprint. Crease-resistant, minimum care. Tailored by the fine hand of Creighton, in teal blue, bottle green, and taupe. Small, Medium, Large, Extra large. About $7.00 at the fine stores below.

AT ALL ARNOLD CONSTABLE STORES AND ABRAHAM & STRAUS STORES.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. MAKERS OF FAMOUS SUPERCALE® SHEETS AND WAMSUTTA HERITAGE TOWELS.

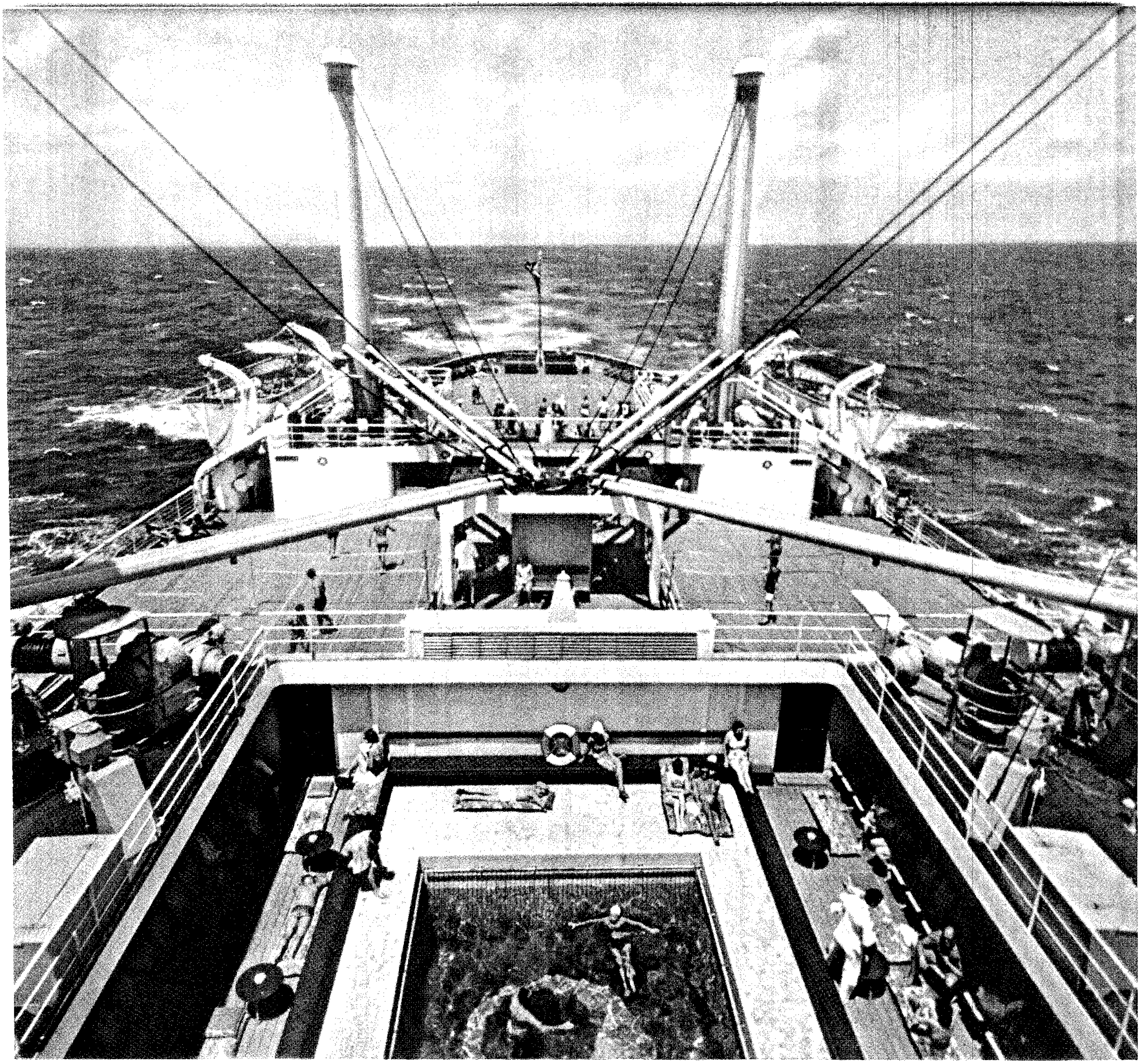
THE ART GALLERIES

The New as Value

THE rise to prominence of a new style or of work by an unknown artist used to be preceded by much critical discussion and evaluation. Today, the process often operates in reverse; first comes the popular attention, then the discussion and assessment. Novelties in painting and sculpture receive notice in the press as new *facts* long before they have qualified as new *art*. The public presence of images that demand elucidation exerts pressure upon art institutions and educators to exhibit and comment upon them. If the work continues to hold the spotlight, this comment takes place within a heavy drift toward approval. Dealers, curators, collectors become committed to the new art; critics eager to keep up with and even ahead of the flux of innovation discover features that link it to admired precedents. To deny the significance of the new product begins to seem futile, since whatever is much seen and talked about is already on its way to becoming a *fait accompli* of taste. By the mere quantity of interest aroused by its novelty, the painting is nudged into art history. Once there, its goodness or badness may still be debated, but unless the whole culture is under attack, its status as art is secure. Having a place in art history is *the* value; through attaining this place, the work's qualities become part of the standards by which the work is judged.

Basic critical issues that relate to new art must therefore be decided in the interlude between its first appearance as an innovation and its firm engrafting upon the historical trunk. One might call this the critical interval. To prolong the period of reflection and judgment-making is nothing less than to keep alive freedom of choice against the inertia of sheer fact. In our society, the responsibility for maintaining the power of aesthetic choice rests primarily on institutions of contemporary art—museums, university art departments, professional publications. It is up to them, on behalf of artistic creation, to dam the flow of journalistic human interest in art. Just how effectively they have been fulfilling this responsibility is indicated by the fact that in the past few years the critical interval has been shrinking at a rapidly increasing rate; reputations are now being made in art as fast as they are on Broadway and in Hollywood. The 1962-63 season provided the spectacle of museum personnel, critics, and professors of current art history being swept up in a race to identify themselves with half-emerged personalities and trends: curators touring the country as advance agents for exhibitions of neo-this or that; public and private buyers acquiring collections that amounted to kits made up of the latest names; university instructors playing the part of sideshow barkers in front of the slides flipped through their projection machines. Last fall, critical sights were adjusted to "After Abstract Expressionism;" by winter, the theme had shot ahead to "Pop Art and After" (I am quoting titles of articles in the October and February issues of *Art International*, principal organ of the Prophets Club).

The speedup in history-making has now reached the point at which the interval of critical evaluation appears to have become superfluous. It is increasingly held by professionals that all standards have gone down before the onslaught of the new and that the attempt to establish values in art may as well be abandoned. A month ago, in the *Times*, Brian O'Doherty reported that many people now think that it is more important for art to be avant-garde than for it to be good. Mr. O'Doherty himself went further; it had become, he claimed, more important for work to be advanced than for it to be art. "On the evidence of the past season," he declared, "asking 'Is it art?' is simply out of date;" since we are living in "a period of transition," both values and definitions had better be left to the future. A similar position had been taken a few months earlier by Thomas M. Messer, director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. In a foreword to the catalogue of an exhibition presented by his institution, he abdicated judgment of current art in favor of the processes of time. "The relationship between the *good* and the *new* in contemporary art," he wrote, "is intriguing and baffling. The realization that art and invention are akin is balanced by



P&O-Orient's Oriana sails for the South Pacific from San Francisco November 25. You return from Australia on Arcadia. Round trip: 54 days.

"The biggest bloomin' ships sailing the seven seas" fly the flag of P&O-Orient. One leaves for the South Pacific November 25.

This winter, six majestic P&O-Orient liners sail to *summertime* in Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, and Australia. They're the largest and fastest ocean liners sailing round the world.

The *smallest* P&O-Orient liner is longer than two football fields. The biggest is taller than a 15-story building, and carries more passengers than any other ship afloat.

All P&O-Orient liners have literally acres of sun-drenched open deck—far more than other ships. You can play volley ball on a full-sized court. Have parties in your air-conditioned cabin. Swim in an outdoor pool next to a sea-going sidewalk café. Or just be as lazy as you please.

The British service is quietly spectacular. It *has* to be—to satisfy the international travelers who sail regularly on P&O-Orient liners.

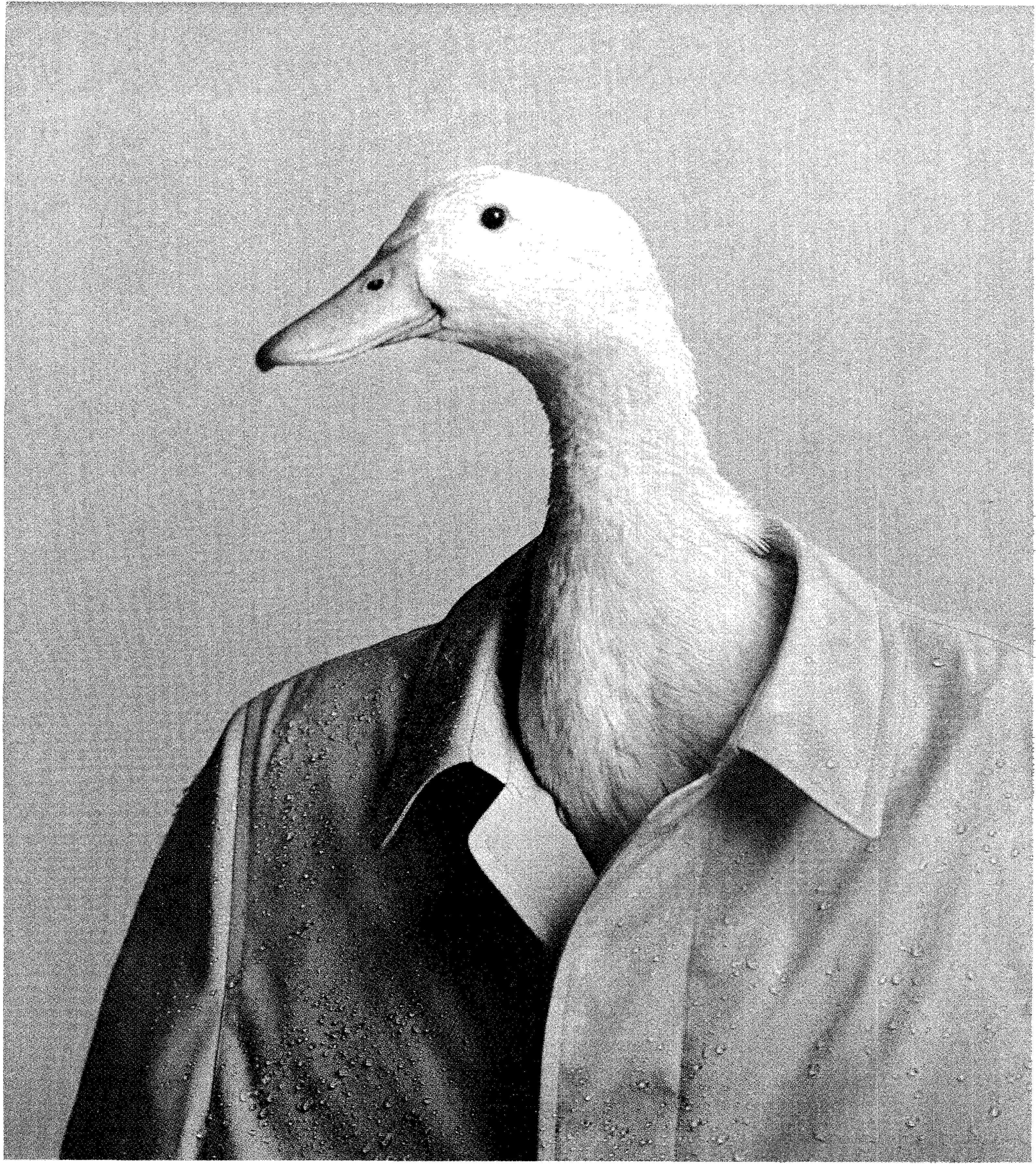
You don't have to spend a fortune, either. *Round trips* to the South Pacific and Australia start at just $948 in first class, $776 in comfortable tourist.

You can also sail on to Europe, to the Orient, circle the entire Pacific, see Panama and the Caribbean, or sail *round the world* in either direction on a giant P&O-Orient liner.

For free color brochures on Vacation Voyages, write Dept. G-5, P&O-Orient, 155 Post St., San Francisco 8, Calif.

Then see your travel agent—and run away to sea.

P&O-Orient Lines: San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Honolulu • Vancouver • Elsewhere in North America: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.



How to keep water off a duck's back.

Ducks, being naturally water-repellent, historically had a certain unfair advantage over other animals.

Then London Fog started making Maincoats, and humans also became water-repellent. But still unsatisfied, London Fog added some extra advantages to the Maincoat that no duck had ever dreamed of.

For instance, when Winter comes and the pond freezes over, there's no need to fret. London Fog's Alpine Maincoat has a luxurious Orlon acrylic pile lining that has it all over feathers for warmth. And when the weather turns warm again, the entire lining zips out for cool comfort. That's why the Alpine is perfect for migrations, Spring or otherwise, to any climate in the world.

Moreover, no one's ever going to be called a dirty bird in an Alpine Maincoat. Its shell is specially treated with ZE PEL®, new Du Pont fabric fluoridizer for spot as well as rain protection.

There's no question about it—
any human in a London Fog Maincoat is a lucky duck.

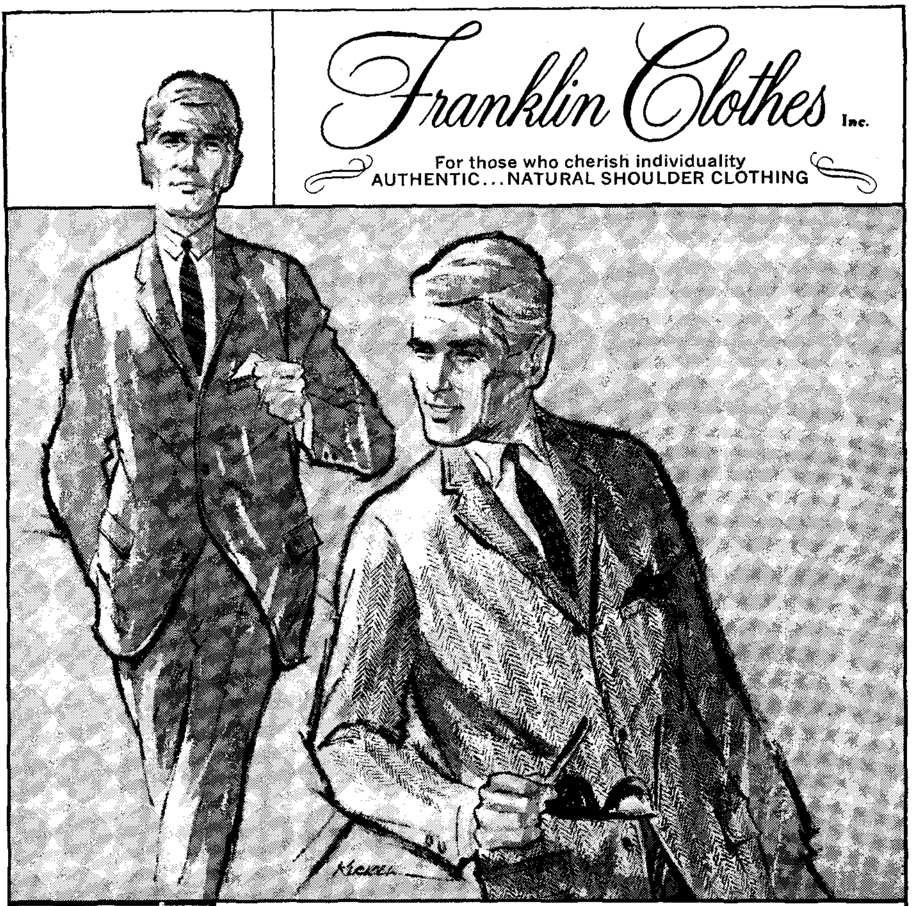
THE ALPINE: NATURAL, OLIVE OR BLACK 100% LONG STAPLE COTTON; FLUORIDIZED WITH DU PONT ZE PEL®; PILE LINING. 37.50

London Fog
BALTIMORE 11, MD.

the suspicion of eccentricity. Out of this conflict arises the question: *Is it art?* And the answer: Yes and no. Yes, *it could be*, since the expansion of artistic boundaries is inherent in the creative process. *No, it need not be*, for no mode in itself assures us of artistic validity." (His italics.) In this remarkably compressed dissertation on possibility and necessity, Mr. Messer advised the visitors to his museum that the new work they saw there may not be art now but that it might turn into art by the time their grandchildren came to see it—that is, if it was still preserved by grace of the broadening of the art concept. On the other hand, it might not ever be art if, through being bypassed in "the expansion of artistic boundaries," it failed to be ingested into art history.

That art, in Mr. O'Doherty's words, is "currently without standards and criteria" causes one standard to prevail among modern-art officials—the practical one of exhibiting as promptly and as conspicuously as possible whatever is most publicized as the new. The vacuum of values is filled by the activity of opening doors into the future. A museum of contemporary painting and sculpture has become, it seems, a hotel for candidates on their way to permanent quarters in the annals of art. The law under which it operates requires that nominees from any source be provided with accommodations. Mr. Messer, one felt, was reluctant to extend the Guggenheim hospitality to this particular exhibition (of "pop" art), but, confronted by its credentials, he was compelled to yield. (Where and how these credentials were obtained is a problem for both sociology and art criticism.)

To leave the question of values for history to decide may appear sensible in a time when novelty has become the ruling principle. The present gives the impression of being too slippery to stand on; perhaps the future will provide more solid footing. Unfortunately, the "period of transition" in art, as in other fields, did not begin yesterday. We have lived our entire lives in transition; Mr. O'Doherty no doubt recalls the art-literary magazine of the twenties that took its name from that situation. The rising tempo of change during the past forty years gives us no reason to expect that there will ever be a period that is *not* a period of transition. If values are to exist, it will not be through their being handed to us by a more stabilized era; they must be formed within the transition itself and partake of its character. Mr. Messer's "could be" and "need not be" demand too much de-

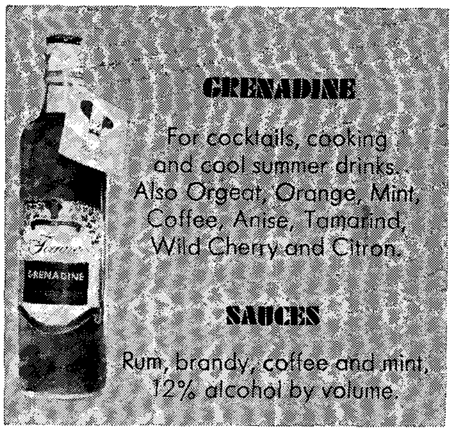

Franklin Clothes Inc.
For those who cherish individuality
AUTHENTIC...NATURAL SHOULDER CLOTHING

Franklin upholds a gentleman's wardrobe . . . favors well bred imported worsteds in true to fall tones, well suited to the season, from $85 to $125. Jackets of Scottish herringbones in muted hues and bold checks, from $55. At your favored shop or write FRANKLIN CLOTHES, 105 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Have you met The Bombay Martini?

The Bombay Martini is the ultimate martini. It has a definite swagger about it. Try one with Bombay Dry Gin and Bombay Imported French Vermouth. The result is sheer magic. Order a case of each immediately.

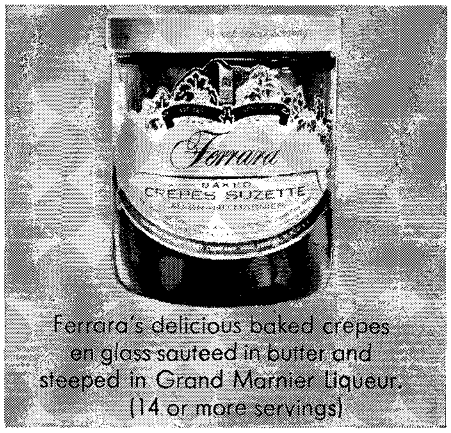
A. M. PENROSE & CO., INC., SOLE IMPORTERS, 1 EAST 57TH ST., N.Y., N.Y.
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN – 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS – 86 PROOF

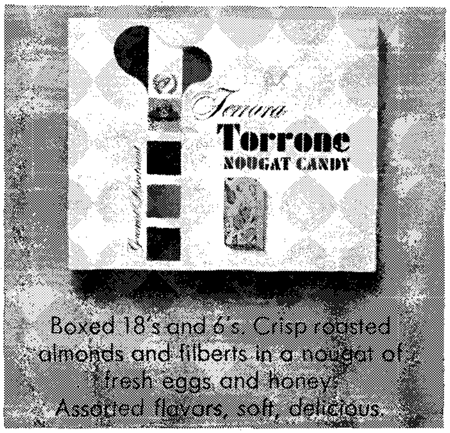

GRENADINE

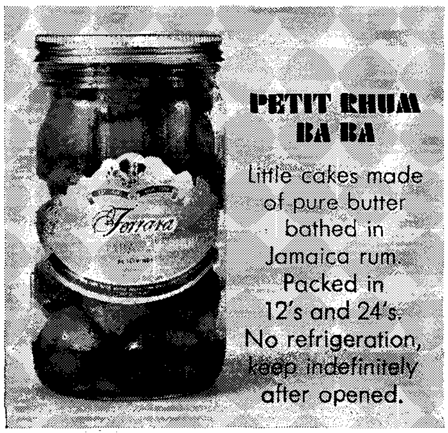
For cocktails, cooking and cool summer drinks. Also Orgeat, Orange, Mint, Coffee, Anise, Tamarind, Wild Cherry and Citron.

SAUCES

Rum, brandy, coffee and mint, 12% alcohol by volume.


Ferrara's delicious baked crepes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)


Boxed 18's and 6's. Crisp roasted almonds and filberts in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.


PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little cakes made of pure butter bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in 12's and 24's. No refrigeration, keep indefinitely after opened.

EST. 1892
Ferrara
PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL
COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.
WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

tachment. The future does not come about of itself; it is the result of choices and actions in the present. Criticism, including art criticism, is a form of conflict about what shall be. If history can make into art what is now not art, it can also unmake what now is art. It is conceivable that Michelangelo, Vermeer, Goya, Cézanne will someday cease to be art; it is only necessary that, as in the past, an extreme ideology shall seize power and cast out existing masterpieces as creatures of darkness. But for history to unmake our art it must unmake us, too, since we are also part of history and have some say about which of its possibilities are to be realized. Today's values enter into the art to come as well as into forming the judgment that will be made of it. The future may act as umpire for the contests of the present but cannot play its game for it. Those who ask for a delayed verdict on the art of today do so not because they are compelled to by objective fact but because the values they have accepted until now have ceased to convince them.

Mr. O'Doherty has put the matter most succinctly. Speaking for American art criticism generally, he notes that its "measuring rod" for the past half century has been formal analysis but that today "the formal approach is no longer the philosopher's stone that it at one time appeared to be." Until recently, new paintings could be "placed" and their value indicated by examining them in terms of line, color, spatial relations. Thus, to explain the greatness of Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Alfred Barr described it in "What Is Modern Painting?" (even to ask the question now seems overoptimistic) as "one of the most important pioneering canvases of modern art and one of the most stirring after you understand what Picasso was about." Pioneering has, naturally, to do with new territory, and in being a "first" the "Demoiselles" has, or had, the virtue of being new. But to make it a good painting, it needed something more. So Mr. Barr went on to point out that in "Demoiselles" Picasso carried forward Gauguin's "ideas of expression through color and form" and Cézanne's "construction by line and plane," while his drawing of the ladies' features was influenced by "certain prehistoric Spanish sculptures" and by African masks. By means of these formal associations, Mr. Barr demonstrated that "Demoiselles" not only was new but deserved to survive on its merits as a painting.

But according to Messrs. O'Doherty and Messer, it will not do to summon

TREASURE
from
SCOTLAND
The Famous Grouse Brand
Blended Scotch Whisky
Matthew Gloag & Son Ltd
Perth Scotland
SCOTCH
for the
TRUE
CONNOISSEUR

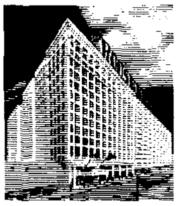
The Famous Grouse Brand Scotch Whisky represents the cumulative blending experience of five generations of the Gloag family since 1800. To test the superb quality of this treasure from Scotland, try it straight.

FAMOUS
GROUSE
Brand Scotch Whisky
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N. Y. C.
Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof

in Washington, D.C.

Dining at "Dukes"
Is Better
Than Ever!
DUKE ZEIBERT'S
Newly Enlarged and Completely Redecorated
RESTAURANT / 1722 L ST. N. W.

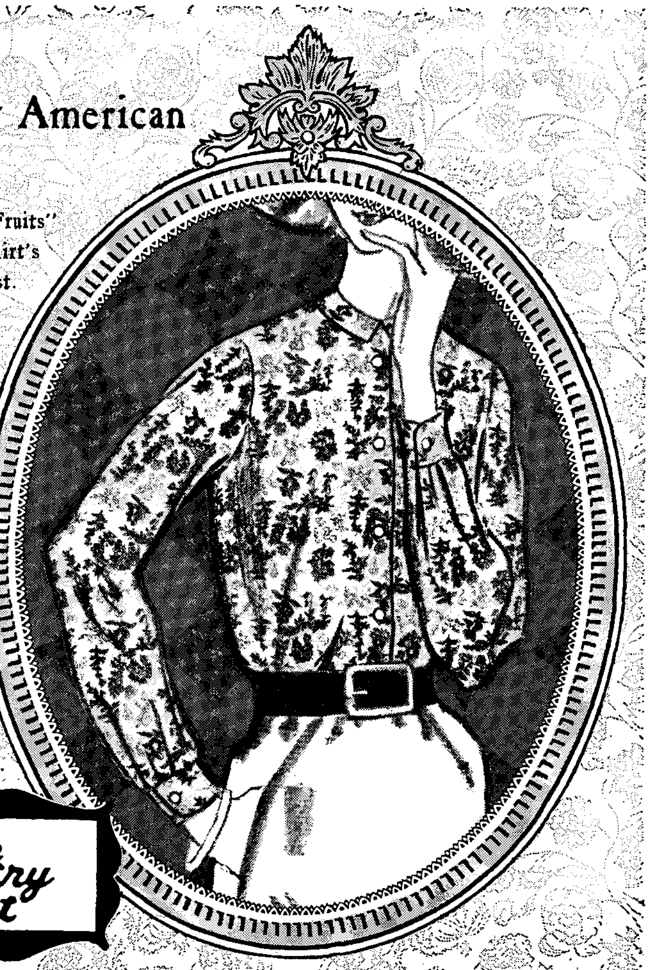
Tony's Wife
Luncheon
Bar
Dinner
just good food served con amore
150 EAST 55TH ST., N. Y. • EL 5-4506
Closed Sat. & Sun.


EVERYTHING IN NEW ORLEANS IS NEAR **THE ROOSEVELT . . .** the French Quarter — theatres — smart shops. Home of the famous Blue Room. 900 rooms. 100% air-conditioned. **FREE GARAGE** for registered guests.
SEYMOUR WEISS
President and Mgn. Dir.
A. C. BELLANDE, Mgr.

tradition as a character witness for the new art of today. The reason seems to be that paintings of the past few years have increasingly incorporated objects found on the street or in an empty lot without subjecting them to formal transformation or function, as had been the rule in Cubist collages. With "nature" thus mixed into art, the critic must choose between ruling out the new art and discarding his formal values. Who's going to stand against the New? Yet if the formal values go, there are evidently no others, except the backward-looking ones by which originality has been condemned at first sight for the past hundred years. Between the values and the art, O'Doherty and Messer opted for the art. But in doing so they felt obliged to declare that the apparent inapplicability of the formal yardstick to the newest art had suddenly made the question Is It Art? unanswerable. By thus forcing the issue of the formal approach, they have, to my mind, made an important contribution to critical consciousness, especially in view of the continual clacking of "vanguardist" critics about the formal beauties of soup cans and Coca-Cola bottles.

It is ironic that the inadequacy of the formalist method for dealing with new art should have become visible only when beyond-formal elements were *physically* introduced into paintings and sculptures. Should not the Abstract Expressionist's emotional or intellectual struggles *within* the canvas have offered as large an obstacle to formalism as a pair of rubber boots or a stuffed goat stuck to the outside of it? The fact is that formal criticism has consistently buried the emotional, moral, social, and metaphysical content of modern art under blueprints of "achievements" in handling line, color, and form. Perhaps advancing Gauguin's ideas of color or Cézanne's means of construction was what Picasso was "about" in painting "Demoiselles." I doubt, though, that anyone but an art historian would find it "stirring" on that account. "What forces our interest," Picasso has said, "is Cézanne's anxiety—that's Cézanne's lesson; the torments of van Gogh—that is the actual drama of the man. The rest is sham."

For everyone but art historians, the formal approach to value has been functioning very poorly for several decades. Derived primarily from the Cubist strain in twentieth-century aesthetic theory (as opposed to the poetry of the Cubist moment in Paris before the First World War), it has been responsible for overstressing Cubist objectives in abstract painting and sculpture. When this crit-



The Indigenously American Look T.M.

is the tang of "First Fruits" from The Country Shirt's bountiful print harvest. Delicately preserved here for you in blue, burgundy or brown on soft cotton challis with long sleeves and country round collar. Sizes 8 to 16. About $7. At A. H. Benoit & Co., Portland, Maine, and Mr. and Mrs. Konicov, St. Matthews, Ky., and other great stores.

The Country Shirt

an incorporated American firm at 1407 B'way, N. Y. & Charlotte Merchandise Mart, Charlotte, N. C.

Gentlemen:
At the theater, if the lady sitting next to you squirms in her seat, please don't complain. (You'd be fidgety, too, if you had to sit on garters.)

She'd be poised and relaxed in Glen Raven Panti-Legs®, the stockings she wears to her waist, the sheer seamless nylons that stay up by themselves.

(So if it's your wife who does the squirming, tell her to try a pair!)

Glen Raven Panti-Legs® are at these stores and branches:

Lord & Taylor, New York;
Chas. A. Stevens Co., Chicago;
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles
or for the fine store in your city write:

Glen Raven Mills, Inc.,
1430 Broadway,
New York 18.

Glen Raven

Peck & Peck

Inseparables
the Peck & Peck Jr. can't wait to wear

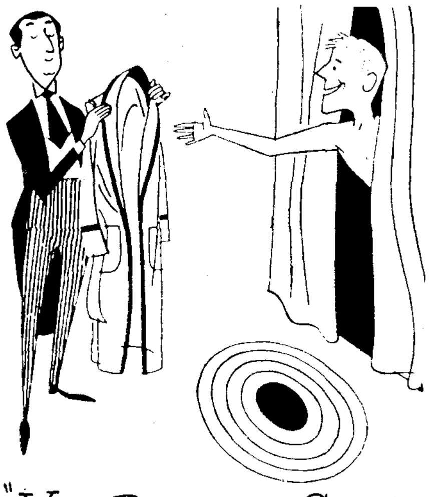
Young zing for fall! Fur-blend sweater and lined wrap skirt of houndstooth check wool. Both in a deep green only. 5 to 15,

30⁰⁰

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

ical method was confronted with American Abstract Expressionism in its broad range from Pollock to Newman, it at first condemned the new works as disorganized, shapeless, or empty, then grudgingly adjusted itself to translating them into constellations of technical minutiae. Splitting form from substance, this approach has prevailed largely through its usefulness in providing a coherent account of the development of modern art out of the art of the past. The effect has been to normalize the new and thus to reduce antagonism to it—a matter of trading a quantity of novelty for a stamp of value. Formal criticism has been of the first importance in the public relations of vanguard art. Mr. Barr's pamphlet, intellectually typical of this sort of art appreciation and scholarship, educates its readers to be amateur art historians and to admire paintings and sculptures as contributions to the evolution of forms. In its perspective, present-day creation consists, as Saul Steinberg has remarked, of art-historian artists painting art history for art historians.

THERE are values by which the new in art may be measured, but they are not aesthetic values. Form predominates in a work after it has become familiar to us; when the surprise, or shock, of novelty has passed, we prize it for its beauty. It is, however, in their disquieting phase—when their strangeness causes them to seem outside of art—that innovating paintings work to expand our consciousness and sensibilities. Aesthetic values are then in a state of being violated or disarranged (not of being furthered, as it appears to hindsight). Thus, to appreciate the new *as the new* involves considerations beyond the aesthetic. The key is content, especially in an era when multitudes of art-school graduates and professionals of the mass media have learned to manipulate an immense repertory of art forms for every conceivable end. New art is valued for the novel state it induces in the spectator and for what it reveals to him about himself, the physical world, or simply his way of reacting to paintings. But to accept as a principle of value the sheer excitement of seeing something come into the world that wasn't there before is not intellectually restful, and to weigh novelties for their comparative worth is even more arduous. For one thing, newness is a temporary quality and must be seized while it is still present; how long it lasts depends—in part, at least—on the spectator. More im-



*IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Your Bathrobe, Sir..."

Everything's been thought of for your comfort at the Manger Hay-Adams, one of the world's finest hotels . . . from fully-stocked bathroom chests to individual terry cloth bathrobes. 200 rooms of sheer luxury!

COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED
Manger Hotels
HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
Across from the White House
16th AT H STREET, N. W. • WASHINGTON, D. C.

ONLY 89¢ for 8-oz. size

"Just watch me bounce-now that I get Vionate for pets"

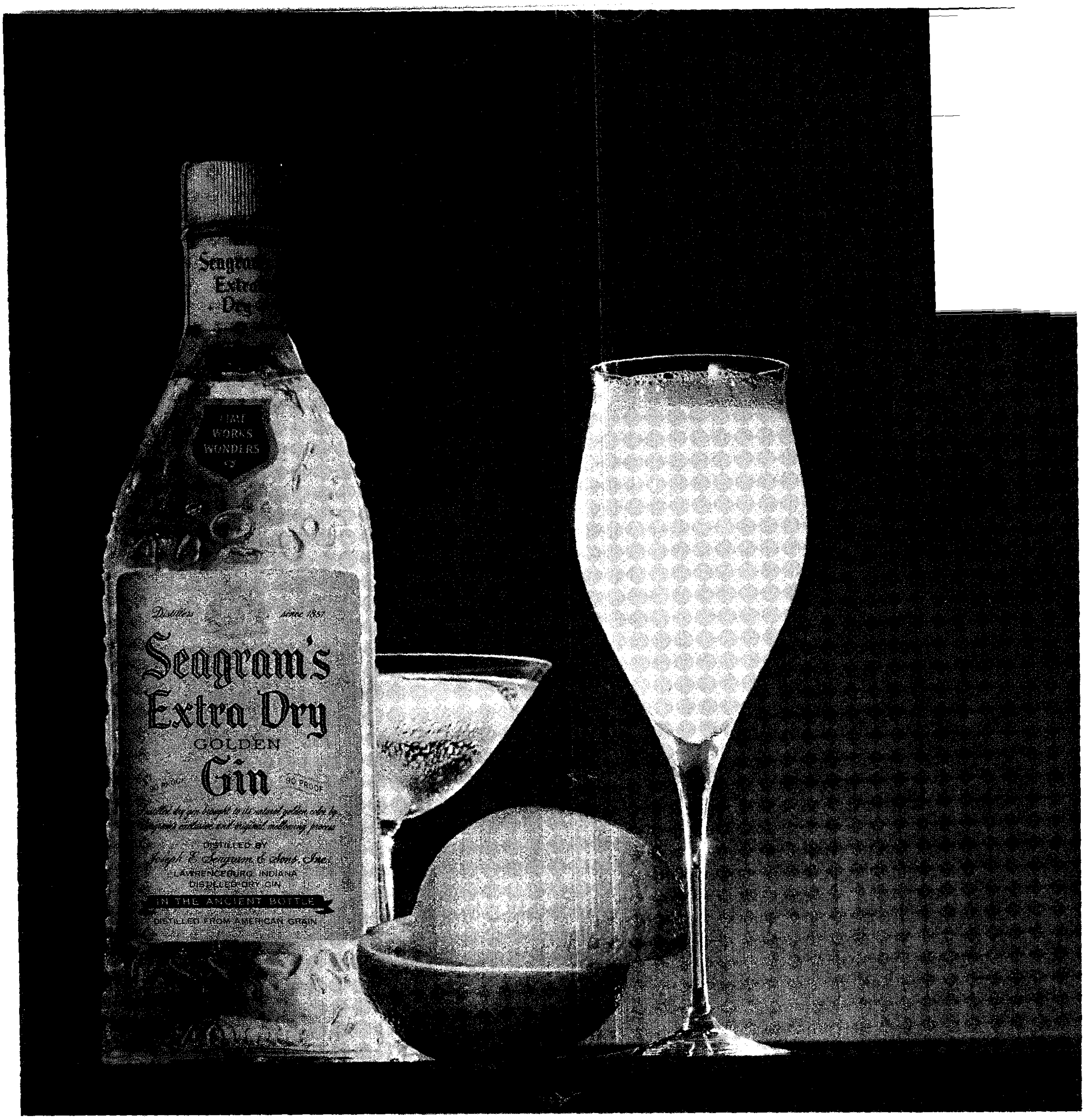
Does your dog lack pep? Hate to wag his tail? Give him new, higher potency, better tasting Vionate for Pets containing 21 essential vitamins and minerals. Add to food to help promote good bone, stamina, "bounce," healthy skin and thick lustrous coat.

Get at veterinarian, pharmacy or pet shop
VIONATE® for PETS

SQUIBB — A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

HO-HO CHINESE RESTAURANT
Specializing in
Mandarin & Cantonese Cooking
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • AFTER THEATRE
Diners' & Am. Express CI 6-3278
789 7th Ave. Nr. 52nd St. N.Y.C.

Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialties:
Soupe à l'oignon
Moules Mariniere
Rock Cornish Game Hen
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744


Seagram's Extra Dry
TIME WORKS WONDERS
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's Extra Dry Golden Gin
90 PROOF
DISTILLED BY
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
DISTILLED DRY GIN
IN THE ANCIENT BOTTLE
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Should the world's greatest gin . . . unexcelled in a martini . . . be required in an Orange Blossom?

YES!

To make the best-tasting Orange Blossom (or any other refreshing gin drink), you need the best-tasting gin. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin.

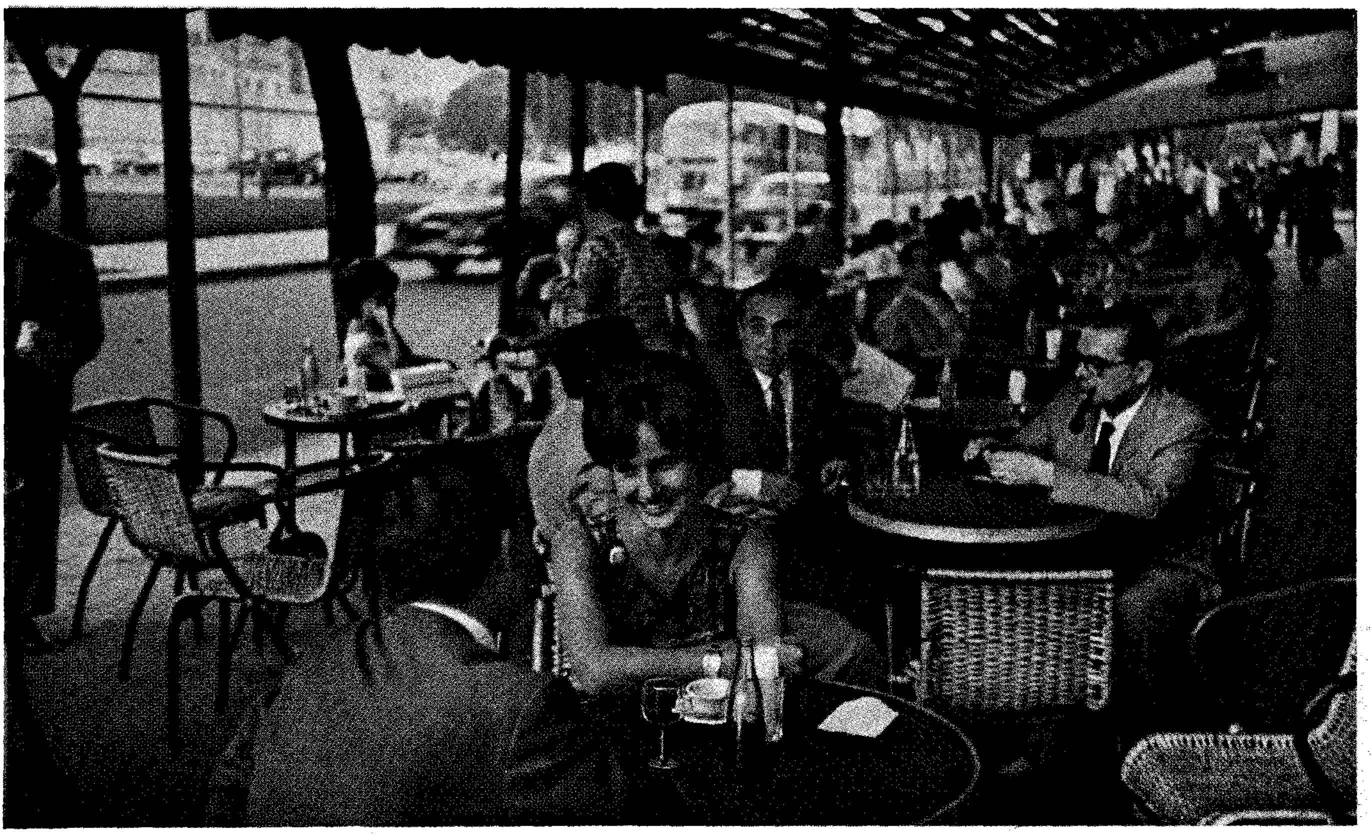
This gin is the result of a costly extra step: a *mellowing* process that imparts a smoothness and crackling dryness not found in other gins.

It's the only gin good enough to make a gin drink worthy of *your* taste. **SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN**

Orange Blossom: Shake well with crushed ice, 2 oz. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, 1 oz. orange juice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

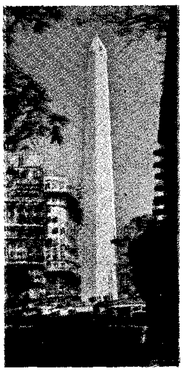
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At a sidewalk café in downtown Buenos Aires

Why you'll fall in love with Buenos Aires as you once did with Paris



B.A. landmark

A love affair with a city is all too rare a thing. You shared one once with Paris. You will share one with B.A.

In Paris, though, you never fell in love to gaucho guitars. You never saw pato—a kind of basketball played on horseback. Or cruised along canals in your own private launch. You can only do those things in B.A.

You can be doing them the very first day of your vacation if you fly with Panagra's overnight El InterAmericano *DC-8 Jets. Round-trip Jet Economy fare from Miami to Buenos Aires is only $578. Or, enjoy a 3-week tour of six countries for as little as $973 including jet fare.*

B.A.—or, to use her full name, La Ciudad y Puerto de Santa Maria de los Buenos Aires—is a very big town. The longest street in the world is here. So is the widest street. And the biggest opera stage.

But, for all its bigness, B.A. is a town full of little delights. Like the little hats her horses must wear in the summer—it's a law.

Like the little outdoor theater in the waterfront quarter called La Boca. It's on a street fenced off at one end. People lean out of windows, gather on balconies, laugh, shout, ad lib.

After the show, go along with the crowd to "The Little Fish"—a delightful seafood spot. Or grab a cab to *La Cabaña.* Here, Chateaubriand King Edward VII, the fanciest steak in the house, will set you back about $1.50.

Set aside a day for the gaucho cookout called an *asado.* You'll find it just outside B.A. on the pampas. There's wine, and folk dancing—and a cool Southern breeze called the *pampero* ruffling your hair.

Gaucho at teatime

Ready to go? So are we, with the most frequent jets to Peru, Chile, Argentina. No change of plane over the routes of National/Pan Am/Panagra.

Pato—a wild game with a six-handled ball

Panagra is the only U.S. airline that specializes only in South American travel. We can help you stretch your time and money. See a travel agent, or call Pan Am, sales agent for Panagra.

Write for free tour folders to Panagra, Room N-36, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N.Y. For our 130-page guide to South American sights, shopping, restaurants, hotels, enclose 25¢.

FLY PANAGRA
WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

portant, to value the new is to invite confusion, and what confusion is good for is not yet sufficiently appreciated among mass educators. Extreme manifestations of the new induce a species of terror, of the sort not unknown to research scientists, explorers, mystics, revolutionists. One who values innovations may have to weigh the possibility that even those of a Marquis de Sade constitute a contribution to man's consciousness of himself. The new that violates the good on the moral plane becomes itself a good in the neutral atmosphere of scientific and imaginative curiosity. In the traditions devoted to exploring and transforming the human self and the human condition, the value of the new is measured not by pre-established standards but by the genuineness of the novelty and the scope of its relevance.

Art in our time, characterized by continuous experiment, belongs to the alarming realm of thought and action that since the Renaissance has elevated novelty as a value inseparable from our deepest aims. Pivotal terms in modern art are "experiment," "pioneer," "transformation," "avant-garde"—terms that formal criticism cannot do without but that originate not in the vocabularies of form but in those of the New World of science and exploration, the New Man of psychic rebirth, the New Order of revolutionary politics (the *Novus Ordo Seclorum* celebrated on the dollar bill). In all these, values identified with the new are implicit—the value of daring, of removal from the routine and trivial, of purging and purification. In the interchangeable lexicon of novelties, valuing the new in works of art is not at all the same as valuing new works because they are art. The question Is It Art? has no meaning apart from the particular effects produced by individual works. This supremacy of concrete qualities over the art idea is affirmed in the paradoxical concept of anti-art that keeps recurring as a slogan among twentieth-century artists.

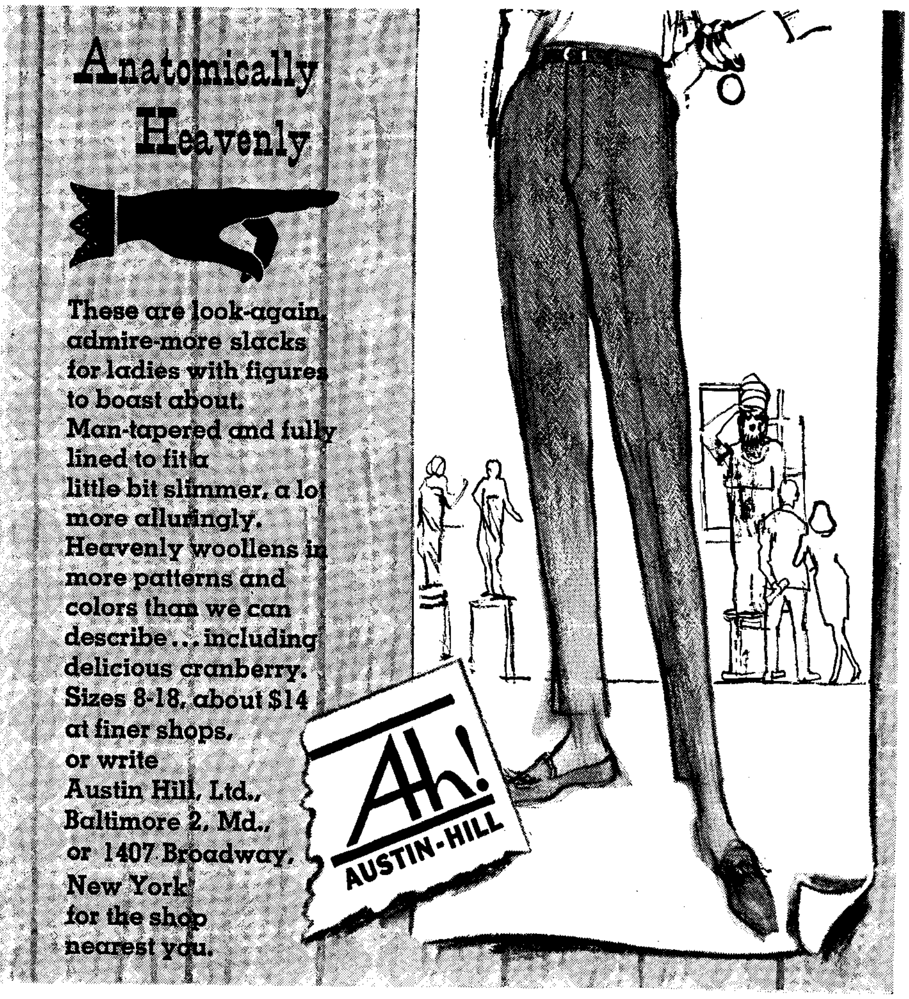
New art can therefore be judged now, provided it is judged in relation to the whole complex of the tradition of the new, including its discoveries, revolutions, and hopes lost and abandoned, as well as the incessant testing by artists of the expressive potentialities of forms and materials. In his Commencement address at Yale last year, President Kennedy quoted Thomas Jefferson as saying that our "new circumstances" demanded "new words, new phrases, and the transfer of old words to new objects." In art criticism there is no sub-

pleated collar blouse

EIGHTH YEAR—There is very little new that we can tell you about our exclusive Dacron and Cotton short sleeve tuck-in blouse with tiny permanent pleats on collar and cuffs—except that it is mighty flattering worn with Munro of Scotland's new slightly cropped shetland cardigan with non-tarnish metal buttons (decorated with a rampant lion). Our customers usually buy the blouse first in white and then reorder it in other colors. The sweater and matching tweed skirt are available in wonderful heathery shades of green, burgundy, amethyst and medium blue (swatches available).

Blouse sizes 30-36 8.95
Sweater sizes 36-40 19.95
Skirt sizes 8-16 19.95
PLEASE ADD 50C FOR SHIPPING

the modern shop
ridgeway center
stamford, connecticut



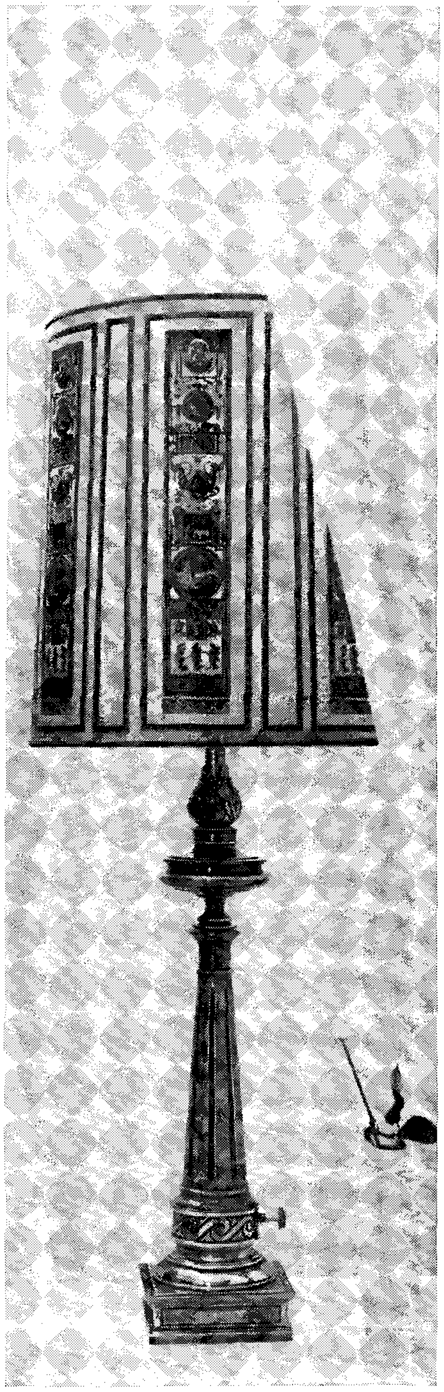
Anatomically Heavenly

These are look-again, admire-more slacks for ladies with figures to boast about. Man-tapered and fully lined to fit a little bit slimmer, a lot more alluringly. Heavenly woollens in more patterns and colors than we can describe... including delicious cranberry. Sizes 8-18, about $14 at finer shops, or write Austin Hill, Ltd., Baltimore 2, Md., or 1407 Broadway, New York for the shop nearest you.

STIFFEL
The Royalty of Lamps

GRACEFUL late Georgian Torch Lamp totally Sheraton, with usual Adam elements and Louis XVI persuasion. The old sugar pine baluster, inverted, may have been taken from the lunettes at the bed niche in the chamber from the Hotel Gaulin (Dijon) now in the Metropolitan Museum. Metal mountings hand finished in mellow old brass. Original print on shade meticulously reproduced here to attain this same Sheraton spirit. Height 42 inches. $79.50* at fine stores everywhere. For descriptive literature and information address Dept. NY9, The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10, Illinois.

**slightly higher West, South and Canada*



stitute for an apprehension of what is psychologically, socially, and intellectually modern in modern art. Nor can the appreciator of modern art be far removed from the exploring temperament of those who create it. By the measure of the twentieth-century context, to establish the value of the art that disturbed critics during the past season offers no extraordinary difficulties. In fact, judging the new should henceforth be easier than it has been, if the formalist schemata are indeed being abandoned. Which new works are art and which are good, bad, or mediocre can be stated with adequate precision and in terms that relate them to the *novelty* in the art that preceded them. The problem is whether the statement will have time to take hold before the next wave breaks. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

LA DOLCE VITA ON THE IRON HORSE

[*From Italy, a periodical published by the Italian Tourist Office and the Italian State Railways to promote rail travel*]

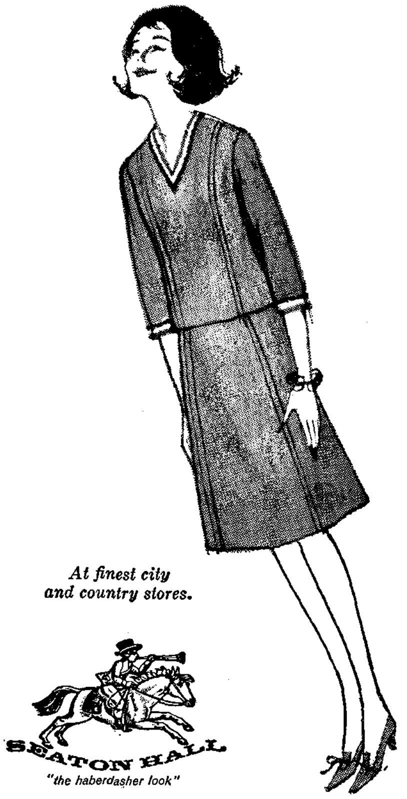
. . . there's no doubt that the most complete way to defeat boredom on the train is by finding good company between a lady and gentleman. Now listen to me carefully. Naturally I'm talking about those travelling idylls that either end in matrimony or else one of those honest friendships that end at one's arrival station with a handshake and two sighs. It's improbable that a friendship formed like this on the railway train ends in adultery. On the other what is very common is for those few first words spoken when you first settle into your seat to develop into several hours contact which end in an exchange of glances and smiles. Love travelling on rails at seventy miles an hour is nearly always quite inoffensive. That doesn't mean at all that it's not very pleasant indeed, even when it starts in an irregular manner and ends unsatisfied. At the last stop before the end of the journey there is then that feeling of tartness in a situation of having done one's duty . . . of a « love that might have been and was not », there is the taste of wholesome pain that is excellent for the spirit and in no way harms the body. There is hardly ever any hurry about love that is born on the train. In its enforced delaying tactics, in its delicacy, in the acceptance of its brevity and futility there lies all its almost indefinable charm.

•

Lord Ogmore, the President-elect of the Liberal Party, wrote in a letter published on Tuesday: "We believe that a materialistic, selfish, godless, pleasure-loving outlook has been encouraged and that this has sown a crop of bitter weeds whose harvest the country now reaps." We regret that the words "bitter weeds" erroneously appeared as "better seeds."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Mighty pretty metaphor, just the same.

You'll Fall for Seaton Hall! Who wouldn't give this chique outfit a tumble! Knit trimmed, gently shaped, zippered back top. Gracefully flared "A" line skirt. Impeccably tailored in light-weight wool flannel. Navy, banker's grey or cranberry. Sizes 6 to 18. Your downfall at about $20.



At finest city and country stores.

SEATON HALL
"the haberdasher look"

SEATON HALL • 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18

A ONE-OF-A-KIND WOOD CARVING

BREMEN EAGLE 42" x 9" x 7"
Polychromed

For further information about wood carvings of many kinds made to order only, write:

JOHN UPTON, Wood Carver
Damariscotta Maine

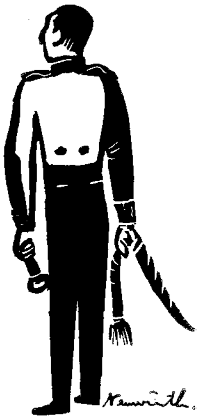
BEDROOM "AYES"
SIGHS OF APPROVAL GREET THE TUCO *Bed Board. Tuco Bed Boards firm up the mattress* relieving morning backaches due to sagging, soft mattresses. "Lively Fibres." Smooth. Taped edges. No slivers, splinters or fuzzing. Sizes for all standard mattresses. At leading Department Stores. Write for name of nearest.
TUCO WORK SHOPS, INC., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Mr. DeJ__________met Odol® in Munich and rediscovered it in Peoria.

THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL

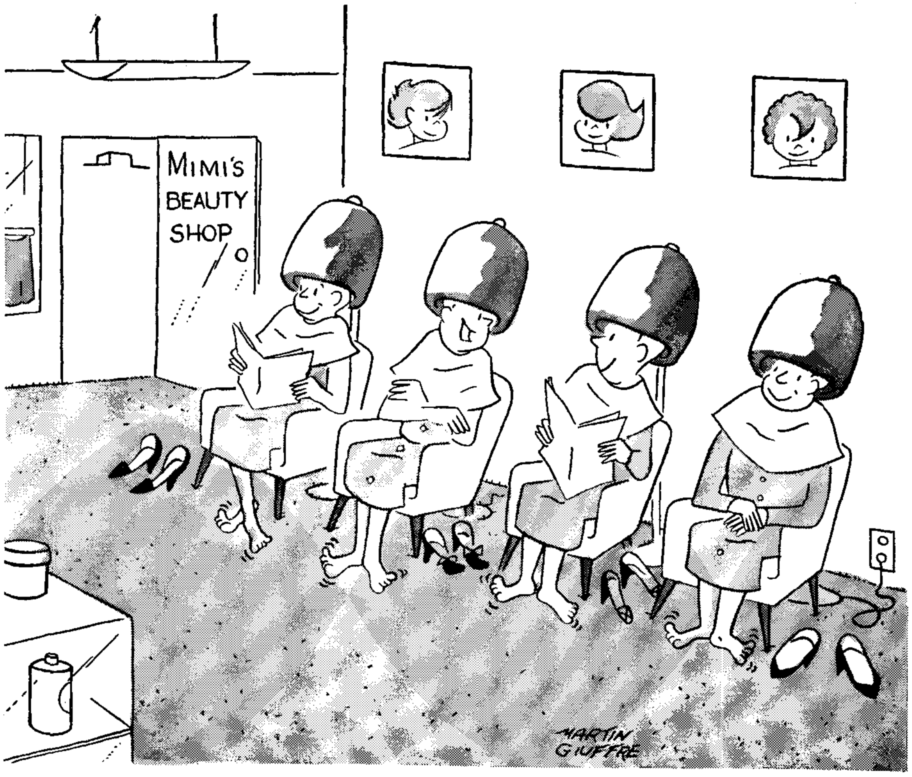
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Melancholy Dane



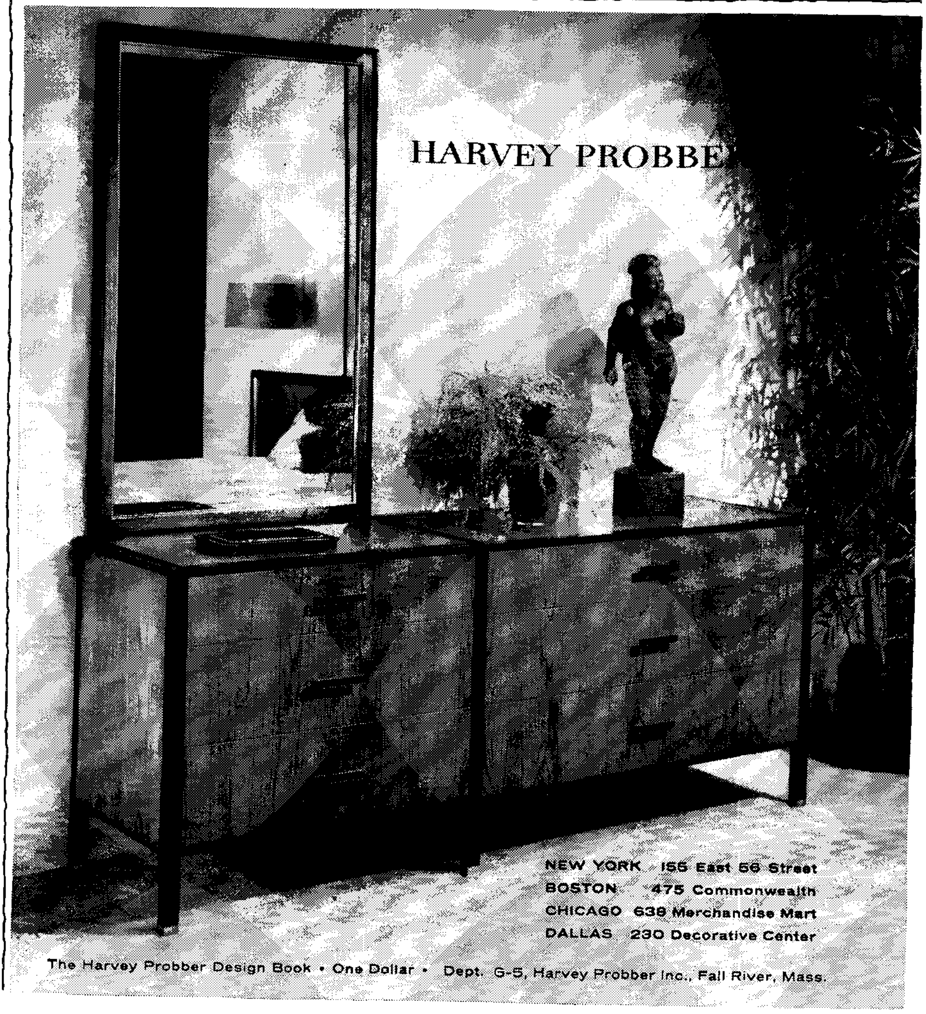
IT is impossible to separate the men from the girls as they come and go in "La Poupée," a piece of nonsense based on a novel by Jacques Audiberti (who is also responsible for the screenplay) and directed by Jacques Baratier. The film has to do with some Surrealist shenanigans in what I presume to be a Latin-American area, complete with a bewhiskered dictator. So far, so good. But now I must inform you that the dictator's mistress—and, for that matter, a zombie that a mad professor creates to duplicate her—is played by a Danish male named Sonne Teal. In a fly sheet that was handed to me when I entered the theatre, M. Baratier states, "If I had chosen an actress, she would have brought out her own personalities. Teal is able to bring out the extremes of the feminine temper through the two characters, and yet the maleness in both. Emerging out of these women are the sensuality, the super-egotism, the authoritativeness, the possessiveness." I trust that that clears up the casting of Mr. Teal. As for the rest of the performers, there is Zbigniew Cybulski, who plays the dictator and also a revolutionary; Lazlo Zabo, who plays an amorous tennis player; Catherine Milinaire, who plays the daughter of an industrial big shot; and assorted others. These people—as you can see, I'm ducking a résumé of the plot with all this superfluous information—come from Poland, Italy, Russia, France, and Marie Byrd Land, and are uniformly incompetent. Although the movie is presumably about a tropical country, it was filmed in an old cabaret, called the Erotica, in Montparnasse. Oh, well, let's face up to the plot, such as it is. There is this dictator who bodes no good. One day, a professor who has devised a method of encasing his own mind in the simulacrum of a cutie— No, I can't make it. The general idea is, I guess, that dictatorship is a bad thing. So is this movie.

MY tolerance for children, as far as time goes, is about fifteen minutes; during this period I can be calm,



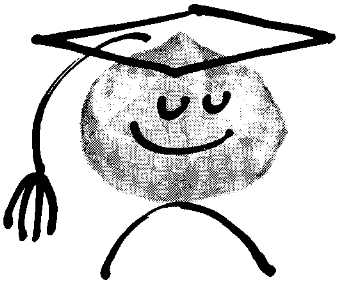
A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Restyling your career . . . all equipped with space helmets? Want to keep your upward climb "permanent?" Then better install beautiful Bigelow Carpet on your launch-pad floor. Bigelow Carpets are available in special designs, colors and textures. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Department, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.


HARVEY PROBBE

NEW YORK 155 East 56 Street
BOSTON 475 Commonwealth
CHICAGO 638 Merchandise Mart
DALLAS 230 Decorative Center

The Harvey Probber Design Book • One Dollar • Dept. G-5, Harvey Probber Inc., Fall River, Mass.



The nut that made Webster's 7th

The reason why it was not in Webster's 6th is that relatively few years ago, the Royal Hawaiian® Macadamia nut was known only in Hawaii. Then, and even now, tourists brought it back as gifts, along with black coral, muumuus and leis. Grown in orchards in the shadow of Mauna Loa, it's the toughest nut to crack, the tastiest to eat. Crisp, mellow, rich, never oily, bitter, or salty. And one tastes exactly like the other. But don't bank on stopping with one. No one we know ever could or did. But then, maybe you are different.

Royal Hawaiian®
Macadamia Nuts

Look for the hula girl on the jar or tin

Royal Hawaiian Macadamia Nut Company, Inc.,
Hilo, Hawaii

avuncular, and even affectionate. But a small girl called Claire Wilcox, who figures in "Wives and Lovers," has altered my timetable. When, early in the game, I heard her remark about her father, "He don't work—he's a writer," I knew that she was going to be almost immediately intolerable, and so she was. "Wives and Lovers" itself, for that matter, was no better. This withered prune has to do with a writer (Van Johnson) who, after being down on his luck to the extent of having to create cookbooks in a kitchen so tiny that boiling an egg strains the facilities, comes on strong with a novel, a play, and a handsomely configured female literary agent. Now the problem: Can our boy keep his integrity when all about him are losing theirs? Tune in next week. Others on display, to no particular purpose, are Janet Leigh, Shelley Winters, Ray Walston, and Martha Hyer.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN, 1963

[*Letter in Country Life, London*]

BULLIED BY BIRDS

SIR.—You have published two letters from me over the years, describing the bullying habits of Surrey birds. My first experience was a nest built into my bicycle basket, which rendered me immobile during petrol rationing. Since then a losing battle against bulfinches, tits, and others has resulted in a complete absence of forsythia and peach blossom, few vegetables and less fruit.

Now the house martins have joined the union! Recently two started putting an evil-smelling mud pie on the curtain pelmet in the spare room, which faces south. At lunch time I dislodged a trowel full of fresh cowdung and shut the window. By tea time they had moved one along, and started in the next room. They then began prospecting in my room. Next morning an inmate of a north room was wakened at 5 a.m. by two house martins having a look round.

At present, though the weather is warm, we are obliged to keep all the windows shut. What is the reason for this concentrated attack? Could it be that a higher standard of housing is being demanded by birds?—URSULA HODGSON, *The Cottage, Compton, Guildford, Surrey.*

•

634. Weise, H. E. Harmonica music soothes patient. D. SURVEY. 30:1435-1436, Nov. 1954.

The author, a musician as well as a dentist, has a device for holding a harmonica to his mouth and he plays it while working on his patients. He finds that the music both distracts and relaxes his patients.—*"Psychology in Dentistry," Public Health Service publication No. 929.*

Especially when he adds that little dance step.

OFF-SEASON CLIMATE AT CANEEL? Six degrees are the only difference here between winter and summer—a dry and breezy 78° or thereabout, all year long. Just right for swimming, snorkeling and sunning on unbelievably lovely beaches. Reduced rates from $14 a day, per person, double, including all meals—April 15 to December 15.

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR NEW YORK—CIRCLE 6-4699
CHICAGO—922-4139 • DALLAS—RIVERSIDE 7-0932
BOSTON—423-4888 • WASHINGTON—347-4951

KOBE COAT

Comfortable, simple, light . . . for the man who enjoys his leisure. Made in the Orient of "Fuji" . . . a silken rayon mixture. Finely striped in Maroon, Blue, or Golden Brown. One size fits all.

$10 ppd.

JU 2-3622 send for new catalog

Penthouse Gallery

Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y-215, N.Y. 19

NEW YORK'S UNIQUE JAPANESE RESTAURANT
NIPPON
CLASSICAL JAPANESE CUISINE
INDOOR & OUTDOOR GARDENS
145 EAST 52ND STREET • EL 5-9020

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

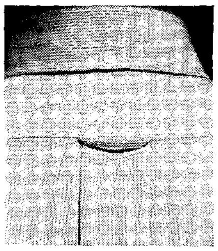
MUSICAL EVENTS

Fountain of Youth

THERE were no new ballets performed during the first week of the New York City Ballet's very early fall season, which began at the City Center last Tuesday, but there is something new about nearly everything that this great company does. Unlike various ballet troupes that have become stuck and unstuck in this country, or have been washed ashore here from Russia via France, this is a deep-rooted organization, forever in the process of growth, and part of its eternal newness is to be found in the development of its dancers as they emerge from the ranks to starring or semi-starring roles. I attended the season's first two evenings, and was struck, as I have been many times before, by this process of evolution. On Wednesday, Allegra Kent, as Odette in "Swan Lake," seemed to me to have reached a peak of technique, grace, and personal presence that puts her on a par with the finest Odettes I have seen. Patricia Wilde, who had a strenuous workout that evening (she danced the leads in "Allegro Brillante" and "Firebird" consecutively), remains a pillar of technical accomplishment—the company's great female trouper, and a dancer who, one feels, would take on anything, no matter how difficult, and do it to perfection. Mimi Paul, who began to assume major roles a season or so ago, and who was the female principal in the Adagio of "Symphony in C" on Tuesday night, appears to be developing into a special personality; she looks a little like a young and very solemn Danilova, and fits such grave and graceful roles beautifully. Two dancers new to me in major roles—Patricia Neary and Suzanne Farrell—were quite striking in "Concerto Barocco," and the cherubic Suki Schorer did wonderfully in the third movement of the "Symphony in C." A rather confusing series of substitutions took place on the two nights, and, as it happened, I saw Patricia McBride only in the first movement of "Symphony in C." She danced with her customary *élan.*

On the male side of the roster, Jacques d'Amboise is becoming a more polished technician with every year, and

natural
shoulder
spoken
here



two color stripes... Nothing new in stripes? Here's stripe shirt news in twos! Two colors, two widths. Creighton puts you in the thick and thin of stripes. Does it with classic correctness, tailored naturally with precisely flared button down collar, back box pleat and hanger loop. About $6.50 at selected stores. For one nearest you, write **CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS** EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK

GOOD BEER
Costs more
From Copenhagen
Nice name for a beer
SKÅL

People in 159 countries enjoy Carlsberg—The Glorious Beer of Copenhagen, Denmark

Purveyors to the Royal Courts of Denmark, Greece and Sweden. Brewed and bottled by the Carlsberg Breweries, Copenhagen, Denmark. Carlsberg Agency, Incorporated, 104 East 40th Street. New York 16, New York

many ways to enjoy
TROY
fringed
leisure blanket
'So nice to have around you'®

A
ACRILAN
acrylic fiber
CHEMSTRAND

• as a personal "travel blanket" • for the car • sailing • flying • picnicking • camping • hunting • fishing • skating • skiing • bird-watching • beach-combing • sports events

you'll think of many more!

Outdoors, indoors, life's a joy with this cozy, colorful and incredibly rugged fringed blanket by Troy. Pick from authentic tartan plaids in 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber that's machine-washable, mothproof, non-allergenic. With zippered carry-case that doubles as cushion 52x72". $15.95. Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C. John Wanamaker and branches.

TROY MILLS, INC., TROY, NEW HAMPSHIRE, Founded 1865

is now about as elegant a *danseur noble* as one can expect to see. Whether Edward Villella has changed I could not judge from his work in "Symphony in C," but he certainly remains one of the world's great athletic dancers, able to achieve thrilling elevation with a body that is as light, lean, and elastic as they come. André Prokovsky shows signs of becoming another of those distinct personalities. He is still as young as a colt, he hasn't mastered the problem of how to use his hands, and his powers of elevation are by no means spectacular, but, for all that, he has a certain Eglevsky-like air that makes him able to serve as a partner for the troupe's leading ladies, even though quite a few of them are taller than he is.

The fact is that when one comes to consider the dancers in this supposedly "non-star" company, one finds that everybody, or nearly everybody, is a star—or, at any rate, an individual. I am not going to comment again on the endless facets of George Balanchine's genius, except to say that they include a unique faculty for sensing and developing the individuality of each dancer in his troupe—a faculty that has something to do with those magical revelations of contrasting personality that are found in the New York City Ballet's productions, and are so seldom encountered in more regimented companies.

The news on opening night was the reappearance with the company of Maria Tallchief. The principal role in "Allegro Brillante," which she danced on this occasion, seemed to me unsuited to her, and though she went through it with admirable precision, there was a certain tenseness about her performance. However, Miss Tallchief is a fine ballerina. I have seen her dance more beautifully before, and I expect to see her dance more beautifully in the future.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Sunday, Miss Sandell addressed Lamont nurses and alumnae at a service in the Lamont United Church where she reviewed the past 50 years as well as the future half century.—*Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

That's what we like about women—they're thorough.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

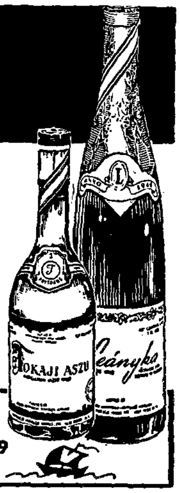
Tempest Air Conditioning Corp., 156 Fifth Ave.
U-2 Restaurant Corp., 1315 Fifth Ave.
Kickaway Garments Company, 152 Madison Ave.

Miss Pennington

Wool jersey takes a beautiful ribbing . . . around the waistline and little cap sleeve. Major fashion for college in red, green or navy, all lined in silk. 6-14. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. Mail or phone orders promptly filled. PL 9-3737.
ROSETTE PENNINGTON • 20 E. 56 St., NYC 22
Also Princeton Shopping Center, Princeton, N. J.

WINES OF HUNGARY

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.



SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
SUNDAYS FROM 5 P.M.
RESTAURANT
Laurent
111 East 56th St • PLaza 3-2729

The DARDANELLES
NEW YORK'S FINEST Armenian Restaurant
DELIGHTFULLY EXOTIC, DELICIOUSLY AUTHENTIC
shish kebab, rice pilaf, stuffed grape leaves, baklava, etc.
FINE WINES & LIQUORS • OPEN LUNCHEON & DINNER
Member American Express & Diners'
86 UNIVERSITY PL. (BETWEEN 11th & 12th Sts.) CH 2-8990

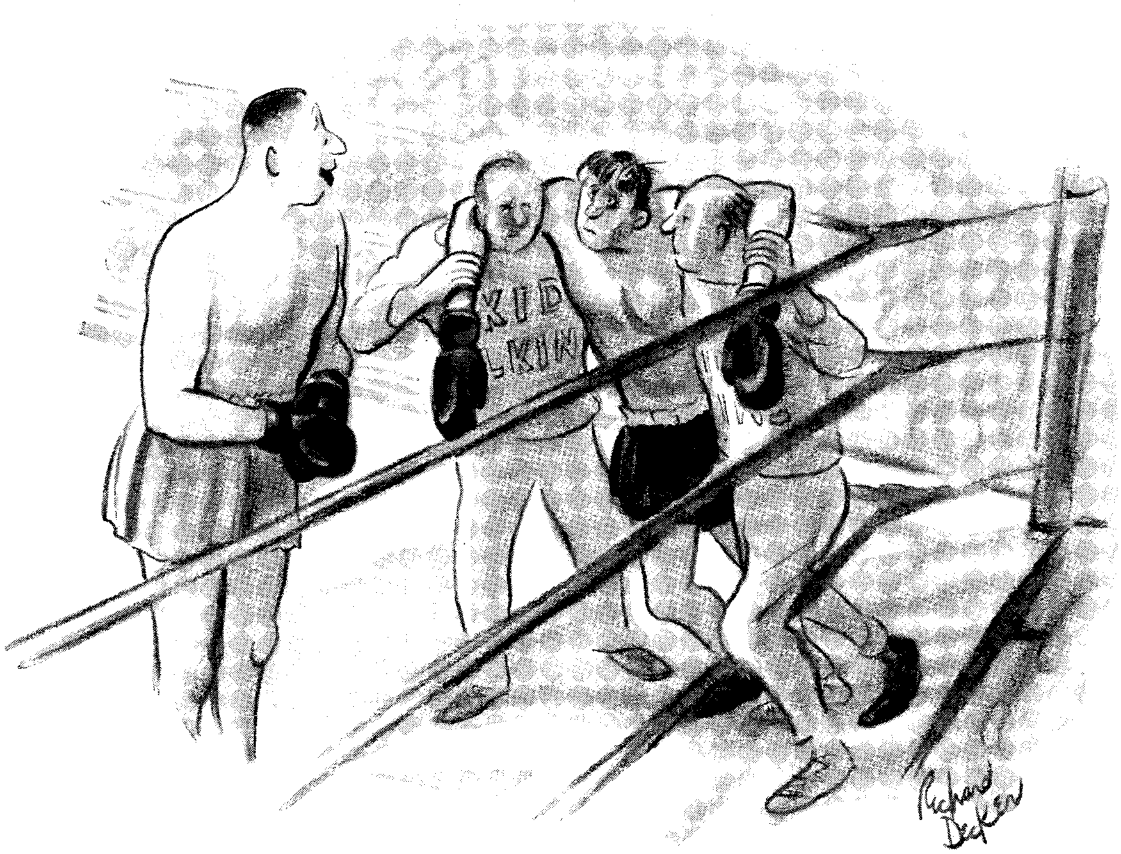
BOOKS

Lessons in the Master

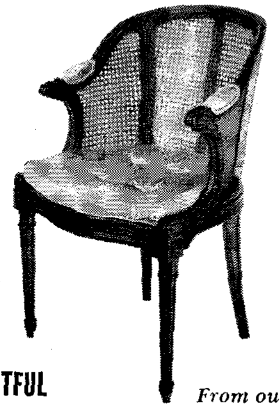
"THE great thing is to be *saturated* with something—that is, in one way or another, with life; and I chose the form of my saturation." This Henry James sentence stands at the beginning of the second volume of Leon Edel's biography, "Henry James: The Conquest of London: 1870-1881" (Lippincott), which, along with the third volume, "The Middle Years: 1882-1895," was published last year (the first volume, "The Untried Years: 1843-1870," appeared ten years ago), and it anticipates this biographer's great choice—to be saturated with Henry James. In his introduction to Volume II, Mr. Edel tells us that to write the first volume he read five thousand of James's letters; "I have read (in round figures) seven thousand since then." He has also searched for letters and memoirs that refer to James, his family (Emerson's son describing the Jameses' argumentative free-for-alls at dinner), or his friends (a secretary of the United States legation in London envying and recording James's success in society). Edel has read James's notebooks and all his published work. He has gone over James's accounts as though he were from Internal Revenue. He has kept track of what James was writing at any moment and when it was published, and the detail is sometimes bewildering—the reader has to commute between pages 301 *et seq.* and page 398 of Volume II to learn when one of James's novels was first serialized, simultaneously, in England and the United States (1880: "Washington Square").

Edel doesn't complain about his labors; no one knows better than he that one always comes away from James, as James said he always came away from talking to Turgenev, "with a feeling that all sorts of valuable things had been suggested to me." Indeed, James, in the quotation Edel used as an epigraph to the first volume, suggests how to write a biography: "To live over people's lives is nothing unless we live over their perceptions, live over the growth, the change, the varying intensity of the same—since it was *by* these things they themselves lived." Edel has followed this counsel of perfection as closely as any man could, though James himself, after laying down the law, made the task nearly impossible. James was, as Edel states, "an intensely autobiographical writer;" in some measure he preëmpted the biographer's task. He put those of his perceptions that most interested him into a literary form that usually seems definitive. ("The artist is present in every page of every book from which he sought so assiduously to eliminate himself," runs the epigraph to Volume III.) James's awareness of himself matches a biographer's. He could tease himself in his work: Edel has fished up the twenty-seven-year-old of 1870, delighted by a glimpse of "the pure picturesque" in upstate New York; by 1878, in "An International Episode," James, grown and changed, adds another layer to the James palimpsest by writing that "poor Bessie Alden, like many a Yankee maiden, was terribly at the mercy of picturesqueness." And James could on occasion explain himself: "A man . . . writing the sort of things I do, feels the need of protesting against this extension of his idea in which . . . many readers are certain to indulge. One may make figures and figures without intending generalizations. . . . Nothing is my *last word* about anything . . . and with the blessing of heaven, I shall live to make all sorts of representations of all sorts of things."

Yet despite this semblance of overt assistance, James deliberately hindered his biographers. Wherever he is not explicit or transparent, he *means* to be silent and opaque. He burned his papers in what Edel calls "one of the biggest bonfires in Anglo-American literary history;" he had "a kind of rage of privacy and dealt in mystification to confound those who would treat of his life." Edel complains of James's wish not to be fully known or thoroughly understood, to lock the door to what Montaigne called "the backshop" of the mind. Laboring against his subject's recalcitrance, Edel sometimes asks our sym-



"Don't feel too bad about it. Your left hook is quite deceptive—really it is."



INVITING!

DELIGHTFUL FRENCH ARMCHAIR

From our Wonderful Collection of Dining and Occasional Chairs

Most adaptable in any decor. So comfortable with its wrap-around back . . . you'll love its quiet elegance. Rich antiqued fruitwood with a luscious patina. Hand caned back and seat. Cushion and arm pads covered in exquisite Scalamandré silk. Height 35½", width 22".

F.O.B. New York City. Add $12 for crating charge beyond normal delivery area. $178

A visit to Lloyds is a rare shopping experience. For here, unhurried, you can browse through an exceptional collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and many pieces from fine estates. *See the things that reflect your own good taste . . . and your desire for unusual values.* There's no place quite like it.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00

LLOYDS

116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

Boston Fund

Founded in 1932

The Fund offers a balanced and managed investment program including common stocks for appreciation possibilities, and preferred stocks and bonds for income and stability. A Prospectus and other descriptive material may be obtained from your investment dealer or write

VANCE, SANDERS & CO., INC.
111 DEVONSHIRE STREET
BOSTON 9, MASS.
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

Please send me without obligation
Prospectus on BOSTON FUND. NY

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

pathy. Yet though I'm frequently grateful for what he has done, occasionally—and perhaps ridiculously—I wish he had not done so much; it seems disloyal to James.

I am certainly grateful to him for unstitching the career James put together. He starts with the knowledge that all James's uncertainties have been answered by triumphant accomplishment, yet, to do his job, he must make his way back and begin when James, living his life, set out to do something unprecedented in American letters—to be a self-supporting, full-time writer. When the second volume opens, in 1870, James has been earning money as a writer for six years, yet he still has to find a way and a place to live. He worked in his parents' home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in Manhattan and Paris. Because everybody knows how the story comes out, London looks inevitable, but Edel, deftly and doggedly taking apart the motives, the trials, errors, and chances, makes the fact that James's settled there so happily almost the same joyous surprise for us that it was for him.

Even by the end of Edel's third volume, though, James has not quite solved his money problem. In New York, he had managed only by hacking as pitiably as Black Beauty before Mr. Thoroughgood rescued him. In England, where the cost of living was lower, James could live, though modestly, if he wrote steadily. He did, and his work always found a market in magazines. But none of his books earned large royalties; he made a living, never a surplus. By the late eighteen-eighties, he had decided to invest some time in writing for the theatre, which then offered, as it does now—more than any other kind of writing—the fiscal attractions of a sweepstakes ticket. His plays failed, and Mr. Edel is unsympathetic. Perhaps he will be kinder in Volume IV, when he comes to write about the stunning fiasco of "Guy Domville," but in Volume III, writing of a play commissioned by Augustin Daly, which survived only one rehearsal by the cast, he reprovingly says that James had "despised the theatre too much to give it of that best of which he was capable." It is just as likely that James misunderstood the theatre. Edel emphasizes elements in James's fiction—lifelike dialogue, conflict, form—that are also elements of good drama, but he admits that James the playwright had trouble getting his characters on and off the stage and that the play he wrote for Daly had too slight a narrative; he had not figured out exactly how

DISTILLED ENGLISH DRY GIN, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 94 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y. ©McK&R, 1963

Lamplighter
DISTILLED
English Dry
GIN

Before you say martini, say Lamplighter

Lamplighter Gin is the superior imported gin that makes your martinis glow. Next time, "light the lamp." **IT'S BRITISH DRY!**

SESAME

Remember "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves"—and how the door of the robber's cave swung open to the magic words, "*Open Sesame*"!

Today the magic of our sesame seeds adds piquant flavor to a world of gourmet dishes. For the finest of herbs and spices just ask for Wagner's—where fine foods are sold all over America.

John Wagner & Sons

PURVEYORS TO EPICURES SINCE 1847

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55 ST. JU 6-5950
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner

much story a play can tell. I can see that Edel feels deprived at not having a James play as good as a James novel, but I think he is scolding James for not being better—both more talented and more high-minded—than anybody else.

James wasn't, after all, superhuman. He was quite a good man, if not a good playwright. His passion for literature was entirely laudable; he was generous, he visited the sick, cheered his friends, and quarrelled as little as Shakespeare is said to have done. Yet Edel insists, defensively, on James's virtues, as if a biographer must be a character witness. His emphasis on James's not being rich defends him from the many critics who believe he was buffered by money from what they call "reality," reality being their own collection of abstractions—socialism, the working class, and the rest. I suppose the only way to answer the accusation of wealth is to answer it, as Edel has done, one penny at a time, and, by the bye, provide a case history of a writer's survival. Yet it's preposterous that while the American public no longer requires Presidents to be born in log cabins, it still likes artists to struggle. Edel also works hard at defending James's expatriation. In the preface to the first volume he quoted Parrington's comment about James—"It is not well for the artist to turn cosmopolitan"—serving notice that the biography would refute it. But Parrington's critical touchstone was, roughly, conformity with Parrington's own democratic vistas, and he saw more in Frank Norris than he did in Henry James. I suppose, though, that Edel has to mention Parrington because Parrington is—the worst thing you can say about a writer—symptomatic; in James's time, Americans were touchy in their national pride. James benefited, when he started to write, by young-nation jingoism; Americans wanted to show old Europe that the United States could grow authors as well as cotton and corn, but they also wanted to find in their reading reassurance that their country had the kind of moral perfection Krishna Menon used to pretend was India's, and this reassurance was not always forthcoming in James's writing. The intermittent hullabaloos about something James had written are certainly part of his biography, but I think Mr. Edel sometimes works a little too hard puffing James, reminding us that his work and experience on two continents were prophetic of more transatlantic interchanges to come—more meetings, more marriages, more friction, and more enhancement. James doesn't need to be sold to Ameri-

Mitchum
ANTI-PERSPIRANT
An intimate friend*

Copyright 1963, The Mitchum Co. $3.00* plus tax

SINCE 1844

GENUINE SHETLAND CARDIGAN

WITH EXCLUSIVE TRIMINGHAM BRASS BUTTONS, DOMED WITH SHIP-SHAPE RAISED MOTIF. HAND-FRAMED IN THE SHETLAND ISLES. TARTAN RED, TARTAN OLIVE, NAVY, WHITE. 34-40. $13.75.

TRIMINGHAM TAILORED KILT

BERMUDA LENGTH. PURE WOOL SCOTTISH TARTAN. COORDINATED IN TRADITIONAL OR MUTED CLAN PATTERNS. FULL, FULL HIGHLAND SWEEP. CHOICE OF CLANS. WAIST, 23 TO 29. $16.25. HERE, OR BY MAIL.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Dress-length Kilt, $19.75. For mail orders please add 50¢ postage per item. U.S. duty, if any, on delivery. Send for our illustrated catalogue. Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-16.

LOOKING
for a good hotel
in New York City?

You'll find homelike Beekman Tower Hotel just about tops...and *so easy on your budget!* In the fashionable residential East 40's, directly on the East River and adjacent to the United Nations, it offers magnificent views of the city in every direction. Yet it's so near everything of interest to you.

400 bright, cheerful outside rooms. "Personalized" service that reflects modern Manhattan at its best. Even more economical family and weekend package rates. Special rates for groups.

Home of New York's popular "Top O' The Tower" Cocktail Lounge

Beekman Tower
HOTEL
49th Street at First Avenue
(3 Mitchell Place, New York 17, N. Y.)

Send color folder, rates and driving map showing how to avoid New York City traffic.
Name_____ (2)
Address_____
City_____ Zone___ State_____

"EXCITING AND STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL."—Watts, N. Y. Post
CLIVE REVILL GEORGIA BROWN
in
LIONEL BART'S
OLIVER!
MAIL ORDERS: Evgs.: $9.30, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mat. $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
IMPERIAL THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way, N.Y.C.

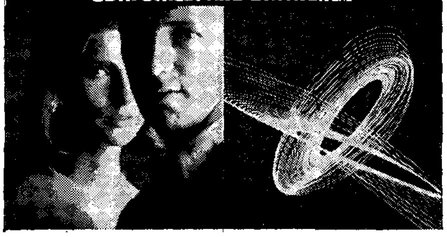
"A BRILLIANT TOUR-DE-FORCE." -WATTS, POST
ANTHONY NEWLEY in
STOP THE WORLD-
I WANT TO GET OFF
with ANNA QUAYLE
a New-Style Musical
MAIL ORDERS: Evgs.: $8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mat.: $5.40, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30.
AMBASSADOR THEA., 49th St. W. of B'way, N.Y.C.

"NEW YORK'S FINEST HOUR!"—Boe, Cue
RETURNS TUES. SEPT. 10
THE ESTABLISHMENT
LONDON'S SATIRICAL REVUE
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY—9:00 & 11:30 PM
COCKTAILS, DINNER, SUPPER FROM 7.00
MAIL & PHONE RESERVATIONS NOW: PL 2-4711
STROLLERS THEATRE-CLUB 154 EAST 54 ST.

cans any longer (does he?)—proof, after all, that in the history of art, as in the Bible, the Philistines lose.

Mr. Edel works hardest of all over James's reputation as a cold fish; he didn't marry, and if he had any affairs they are not documented. (It occurs to me that the critics of James the man have chosen grounds more unflattering to themselves than to James when they make poverty, nationalism, and sexiness compulsory qualifications for writers.) James's view on artists' marrying—don't—appears to be vindicated as often as not. James himself could not have afforded marriage when he was young, unless he stopped writing or wrote part time, as his friend Howells did. There is probably more reason for James's celibacy than lack of money, and Edel has made his own guesses and analyses—some more plausible than others, and many, I think, invasions of James's privacy. James seems early to have developed his way of coping with the tensions in his unstable family—keeping quiet. The documents James left, and his behavior—if you exclude departing the country—suggest dutiful, tender filial affection, but Edel guesses that Henry James, Sr., presented to his son the frightening spectacle of male ineffectuality, and that Mrs. Henry, Sr., who is referred to by her son only as the selfless support of the family, seemed to the silent child responsible for his father's weakness. From this, Edel thinks, James formed the unconscious neurotic generalization that women destroy or sap men, and he scrutinizes James's early works to find, as he does, the themes of destructive women and defeated men. Edel's psychological investigations wind in and out of the book with variations and subtilizations that take account of James's development—a mitigation of his "panic sense of evil"—and also of the great variety of James's female characters. Edel has found among James's vast acquaintance women who suggested some of his characters—Pansy Osmond, in "The Portrait of a Lady," is based on Lizzie Boott, an American raised in Europe, who painted, married late, and died young; the Princess Casamassima, née Christina Light, probably came from Elena Lowe, another American who lived abroad; and Milly Theale, the doomed heroine of "The Wings of the Dove," derives from Minny Temple, a cousin to whom James was attracted and who died young, of tuberculosis. But Kate Croy, that novel's anti-heroine, appears in Edel's list of dangerous women whose original source was

1963 INTERNATIONAL
NEW YORK HIGH FIDELITY MUSIC SHOW
SEPT. 11-15
N.Y. TRADE SHOW BLDG.
35th STREET AND 8th AVENUE



Come spin dreams around real high fidelity. Find inspiration in rooms set to music, designed by leading decorators...talk with famous guest personalities...hear the world's finest components in the "Stereo Concert Hall." Share the fun, the elegance of high fidelity. **Hours**—Wed., Thurs., Fri. 3:30-10:30 p.m. Sat. 12 noon-10:30 p.m. Sun. 1:00-7:30 p.m. **Admission** $1.25. Children under 12—50¢. See your authorized high fidelity dealer for discount tickets.
INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY INC.

HARPSICHORD KIT
This Harpsichord is owned by the Met. Opera, RCA Victor and the Phila. Orchestra.

It is available in kit form for easy home workshop assembly at $150. We also have a Clavichord kit. Price: $100.
Please write for free illustrated booklet:
ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St., New York 14, N. Y.

DISTINCTIVE DINING
The Murray Hill
RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St.—S.W. Cor.

"Furiously funny." N.Y. Times
THE LIVING PREMISE
AIR-CONDITIONED
LF 3-5020 • 154 BLEECKER ST.

Mother. Edel may have more to say about Kate in Volume IV (so far, James hasn't written "The Wings of the Dove"), yet I want to argue with him about her. I have always read Kate, homeless when we first meet her, as desperate rather than destructive—not that one excludes the other, but it makes a difference whether a character is driven or driving. It's difficult to use fiction as a projective psychological test, as Edel does; a novel is not an agreed-upon convention, like a card in the Rorschach series.

James's social relations with real women were a personal kind of success. (He always had lots of men friends, and especially sought and enjoyed the company of other writers.) His family background was unworldly—his father's interests were otherworldly—and the family and its connections in America were not all that far removed in time from the new-rich Millers of Schenectady and their egregious daughter Daisy; they were not stylish people; they went from shirtsleeves to literature in three generations. And James felt decidedly set up at being welcomed by the American ladies of Rome when he went there, at the age of twenty-nine. His passport to their cosmopolitan salons was his charm. If the charm arose from early unconscious propitiation of his mother, it became a very different, much less provincial style of pleasing. There were few women among James's friends who could have expected more from him than friendship, but Mr. Edel has discovered that, with one woman, an American writer named Constance Fenimore Woolson, he became far more intimate than any other biographer has guessed. James tried to keep their closeness a secret, and managed to conceal so much so well that Mr. Edel has been able to do little more than unveil the existence of a mystery.

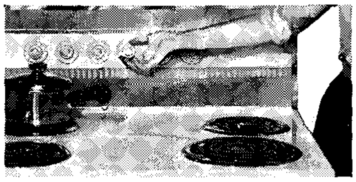
There are, though, matters of record: Miss Woolson was three years older than James; when they met in Florence in 1880, she was forty and already partly deaf. She had looked after her ailing mother and published some fiction, and finally went abroad after her mother died, with, among other things, a letter of introduction to James, whose work she greatly admired. He led her through the artistic splendors of Florence with assiduity, and Edel can only speculate why. Possibly, he thinks, Miss Woolson's tartness reminded James of the women of his family. He is certain that theirs was a "virtuous attachment," and it would seem to have had to be

Grand Marnier
Liqueur

Grand Marnier HAS A WAY WITH LOVERS
...of the world's finest liqueur.

Try the Grand Marnier Sour — without sugar. You will love it. For the pleasure of your company serve Grand Marnier. For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.

MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. Y-7, 730 5th AVE., N.Y.C. 19



Epochal Electrical Innovation
(electric cookery transformed)

Superlative mastery of the culinary process comes to the electric kitchen with the new Infinite Switch by Robertshaw Controls Company. This revolutionary and pre-eminent device for the governance of electric range heating elements provides the long-dreamed-of feature of infinitesimal incrementation or diminution of heat at the rotation of a dial.

Homemakers acquiring the latest in electric ranges are emancipated from the traditional inflexibility of five fixed heats to which former rotatory or push-button contrivances were confined. With frustrating frequency, such inability to modulate caloric output occasioned glutinously underdone pancakes because "Medium" heat was inadequate or caused lactic ebullience because "Low" proved insufficiently so!

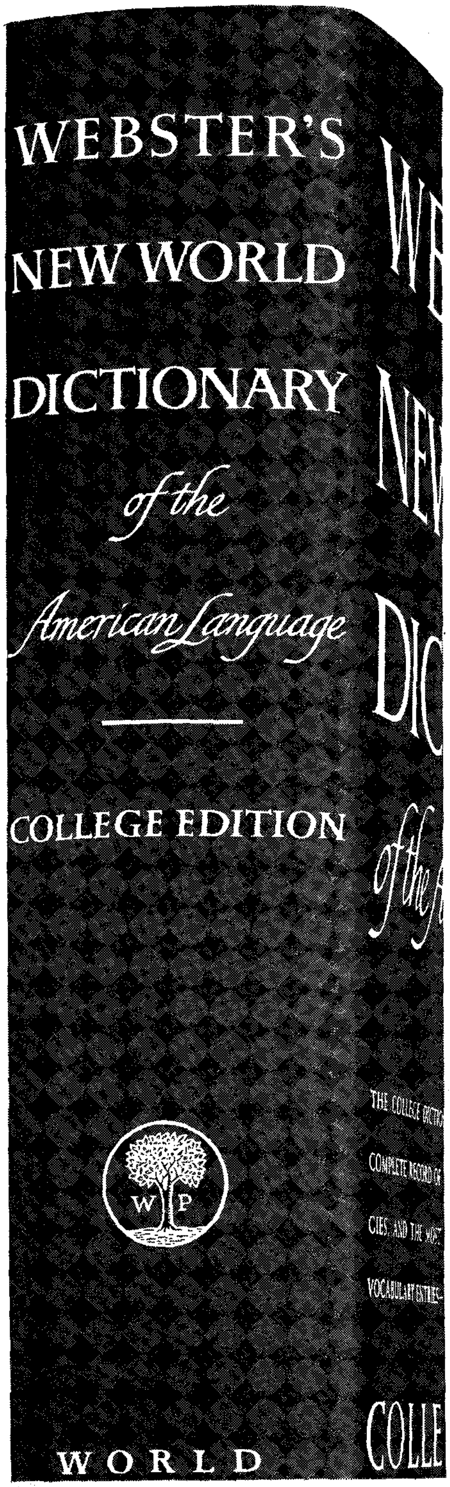
Happily, with the exception of one prominent fabricator who seems either enamored of antiquities or overburdened with a multimillion inventory of push buttons, the manufacturers of most celebrated and desired brands now offer the domestic gastrologist the infinite superiority of infinite control.

P.S. The last word in "automatic control" is still **Robertshaw**

Clearly the Best
for college use

Approved and used in colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada. Acclaimed by leading educators, writers, editors. It is the up-to-date dictionary with *clear* definitions, *clear* type, *clear* usage guides. 142,000 entries.
$5.75 (thumb-indexed, $6.75).

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York



so, at least as much on her account as on his; her letter home about her encounters with art remarks that "it is going to take some time for me to appreciate 'the nude,'" which scarcely suggests that she had the sophistication for any other kind of attachment.

But the quality of the feeling between James and Miss Woolson is elusive. She felt envious of James as a writer; she seems also, as a woman, to have grown resentful—maybe at not being proposed to. They did not spend a great deal of time together, all told; he had to work, and he had many other preoccupations, such as his neurasthenic sister Alice, who moved to England after their parents' death. The few morsels of the James-Woolson correspondence that survive suggest her intensity and his attempts to calm it. Still, in the spring of 1887 they lived, though in separate apartments, in the villa, outside Florence, where he wrote "The Aspern Papers." Edel can't be sure whether James's "powerful egotism" allowed him to suspect that he might have been trifling with Miss Woolson's affections, and since no biographical papers have survived, Edel uses "The Aspern Papers" to find that maybe Henry did suspect and maybe he didn't. Whatever he suspected, the two met again in Geneva, in the fall of 1888, for a three-week rendezvous, which may have been innocent but which Henry concealed as carefully as if it hadn't been. Yet when Miss Woolson went back to England, James found less time for her than she would have liked. She returned to Italy, and in Venice, in January, 1894, she jumped out of a window while she had influenza and a high fever.

Mr. Edel knows (the documents exist) that when James heard of her death, he prepared to attend her funeral in Rome, but that when he found out the circumstances—suicide or near-suicide—he was too upset to go. And Mr. Edel prints letters James wrote in the next months as he attempted to come to terms with the manner of her death. They are the familiar self-consolations, which in her case were true: that she was not herself when she jumped, and, conversely, that she had always had a strain of despondency. Then Edel wonders why James was so shocked at first. Perhaps there isn't much to wonder about; suicide is, simply, disturbing, not least because it sometimes is a horribly alluring example. (The James family's nerves were not strong; William and Henry were the only ones of the five James children who could cope with life.) James pulled

Beastly Attractive

Our classic button front shift of fall cotton has a hand-screened print of lackadaisical lions. Black on fern green or on red; or olive on mocha-each with matching rope belt for sometimes. Sizes 8-16, $19, post-paid.

Send for free Catalog

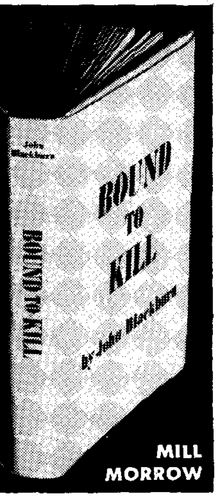
The Talbots
Hingham 14, Mass.

BOUND
TO
KILL

JOHN BLACKBURN

The over-priced sale of a "rare" book sets off a train of mystery and murder. At bookstores, $3.50

MILL
MORROW



MONKEY
ON A
CHAIN
the new thriller by
EDWIN
LANHAM

Amid the tangled emotions of men and women in group therapy, a lovely woman wonders if she actually murdered her husband. $4.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

himself together in time to help Miss Woolson's sister go through the dead woman's papers, with the purpose, Edel says, of destroying his own letters. James found one bonus: among her notes for projected work was a paragraph he transformed into "The Beast in the Jungle." Some other passages Edel quotes reflect her anger at James, and others her lonely misery. These are painful; I wish here that Edel had left privacy undisturbed.

James's behavior, as Edel reports it, and particularly with the motives he attributes to James, isn't the most attractive. (Edel doesn't suppose that, in burning his letters to Miss Woolson, James paid her the second-highest compliment a man can pay a woman: he tried to protect her reputation.) Yet this episode, near the conclusion of Volume III, suggests that James could have irritated some of his contemporaries by appearing to manage his life too well. One of her notes for a story describes

> a man endowed with an absolutely unswerving will; extremely intelligent, he *comprehends* passion, affection, unselfishness and self-sacrifice etc. perfectly, though he is himself cold and a pure egotist. He has a charming face, a charming voice, and he can, when he pleases, counterfeit all these feelings so exactly that he gets all the benefits that are to be obtained by them.

James had passion, but it was, as Edel remarks, channelled into his art. And thanks to Mr. Edel's industry and his intrusiveness, it is possible to see, in James's life as well as in his fiction, an accounting of what that channelling cost him. The struggles of so many of James's characters, not when they see the better yet do the worse but when, having seen the better, they can't do less—these abnegations imply the painfulness of their creator's struggles. Perhaps Mr. Edel, despite my persistent misgivings, is justified in his affectionate invasion: his Jamesian dedication valuably suggests what I think he would most like it to—James's nobility.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE RETURN OF THE SNOW-WHITE PURITAN, by John Paolotti (Harper & Row). This romantic story about a beautiful, sinister woman and a simple-minded man is related by Antonio Podezza, a twenty-four-year-old guide working out of a travel agency in Naples. Podezza is a poet whose chief interest is the pursuit of women. He enjoys talking about him-

What are these two about to do?

People *always* ask that about Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane. In the Persian Room from September 11 until October 8, Mr. Cugat may show his dogs. Miss Lane, the miraculous all girl orchestra, may honor requests for the Twist on her kazoo. The show will depend entirely on the whims of the audience. If dancing is one of yours, Emil Coleman's Orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals will take care of it. For reservations, call PLaza 9-3000. For a lovely evening, the Persian Room at The Plaza. HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORCESTER

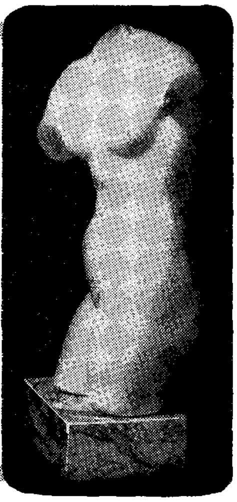
Clocks designed by experts, built by craftsmen exclusively for Worcester by

Elliott OF LONDON

Style 1016 pictured. Mahogany 8-day, jeweled lever, with full quarter-hour Westminster and Wittington chimes, 15" high . . . $345. With half-hour strike, 12" high . . . $250. Without chimes, 10" high . . . $130.

Complete illustrated folder at fine stores everywhere or write:

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
NEW YORK LONDON
11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.



Brentano's

Sculpture Treasures—at Sensible Prices

Now you can grace your home with authentic museum masterpieces in replica — reproduced with astonishing fidelity to the originals, yet in many cases priced in the range of ordinary household decorations (from $2.75 to $175.00). Giants from the world's great museums are represented: Rodin, Michelangelo, Degas, Renoir, Pollack, Modigliani, Archipenko, Durer, many more. In the words of Ateliers de Louvre, Paris:

"We want to congratulate you on these ...they are, in our opinion, perfect."

We invite you to visit Brentano's Gallery of Sculpture Masterpieces in Replica (at New York, Washington or San Francisco stores). Or send 25¢ for the handsome 48-page Sculpture Catalog to Brentano's, Dept. NY-97, 586 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10036.

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8

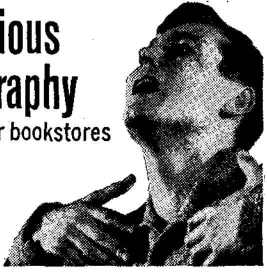
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include postal zone number)

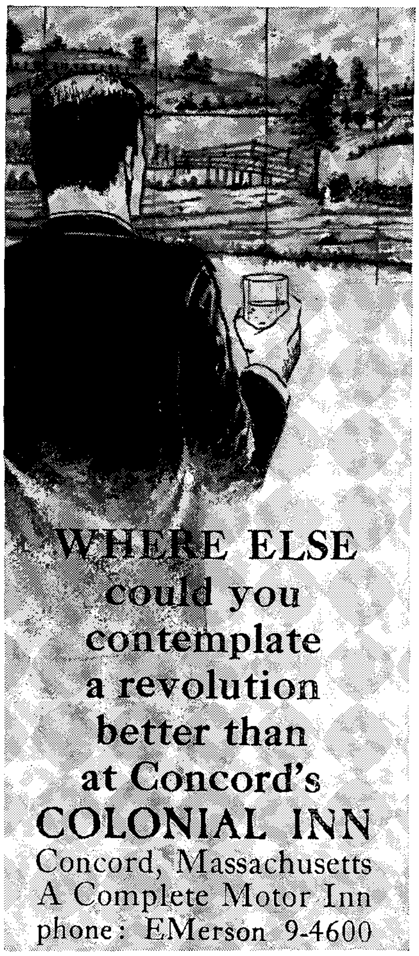


"Outrageously frank" —HARRISON SALISBURY N. Y. Times Book Review
YEVTUSHENKO
A Precocious Autobiography
$3.50 at better bookstores
DUTTON

Late afternoon on the East Terrace. Cool green lawns and slender pines dappled with lingering sunshine . . . Glacier Point rising sheer to the Valley's rim. Here, Nature slakes the spiritual thirst. As daily a refreshment as our teas at five.
THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE
Write us at YOSEMITE NAT'L PARK, CALIF. for brochure

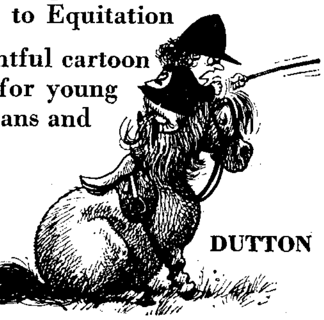
self, but he has a kind heart for all his fellow-creatures, and he is immediately interested in the big, fair-haired American, Richard Trevallion, when Trevallion applies at the travel agency for the services of a guide to see him through his tour of Italy. Trevallion, about forty years old and very rich, has a particular desire to visit Ciesole, a village south of Naples, because his infantry company was stationed near there for a time during the war. Podezza's ironic wonderment at Trevallion's naïveté is soon half buried in his affection for the solemn, overcautious, suspicious, but well-meaning American, and the two jaunt amiably through summery, adventure-filled Italy until they engage in their final adventure, which is almost disastrous. Mr. Paolotti's work is comic and decorative, and Podezza turns out to be an engagingly sophisticated natural story-teller.

ADVOCATE OF THE ISLE, by Loys Masson, translated from the French by Antonia White (Knopf). The isle of the title is the island of Mauritius, and the Advocate, who narrates this tale, is a peevish sixty-year-old anonymous bachelor who is bent on proving that the death, thirty-two years earlier, of a seven-year-old boy was directly responsible for ruining his, the Advocate's, life. As the story begins, sometime after the end of the First World War, a weakly seven-year-old named André, long since abandoned by his mother and now abandoned by his drunken father, arrives on Mauritius to be cared for by his great-uncle Emile. Emile is an embittered and childless lawyer who is always at odds with his equally embittered wife, Marthe. They have no welcome for the little boy, but the Advocate, then a timidly sportive sprout of twenty-eight, likes to play father to the child. It is a vicarious fatherhood, devoid of responsibility, and the Advocate drops it every time he gets the chance to spend a clandestine minute in the arms of an accommodating lady, whose husband is the Advocate's friend. As time goes on, André, unloved and unwanted, and bewildered by the loss of his substitute father, sickens and dies. Everyone feels guilty and sad, but the Advocate, who firmly believes that his capacity for suffering is deeper than anyone else's, takes the pathetic death as an excuse to make his own life into a martyrdom of loneliness and self-



WHERE ELSE could you contemplate a revolution better than at Concord's
COLONIAL INN
Concord, Massachusetts
A Complete Motor Inn
phone: EMerson 9-4600

A LEG AT EACH CORNER
THELWELL'S
Complete Guide to Equitation
A delightful cartoon primer for young equestrians and harried parents.
$2.95



DUTTON

YOU, ANYONE, EVERYONE
can sustain, and participate in, American art
Join Collectors of American Art INC.
Your $7.00 membership GUARANTEES you an ORIGINAL—a painting, or a print, or a piece of sculpture in the annual distribution.
19 East 71 St., New York 21
EMILY A. FRANCIS, *President* YU 8-0771

you don't need a passport to get Odol®

EUROPE'S LARGEST SELLING MOUTHWASH

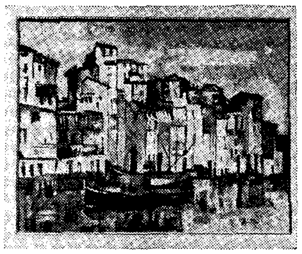
denial. This enervating work won the Prix des Deux Magots in 1961.

RAGS OF GLORY, by Stuart Cloete (Doubleday). This oversized volume contains two series of episodes, running simultaneously from 1899 to 1902. Series I takes place in South Africa, ravaged by the Boer War. Series II, in London, describes the good fortune of a pretty prostitute named Elsie, whose flight from white slavery lands her in the protective arms of a handsome and wealthy officer, Captain Turnbull of the 2nd Hussars. In South Africa, the human side of the war is represented by the patriotic van der Berg brothers, whose deceased sister, Elsa, was Captain Turnbull's first love. Everything about this work has a ready-made air—the background, the action, and the characters. It is not much of a novel.

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH, by Jessica Mitford (Simon & Schuster). In 1960, more money was spent on the burial of 1,700,000 American corpses than on the education and living expenses of 3,600,000 American college students; in 1961, the average cost of an American adult funeral was $1,450. The source of this apparent mass necrophilia is, according to Miss Mitford, the ingenuity of the American undertaker, who puts personal pressure on the bereaved, financial pressure on the newspapers, and political pressure on the legislatures to prevent the Loved One from going simply and nobly, unembalmed, unrouged, and unimpoverished, to his grave. Miss Mitford describes in great detail the ritual of embalming (ideally, the undertakers' textbooks remark, embalming should begin shortly before death), and she constructs a brilliant journalistic case against the whole funeral industry. Her book is long and repetitious but provides a helpful index of the few remaining means of returning to dust with dignity.

THE FATE OF ADMIRAL KOLCHAK, by Peter Fleming (Harcourt, Brace & World). A dexterous unravelling of the tangled facts and fancies that led the Allies to intervene in Russia in 1918. Nothing, the author demonstrates, could be more mistaken than to think that intervention was the product of a genuine anti-Red design. Unintended but unavoidable, impulsive but halfhearted, it was rooted in the Treaty of Brest



WE WILL SEND YOU a selection of superb
Original Oil Paintings
by contemporary European masters . . . remarkable values!

Far from the madding throng in their quiet studios in Europe, a group of extremely talented French, Italian and Spanish artists are creating works of art destined to become true collectors' items. Many of their paintings have long been part of collections in Rome, Paris, Madrid, London, Copenhagen and other European art centers. Some are already part of well-known American collections. These paintings are truly distinctive in every sense of the word. And they are remarkably low-priced—ranging from $65.00 to $130.00 (and worth several times these prices!).

These are large paintings—each approximately 24" x 30" canvas size—by Pujol, Montini, Abati, Finos, Fragelli and other noted European artists.

WE SHALL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU—WITHOUT OBLIGATION—A SELECTION OF THESE PAINTINGS TO INSPECT IN YOUR OWN HOME OR OFFICE. The paintings are sent fully insured in their own special container. *We pay the postage both ways.* Purchase terms available.

Since the paintings are of considerable value, we ask that you include the name of your bank or other reference when you write us.

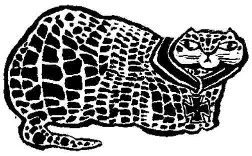
Twenty-five 5" x 7" full-color photographs will first be sent to aid in selection of paintings you wish to inspect. Again, postage is paid both ways.

PORTAL GALLERY
777 BRIDGEWAY, SAUSALITO 1, CALIFORNIA.

B.B.C. (London)

Val Gielgud has written
a sparkling novel of homicide in
the world of British TV
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Urbane wit, skillful plotting and close acquaintance with the milieu distinguish this tale of the mysterious death of the ruler of "Gargantua Television." A Crime Club choice in England.
$3.50 at all bookstores SCRIBNERS



The new bestseller by
Günter Grass
author of THE TIN DRUM
"Every bit as uproarious as The Tin Drum . . . an experience to be remembered."—*Saturday Review*
CAT AND MOUSE
$3.95 at all bookstores
A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book
HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

WEEKEND GUESTS
From "We're So Glad You Could Come" to "We're So Sorry You Have to Go," and Vice-Versa
Words by WILLIAM K. ZINSSER
Drawings by JAMES STEVENSON
At all bookstores • $3.95 hardbound, $1.95 paper
HARPER & ROW, *Publishers*

FOR ABECEDARIANS

Have you just started reading the financial pages? Just reached the point of thinking about investing? Just accumulated a nest egg that you're considering putting to work to help make a dream come true?

Then you're a beginner, a novice, an abecedarian in the stock market, and you're probably in need of some help.

Would a simple-as-ABC's booklet on the who, why, what, where, how, and when of investing be of use to you? If it would, ask for a copy (free, of course) of our booklet called *"How to Invest in Stocks and Bonds."* Reading it won't turn you into an expert on securities, but it will make you more knowledgeable about the ways of the financial world. Just address—

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

Litovsk, which cost the Allies their weak but invaluable second front, and it sprang from a dream that support of the several homeless White Russian armies and of a body of released prisoners of war in western Siberia known as the Czechoslovak Legion might create a new second front. The chief figure in this fiasco was Vice-Admiral Aleksandr Vasilevich Kolchak, who accepted the leadership of the unsavory interventionist forces and the title of Supreme Ruler of All Russia, and was, as Mr. Fleming painstakingly shows us, paralyzed, brutalized, and, finally, shot for his trouble. Photographs and maps.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICINE: AN ASSEMBLY OF MEDICAL DIVERSIONS, 1552-1962, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Berton Roueché (Little, Brown). A splendid, various selection of writing on medical topics. Several of the pieces are of uncommon historical interest, as, for instance, the description by a sixteenth-century doctor of the "sweating sickness" that terrified Tudor England. Some are examples of early observations on the transmission of disease; Dr. John Snow's identification of one London pump as the source of a nineteenth-century cholera epidemic is a fascinating episode in science as detection. The record of self-diagnosis and self-treatment of an American physician who recently swallowed a prune pit is just plain hilarious. Mr. Roueché explains that he picked work that would entertain the laity, but his book does more; it provides a sense of the historical development of medicine.

•

DC-3 JUMPING LUXURY 60'S
PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW

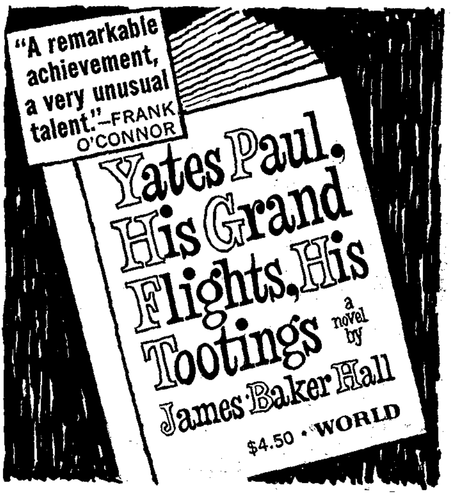
September 7th through September 15th, an executive DC-3 will be at Orange Sport Parachuting Center. Sit down in a plush airline seat; relax; read a magazine; adjust the air conditioning vent above you; 15 minutes later—stand up and get your reserve down from the shelf; hook it up, and walk down the aisle covered with wall-to-wall carpeting; step out the door and you are at 12,500 feet—ready to start a sixty-second delay. SOUNDS GREAT!! Have you ever been in the air with fifteen other bodies after leaving a DC-3 doing 120 MPH?? It's real fun! Bring your whole club. Mass exits . . . . . . 20 second delays and up. Plan on it. The DC-3 will be at Orange at your disposal every day (September 7th through September 15th). Normal jump rates will be used.—*Circular distributed by the Orange (Mass.) Sport Parachuting Center.*

Darn! And here we are in bed with a sprained ankle!

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD
LONDON

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests
IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE
FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

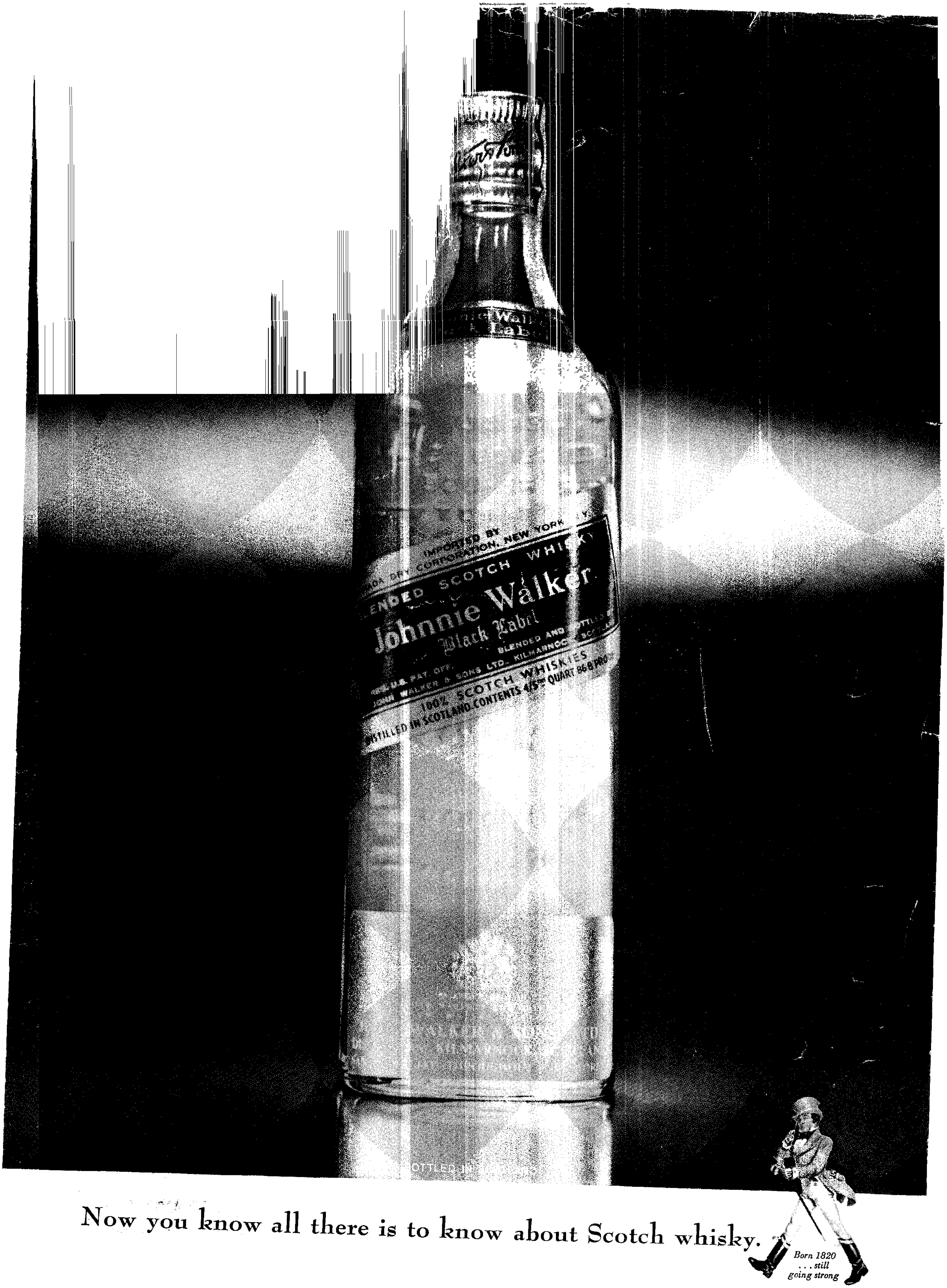

"A remarkable achievement, a very unusual talent."—FRANK O'CONNOR
Yates Paul, His Grand Flights, His Tootings
a novel by
James Baker Hall
$4.50 • WORLD

BOOK HUNTING?

Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-17 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.


IMPORTED BY
CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
BLENDED AND BOTTLED
KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND. CONTENTS 4/5TH QUART 86.8 PROOF
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Now you know all there is to know about Scotch whisky.
Born 1820
. . . still
going strong

Every Parliament gives you an extra margin
Tobacco tastes best when the filter's recessed
Parliament keeps the filter a neat, clean 1/4 inch away
recessed
PACK OR BOX
Parliament